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THE GREVILLE DIARY

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THE
GREVILLE DIARY

Including Passages Hitherto
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Edited by
PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON

GREVILLE.

Illustrated

VOLUME II

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1927

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THE GREVILLE DIARY

CHAPTER XLIX

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CINDERELLA

The curtain now rises upon that great drama of monarchy, the accession of Queen Victoria, a story here told in its entirety for the first time. It is assumed that the accession was a mere matter of routine. What follows is evidence that there were serious designs upon the person of the Princess.

It was only at a much later date that Greville learned what was really happening. But at the time, that is in 1837, he was evidently conscious that something needed to be explained. The Duke of Wellington was not quite easy about it all:

June 19, 1837: . . . Last night I met the Duke, and dined at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's, who after dinner crowned him with a crown of laurel (in joke of course), when they all stood up and drank his health, and at night they sang a hymn in honour of the day. He asked me whether Melbourne had had any communication with the Princess Victoria. I said I did not know, but thought not. He said, "He ought. I was in constant communication with the present king for a month before George IV died. George IV was for a month quite as bad as this King."

Melbourne's administration seemed to be a "rickety concern" which would not "last very long." If Greville doubted whether its "speedy dissolution is so certain," it was only because "the public seems to have got very indifferent as to who governs the country."

Melbourne had to face the Radicals. And "the elected chief" of the Radicals had been Lord Durham.

"For no reason that anybody can devise but that he is son-in-law," wrote Greville on March 15, 1833, Lord Grey, as Prime Minister, had made Durham into an Earl, after which

ennoblement he had proceeded to St. Petersburg as Ambassador. And at St. Petersburg (July 29, 1837) "his language was always moderate." Indeed (December 10, 1838), he was "completely bit by the Emperor Nicholas."

Durham was home again. And "the eternal question in everybody's mouth" (June 29, 1837) was thus what post would be offered to Durham by Melbourne "or if it is indispensable that he should have anything at all."

Lord Durham was a statesman who made a great reputation by employing the right private secretary:

January 24, 1843: . . . Charles Buller is very clever, amusing, even witty; but the more I see of him the more I am struck with his besetting sin, that of turning everything into a joke, never being serious for five minutes out of the twenty-four hours, upon any subject; and to such a degree has he fallen into this dangerous habit, in spite too of the remonstrances and admonitions of his best friends, that when he is inclined to be serious, and to express opinions in earnest, nobody knows what he is at, nor whether he means what he says.

Buller, who thus "made a mockery of life," had a plan for pacifying Ireland, which, however, was destined to "vanish into smoke":

September 5, 1848: . . . He proposes strong government, abolition of jury unanimity in criminal cases, emigration on a large scale—particularly to the Cape of Good Hope, and the constitution of a board of employment and cultivation, who are to borrow money and invest it just as an individual capitalist might do. He adds to this, payment of the Catholic clergy by funds to be raised in Ireland, not asking imperial aid nor touching the Protestant Church; he only allots to this purpose £350,000, not enough. He very justly says, however, that unless Government do something bold, new, comprehensive, and on a great scale, they will incur disgrace and ultimately ruin.

December 2, 1848: . . . He was perhaps the most popular member in the House of Commons. By universal acknowledgment he was an admirable speaker, full of matter, lucid, never dull, and generally very amusing, so that he never rose without being sure of an attentive and favourable audience. His greatest speeches were on dry and serious subjects, such as colonization.

emigration, or records, none of which became heavy or uninteresting in his hands.

It is through Charles Buller that we meet Lady Ashburton (May 10, 1857), "on the whole the most conspicuous woman in the society of the present day":

May 10, 1857: . . . She was, or affected to be, extremely intimate with many men whose literary celebrity or talents constituted their only attraction, and while they were gratified by the attentions of the great lady, her vanity was flattered by the homage of such men, of whom Carlyle was the principal. It is only justice to her to say that she treated her literary friends with constant kindness and the most unselfish attentions. They, their wives and children (when they had any), were received at her house in the country, and entertained there for weeks without any airs of patronage, and with a spirit of genuine benevolence as well as hospitality.

To Lady Ashburton, John Mill was "sentimentally attached," though "she did not in the slightest degree return his passion." "Her other lover was Charles Buller with whom she was extremely intimate but without ever reciprocating his love."

June 29, 1837: . . . Now that he [Lord Durham] is returned, the Radicals, still regarding him as their chief, look anxiously to his introduction into the Cabinet. Charles Buller, whom I met the other day, said, in reply to my asking if Government would gain at the elections, "I think they will gain anyhow, but *if they are wise* they will gain largely." I said, "I wonder what you call being wise?" He said, "Take in Lord Durham." But they want Durham to be taken in as a pledge of the disposition of the Government to adopt their principles, whereas Melbourne will receive him upon no such terms; and if Durham takes office, he must subscribe to the moderate principles upon which both Melbourne and John Russell seem disposed to act. After all, it appears to me that a mighty fuss is made about Durham without any sufficient reason, that his political influence is small, his power less, and that it is a matter of great indifference whether he is in office or out.

We can best understand the bold temper of Durham by glancing here at his later conduct in Canada. The Dominion was disturbed. As Lord Anglesey put it in the House of Lords:

June 24, 1838: . . . "The spirit of faction had crossed the Atlantic; the demon of discord was abroad; one of the most favoured and interesting of our colonies was in revolt. The noble Duke [Wellington] saw this, and seemed at once to decide that it would require all the energies of the mother country to crush the Hydra at its birth."

Durham, as Buller's mouthpiece, was to take things in hand:

February 5, 1838: . . . I saw a letter yesterday with a very bad account of the state of Canada. It was to Lord Litchfield from his Post-master there, a sensible man, and he describes the beaten Canadians as returning to their homes full of sullen discontent, and says we must by no means look upon the flame as extinguished; however, for the time it has been smothered. On the other hand, there are the English victorious and exasperated, with arms in their hands, and in that dangerous state of mind which is the result of conscious superiority, moral and intellectual, military and political, but of (equally conscious) physical—that is, numerical—inferiority. It is the very state which makes men insolent and timid, tyrannical and cruel; it is just what the Irish Orangemen have been, and it is very desirable that nothing like them should exist elsewhere. All this proves that Durham will have no easy task. It is a curious exhibition of the caprice of men's opinions when we see the general applause with which Durham's appointment is hailed, and the admiration with which he is all at once regarded. . . . If he had continued plain John Lambton I doubt if he ever would have been thought of for Canada, or that the choice (if he had been sent there) would have been so approved. Why on earth is it that an earldom makes *any* difference?

July 8, 1838: . . . Durham had made his entry into Quebec on a white long-tailed charger, in a full general's uniform, surrounded by his staff, and the first thing he did was to appoint Sir John Doratt (his doctor, whom he had got knighted before he went) Inspector General of hospitals, superseding all the people there.

Over his expenses, Melbourne's government was nearly defeated, but happily Castlereagh abstained from voting. His father, Londonderry, and Durham (April 5, 1838) were "knit together by the closest of all ties—a community of *coal* interest."

Durham selected a suitable colleague:

August 11, 1838: . . . We were told that Turbon's indifferent moral character was to be overlooked in favour of his great legal capacity, and now it appears that his law is not a jot better than his morals.

Durham "passed an ordinance enacting that Papineau and the leaders of the Canadian rebellion should be transported to Bermuda, and that if any of them should return to Canada, they should suffer death." There was to be no trial. And the ordinance ignored the law:

August 13, 1838: At a Council to-day to disallow Durham's ordinance. Nothing was sent from the Colonial Office, and I did not know what it was for till I saw Lord Lansdowne. He told me, and then I wrote the order for the Queen to approve, and he took it in to her. Presently Glenelg arrived, and announced that nothing could be done, for the authenticated copy under the Great Seal of the Colony was not arrived. Then a consultation was held: Lord Lansdowne was for not minding about the Great Seal, and Melbourne chuckled and grunted, and said, "Why, you knock over his ordinances, and he won't care about the form, will he?" I said, "If there is no precedent, make one," and accordingly the order passed.

Durham's reply was an "astounding Proclamation" in which he censured the Home Government. "Even an impeachment," wrote Greville on November 8, 1838, "would be fully warrantable."

December 2, 1838: . . . Lord Durham arrived at Plymouth some days ago, but was not able to land (on Thursday last) owing to the violence of the storms. Great curiosity prevailed to see what sort of a reception he gets from Ministers and the Queen, and what his relations are to be with Government. Nothing they say can exceed the astonishment which he and

his court feel, or will feel, at the sensation excited in the country by his conduct. Gibbon Wakefield, the first to arrive, said he had never been so amazed in the course of his life, and owned that they had all expected to make a very different impression, and to be hailed with great applause.

December 10, 1838: Nothing can exhibit more strikingly the farcical nature of public meetings, and the hollowness, worthlessness, and accidental character of popularity, than the circumstances of Durham's arrival here. He has done nothing in Canada, he took himself off just as the fighting was going to begin, his whole conduct has been visited with universal disapprobation, and nevertheless his progress to London has been a sort of triumph; and he has been saluted with addresses and noisy receptions at all the great towns through which he passed. . . .

His speeches in reply to the addresses are most extraordinary performances, unbecoming in tone, contradictory, inconsistent, and inflated; for as to disclosures he has none to make of any sort or kind. He had the finest game to play in Canada that could be placed in his hands, for the proceedings here gave him a legitimate grievance, and would have enabled him to claim double credit for success, and exemption from any blame or discredit from failure.

Lord Durham issued a report on Canada which "was in fact written by Charles Buller." And the Durham Report became as historic as Buller's oblivion.

It was Lord Durham, then, whose eyes were directed to Kensington Palace where lived the Princess Victoria. The nation was not suspecting anything unusual.

At the prospect of Queen Victoria's accession, writes Greville, "the public in general don't seem to care much, and only wonder what will happen." And to this, he retorts, "nothing will happen, because, in this country, *nothing* ever does."

Of Cinderella in Kensington Palace, little was known:

June 16, 1837: . . . What renders speculation so easy, and events uncertain, is the absolute ignorance of everybody, without exception, of the character, disposition, and capacity of the Princess. She has been kept in such jealous seclusion by her mother (never having slept out of her bedroom, nor been alone

with anybody but herself and the Baroness Lehzen) that not one of her acquaintance, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, have any idea what she is, or what she promises to be. It is therefore no difficult matter to form and utter conjectures which nobody can contradict or gainsay but by other conjectures equally uncertain and fallacious.

When King William's health failed, the Duchess of Northumberland "resigned her office of governess," and, according to Peel, talking with Greville in the Park:

June 16, 1837: . . . It was very desirable that the young Queen should appear as much as possible emancipated from all restraint, and exhibit a capacity for the discharge of her high functions; that the most probable as well as the most expedient course she could adopt would be to rely entirely upon the advice of Melbourne, and she might with great propriety say that she thought it incumbent on her to follow the example which had been set by her two uncles, her predecessors, William IV having retained in office the Ministers of his brother, and George IV, although his political predilections were known to lean another way, having also declined to dismiss the Government of his father.

Sir Robert Peel's suggestion that the young Queen, on ascending the throne, should be "emancipated from all restraint" is significant. There was evidently a fear lest Victoria should be less than a free agent.

Durham had every reason to strengthen his position. So had the Duchess of Kent and Sir John Conroy. Hence, we read, Lord Durham was found at Kensington Palace where "the elements of intrigue do not seem wanting in this embryo Court." Durham set about "paving the way to future Court favour through a strict alliance with the Duchess of Kent and Sir John Conroy." If King William "hates" Durham, it is because (July 1, 1835) Durham is "magnus Apollo" to Princess Victoria's infatuated mother.

For the years of Queen Victoria's minority, a provisional regency by her mother had been legalized:

May 28, 1837: The King [William IV] prayed that he might

live till the Princess Victoria was of age, and he was very nearly dying just as the event arrived. He is better, but supposed to be in a very precarious state.

Victoria, as Princess, thus reached her eighteenth year and passed beyond the control of the Duchess and Conroy. To regain that control became their object.

The fifth daughter of King George III was the Princess Sophia. Her house was a convenient rendezvous:

May 31, 1848: . . . For several years she was much in the intimacy of Conroy, and it is supposed the Duchess of Kent used to meet him there. This connection (which was carried on secretly) set the Queen very much against her, and she resented it so much that she never took any notice of her aunt, except making her a formal visit once a year.

May 31, 1848: . . . The Princess Sophia died a few days ago, while the Queen was holding the Drawing Room for her birthday. She was blind, helpless, and suffered martyrdom; a very clever, well-informed woman, but who never lived in the world. She was the intimate friend of the Duke of York while he lived, and of the Duchess of Gloucester up to the last. The Princess left a letter for the Queen, which was delivered to her in the garden of Buckingham Palace by Andrew Drummond on Monday morning.

It was Lord Granville who told Greville, years later, what had been afoot. He had seen that faithful servant of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Baron Stockmar. And referring to the Duchess of Kent and Conroy, the Baron had said:

London, October 30, 1854: . . . Their objects were to get a regency established for a couple of years on the pretext of the Queen's youth and inexperience, and to force her to give a promise in writing that she would make him [Conroy] her private secretary. Conroy urged the Duchess to shut her up, and keep her under duress till she had extorted this engagement from her, but the spirit of the daughter and the timidity of the mother prevented this plot taking effect. The regency scheme was attempted through Melbourne himself, and it seems (what I did not know before) that he was in the first instance disposed to make up to Conroy, and Duncannon was eternally closeted

with him, particularly during the week or months preceding the death of King William; they evidently thought their political interests would be best consulted by a union with Conroy. Shortly before the death of the King, the Duchess wrote to Melbourne and told him it was her daughter's wish, and she was authorized to tell him so, that he would bring in a bill to establish a regency for a short time. Stockmar, who appears by some means to have been acquainted with everything that passed, spoke to Melbourne about it, denounced Conroy, and assured Melbourne that this demand of regency was made at the instigation of Conroy and without the consent or knowledge of the Princess. And he at the same time complained of the *commérage* continually going on between Duncannon and Conroy. Melbourne was struck all of a heap at this intelligence and at once promised that neither he nor anyone connected with him should have anything more to say to Conroy.

Precisely what a regency means, is told us, in another connection, by Greville:

January 13, 1842: . . . The appointment of a regent presupposes the incapacity of the Sovereign to discharge the functions of royalty, and the Regent is consequently invested with all the authority of the Crown. All its rights, privileges, and duties appertain to the Regent, who can and must do everything which the Sovereign would do if of full age. The age of the Sovereign can make no difference; the incapacity must be absolute, and the rule, whatever it be, equally applicable to a baby in arms and to a person within a month of her majority.

Strictly regarded, the proposal of Conroy to hold Victoria's person under duress and the letter of the Duchess of Kent, wrongfully claiming Victoria's authority, was high treason. And in dealing with Conroy, Queen Victoria, though no more than a girl of eighteen, displayed an immediate initiative, as decisive as the axe of the Tudors:

August 30, 1837: She lost no time in giving notice to Conroy of her intentions with regard to him; she saw him, and desired him to name the reward he expected for his services to her parents. He asked for the Red Ribband [Order of the Bath], an Irish Peerage, and a pension of £3,000 a year. She replied that

the two first rested with her Ministers, and she could not engage for them, but that the pension he should have.

Conroy, in fact, had "never once been invited to the Palace, or distinguished by the slightest mark of personal favour, so that nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the magnitude of the pecuniary bounty and the complete personal disregard of which he is the object."

To the Duchess, "the almost contemptuous way in which Conroy has been dismissed must be a bitter mortification." Indeed, "all things considered," it was "scarcely decent." And to Greville, not yet in the secret, the contrast between the "pecuniary munificence" of the Queen and the man's "personal exclusion from Court, has a remarkable and rather mysterious appearance."

With the Duchess and Conroy obliterated, Durham was left alone to face a Melbourne who had learned the facts. Durham, therefore, issued a manifesto which, by making no "allusion to the Ballot or the Radical desiderata," left his friends in the lurch:

December 8, 1837: . . . I asked Charles Buller if they would have Lord Brougham for their leader, and he said "certainly not," and added that "Durham had done nothing as yet to forfeit their confidence." He enlightened me at the same time about his own Radical opinions and views and the extent of them, together with those of the more moderate of his party, complaining that they were misrepresented and misunderstood; although for the Ballot and extension of the suffrage, he is opposed to reform of the House of Lords or any measure directly affecting the Constitution.

February 5, 1838: . . . Latterly he has been considered the head of the Radical party, and that party, who are not rich in Lords, and who are not insensible to the advantage of rank, gladly hailed him as their chief; for the last year or two, under the alternative influence of Russian Imperial flattery, Durham's sentiments have taken a very Conservative turn.

It is significant that, when Queen Victoria visited Germany, she declined absolutely to permit a Regency to be instituted. And the Government acquiesced—

August 30, 1845: . . . for no better reason than to gratify the nonsensical will of an obstinate girl who takes fancies into her head, and loves to have her own way. They will hear of it again without doubt, and I don't suppose they will ever let her go abroad again without appointing a regency, that is, Lords Justices.

When Greville wrote that, he did not know the reason why Victoria was suspicious of regencies.

CHAPTER L

CINDERELLA IS CROWNED

When Earl Grey's government was reconstructed (June 18, 1834) and Althorp announced the first name, Lord Conyngham as Postmaster, Hume the Radical exclaimed in the House, "God bless us! is it possible?" And a satirist would enjoy, perhaps, the circumstance that the Princess Victoria was informed of her high destiny by a Conyngham as Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Primate of the Established Church:

August 30, 1837: . . . On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock, and immediately desired to see "the Queen." They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in wrapped in a dressing gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as soon as he uttered the words "Your Majesty," she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously and then retired.

At eleven o'clock, "the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace." And as Clerk of the Council, Greville had a busy morning. "The impossibility," says he, "of getting the summonses to two hundred and twenty Privy Councillors conveyed in time caused the greatest irregularities in the arrivals, and the door was continually opened to admit fresh comers." But on the sovereign herself, the verdict was unanimous and immediate:

June 21, 1837: . . . The young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first im-

pression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the Great Officers of State, but she said she would come in alone. When the Lords were assembled, the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two Royal Dukes, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Melbourne went with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two Royal Dukes first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak

to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the Ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done, she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room. Lord Lansdowne insisted upon being declared President of the Council (and I was obliged to write a declaration for him to read to that effect), though it was not usual. The speech was admired, except by Brougham, who appeared in a considerable state of excitement. He said to Peel (whom he was standing near, and with whom he is not in the habit of communicating), "Amelioration, that is not English; you might perhaps say melioration, but improvement is the proper word." "Oh," said Peel, "I see no harm in the word; it is generally used." "You object," said Brougham, "to the sentiment, I object to the grammar." "No," said Peel, "I don't object to the sentiment." "Well, then, she pledges herself to the policy of *our* government," said Brougham. Peel told me this, which passed in the room and near the Queen. He likewise said how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a Council at St. James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock, and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her and told her he was come to take her orders. She said, "I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion." Accordingly, he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was in the carriage with her, but I was surprised to

hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by. I rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her Ministers, and curtsied repeatedly to the people, who did not, however, hurrah till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window. At twelve she held a Council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life, and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the Council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well, and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. After the Council she received the Archbishops and Bishops, and after them the Judges. They all kissed her hand, but she said nothing to any of them, very different in this from her predecessor, who used to harangue them all, and had a speech ready for everybody.

"Peel," writes Greville, "repeated in the House of Commons, in more set phrases, the expressions of his admiration of the conduct of the Queen on her first public appearance, which he uttered to me when I saw him after the Council on Tuesday."

In Sir David Wilkie's picture of the Queen's First Council, Greville was included. And he gave a sitting to the artist:

March 27, 1838: . . . The likenesses are generally pretty good, but it is a very unfaithful representation of what actually took place. It was, of course, impossible to preserve all the details without sacrificing the effect, but the picture has some glaring improprieties, which diminish its interest, and deprive it of all value as an historical piece. There were ninety-seven Privy Councillors present on the occasion, and among them most of the conspicuous men of the time. He has introduced as many figures as he well could, but has made a strange selection, admitting very ordinary men, such as Lord Burghersh and Lord Salisbury, while Brougham and Stanley do not find places. He told me that great anxiety prevailed to be put into this picture, and many pressing applications had been made; and as only

vain and silly men would make them, and importunity generally prevails to a great extent, it ends in the sacrifice of the picture by substituting these undistinguished intruders in place of the celebrated persons who are so much better entitled to be there.

That the picture shows the Queen in white whereas she wore deep mourning was perhaps a detail. What "scandalized" not only Greville but Croker was the fact that Wilkie had inserted on his canvas "the Lord Mayor of London and the Attorney General, who, not being Privy Councillors, could not be present when the Queen was sitting in Council." Wilkie explained that "they both entreated to be put in the picture, and each asserted that he was actually present." In fact, "the Attorney had described to him [Wilkie] what had passed." Greville continues:

March 27, 1838: . . . The fact was this: when the Lords assemble they order the Queen to be proclaimed, and when the Proclamation is read the doors are thrown open and everybody is admitted. The Lord Mayor came in together with several Common Councilmen and a multitude of other persons. When this is over they are obliged to retire, and I called out from the head of the table that "everybody except Privy Councillors would have the goodness to retire." It was necessary to clear the room before Her Majesty could hold her Privy Council. The people did retire, slowly and lingeringly, and some time afterwards, espying the fur and scarlet of the Lord Mayor, I requested somebody (I forget whom) to tell him he must retire, and he did leave the room. Shortly after, the Queen entered, and the business of the Council commenced. . . . In such a scene of bustle and confusion, and in a room so crowded, it is extremely probable that the Lord Mayor and the Attorney General smuggled themselves back into the apartment, and that they were (very improperly) spectators of what passed; but that forms no reason why they should be represented in an historical picture as actors in a ceremonial with which they had, and could have, no concern. Wilkie was very anxious to have Lord Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, in the picture, but both he and Albert Conyngham decided that it would be improper, because not only he was not present, but according to etiquette could not be present, as it was his duty to remain in

constant attendance upon the body of the late King up to the moment of his breaking his wand over his coffin.

June 25, 1837: I remember when George IV died, seven years ago, having been struck by the small apparent sensation that his death created. There was, however, at that time a great deal of bustle and considerable excitement, which were caused by the activity of the new Court, and the eccentricities of the King; but in the present instance the Crown has been transferred to the head of the new Queen with a tranquillity which is curious and edifying. The first interest and curiosity to see the young Queen and observe her behaviour having passed off, there appears nothing more to do or to think about; there are no changes, and there is no talk of change. Her Majesty has continued quietly at Kensington, where she transacts business with her Ministers, and everything goes on as if she had been on the throne six years instead of six days.

June 29, 1837: All the accounts continue to report well of the young Queen, of her quickness, sense and discretion, and the remarkable facility with which she has slid into her high station and discharges its duties.

August 30, 1837: . . . She seems to be liberal, but at the same time prudent with regard to money, for when the Queen Dowager proposed to her to take her band into her service, she declined to incur so great an expense without further consideration.

The first letter that Victoria had ever received, when Cinderella, had been from Queen Adelaide. Mindful of her lost daughters, the gentle lady had addressed her niece as "My dear little Heart." And she had added tender sentences. "I hope you are well and don't forget Aunt Adelaide, who loves you so fondly" and "God bless and preserve you is the constant prayer of your most truly affectionate Aunt, Adelaide."[1]

The "dear little Heart" was now on the throne. Queen Adelaide was no more than Dowager. And she accepted the position and wrote: "Accept the assurance of my most affectionate devotion, and allow me to consider myself always as your Majesty's most affectionate Friend, Aunt, *and Subject.*" The italics are our own. The words "and subject" must have endeared Aunt Adelaide yet more than ever to Queen Victoria.

[1] *Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837–1861*, Vol. I, page 31.

To the Queen Dowager, Victoria displayed a tender regard:

June 21, 1837: . . . Conyngham, when he came to her with the intelligence of the King's death, brought a request from the Queen Dowager that she might be permitted to remain at Windsor till after the funeral, and she has written her a letter couched in the kindest terms, begging her to consult nothing but her own health and convenience, and to remain at Windsor just as long as she pleases. In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and as far as it has gone nothing can be more favourable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do, though it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters.

On proceeding, as she did in due course, to Windsor, the Castle that she entered for the first time as Queen, Victoria's tact rose to the height of genius:

August 30, 1837: . . . The day she went down to visit the Queen Dowager at Windsor, to Melbourne's great surprise she said to him that, as the flag on the Round Tower was half-mast high, and they might perhaps think it necessary to elevate it upon her arrival, it would be better to send orders beforehand not to do so. *He* had never thought of the flag, or knew anything about it, but it showed her knowledge of forms and her attention to trifles. Her manner to the Queen was extremely kind and affectionate, and they were both greatly affected at meeting. The Queen Dowager said to her that the only favour she had to ask of her was to provide for the retirement, with their pensions, of the personal attendants of the late King, Whiting and Bachelor, who had likewise been the attendants of George IV; to which she replied that it should be attended to, but she could not give any promise on the subject.

For the Fitzclarences, bereft of a solicitous parent, it was, of course, an anxious time:

July 28, 1837: . . . The Queen has been extremely kind and civil to the Queen Dowager, but she has taken no notice of the King's children, good, bad, or indifferent. Lord Munster asked for an audience to deliver up the keys of the Castle which he

had, and was very graciously received by her, but she did not give him back the keys. Adolphus Fitzclarence has lost his Lordship of the Bedchamber, but then they only retained Peers, and he keeps the command of the Royal yacht. He has had no intimation whether his pension and his Rangership of Windsor Park are to be continued to him.

But "in the end," says Greville, "they retained everything, and the Queen behaved with equal liberality and kindness towards them all." In fact:

August 8, 1837: . . . Lord Munster has got back his keys of the Round Tower. Melbourne found out that the place was held for life, and he sent for Munster, and told him he had been hasty in disposing of it, that it was his own doing and not the Queen's, who had acted entirely by his advice, and that in his situation it was impossible for him to do otherwise than bestow any vacant appointment upon a person connected with his own party, but that he was extremely glad in the present instance to find that he was not at liberty to deprive Munster of the office. Munster afterwards saw the Queen, who was exceedingly gracious, and told him she was very glad to restore the keys to him. The Queen and Melbourne appear to have both evinced kindness and good feeling on this occasion.

The motive of the Queen was gratitude:

March 25, 1838: She now evinces in all she does an attachment to the memory of her uncle (King William IV), and it is not to be doubted that, in the disputes, which took place between him and her mother, her secret sympathies were with the King; and in that celebrated scene at Windsor, when the King made so fierce an attack upon the Duchess's advisers, and expressed his earnest hope that he might live to see the majority of his niece, Victoria must have inwardly rejoiced at the expression of sentiments so accordant with her own. Her attentions and cordiality to Queen Adelaide, her bounty and civility to the King's children and the disgrace of Conroy, amply prove what her sentiments have all along been.

Despite the Queen's favour and Lord Melbourne's complacence, Lord Munster's end was shocking:

March 23, 1842: . . . On Sunday Lord Munster shot himself. He had been in low spirits for some time, and was tainted with the hereditary malady. He was a man not without talent, but wrong-headed, and having had the folly to quarrel with his father, and estrange himself from Court during the greater part of his reign, he fell into comparative obscurity and real poverty, and there can be no doubt that the disappointment of the expectations he once formed, together with the domestic unhappiness of a dawdling, ill-conditioned, vexatious wife, preyed upon his mind, and led to this act. The horror of the deed excited a momentary interest, but he will be soon forgotten.

Over the Queen's personal appearance, Greville was complimentary, yet candid:

November 23, 1837: At Court yesterday when the Queen received the Address of the Commons. She conducts herself with surprising dignity: the dignity which proceeds from self-possession and deliberation. The smallness of her stature is quite forgotten in the majesty and gracefulness of her demeanour.

March 23, 1838: On Wednesday I attended a Levee and Council. The Queen was magnificently dressed, and looked better than I ever saw her. Her complexion is clear and has the brightness of youth; the expression of her eyes is agreeable. If she [Victoria] had a better mouth and did not show her gums, and had more shade in her face, she would be pretty. Her manner is graceful and dignified and with perfect self-possession. I remarked how very civil she was to Brougham, for she spoke to him as much as to anybody. He was in high good-humour after it.

May 11, 1838: Last night I was at the ball at the Palace—a poor affair in comparison with the Tuileries. Gallery ill-lit; rest of the rooms tolerable. The Queen's manner and bearing perfect. She danced, first with Prince George [of Cambridge], then young Esterhazy, then Lord FitzAlan. Before supper, and after dancing, she sat on a sofa somewhat elevated in the drawing room, looking at the waltzing; she did not waltz herself. Her mother sat on one side of her, and the Princess Augusta on the other; then the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge and the Princess of Cambridge; her household, with their wands, stand-

ing all round; her manners exceedingly graceful, and, blended with dignity and cordiality, a simplicity and good humour, when she talks to people, which are mighty captivating. When supper was announced she moved from her seat, all her officers going before her—she, first, alone, and the Royal Family following; her exceeding youth strikingly contrasted with their mature ages, but she did it well.

March 11, 1838: I dined yesterday at the Palace, much to my surprise, for I had no expectation of an invitation. There was a very numerous party: The Hanoverian Minister Baron Münchhausen, Lord and Lady Grey, the Chancellor, the Roseberys, Ossulston, Mahon, &c. We assembled in the round room next the gallery, and just before the dinner was ready the Queen entered with the Duchess of Kent, preceded by the Chamberlain, and followed by her six ladies. She shook hands with the women, and made a sweeping bow to the men, and directly went in to dinner, conducted by Münchhausen, who sat next to her, and Lord Conyngham on the other side. The dinner was like any other great dinner. After the eating was over, the Queen's health was given by Cavendish, who sat at one end of the table, and everybody got up to drink it: a vile, vulgar custom, and, however proper it may be to drink her health elsewhere, it is bad taste to have it given by her own officer at her own table, which, in fact, is the only private table it is ever drunk at. However, this has been customary in the last two reigns. George III never dined but with his family, never had guests, or a dinner *party*.

The Queen sat for some time at table, talking away very merrily to her neighbours, and the men remained about a quarter of an hour after the ladies. When we went into the drawing room and huddled about the door in the sort of half-shy, half-awkward way people do, the Queen advanced to meet us, and spoke to everybody in succession, and if everybody's "palaver" was as deeply interesting as mine, it would have been worth while to have had Gurney to take it down in shorthand.

I shall now record my dialogue with accurate fidelity:

Q.—Have you been riding to-day, Mr. Greville?
G.—No, Madam, I have not.
Q.—It was a fine day.

G.—Yes, Ma'am, a very fine day.

Q.—It was rather cold though.

G. (*like Polonius*)—It *was* rather cold, Madam.

Q.—Your sister, Lady Francis Egerton, rides, I think, does she not?

G.—She does ride sometimes, Madam.

(*A pause, when I took the lead, though adhering to the same topic.*)

G.—Has your Majesty been riding to-day?

Q. (*with animation*)—Oh, yes, a very long ride.

G.—Has your Majesty got a nice horse?

Q.—Oh, a very nice horse.

Gracious smile and inclination of head on part of Queen, profound bow on mine, she turned again to Lord Grey. Directly after I was (to my satisfaction) deposited at the whist table to make up the Duchess of Kent's party, and all the rest of the company were arranged about a large round table (the Queen on the sofa by it), where they passed about an hour and a half in what was probably the smallest talk, interrupted and enlivened, however, by some songs which Lord Ossulston sang. We had plenty of instrumental music during and after dinner. To form an opinion or the slightest notion of her real character and capacity from such a formal affair as this, is manifestly impossible. Nobody expects from her any clever, amusing, or interesting talk; above all, no stranger can expect it. She is very civil to everybody, and there is more of frankness, cordiality, and good-humour in her manner than of dignity. She looks and speaks cheerfully: there was nothing to criticize, nothing particularly to admire. The whole thing seemed to be dull, perhaps unavoidably so, but still so dull that it is a marvel how anybody can like such a life. This was an unusually large party, and therefore more than usually dull and formal; but it is much the same sort of thing every day. Melbourne was not there, which I regretted, as I had some curiosity to see her Majesty and her Minister together.

September 7, 1838: Nothing to record of any sort or kind: London a desert; I went to-day to Windsor for a Council, was invited by the Queen (through Melbourne) to stay and dine, but made an excuse on the score of business, and luckily had a

plausible one to make. It is too much of a good thing to cool one's heels for some four hours and a half in order to be boxed for three more in the evening, and then end with a nocturnal jaunt to town. To sit at the Royal table, and play at shilling whist with the Duchess of Kent, are great honours, but *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. The King and Queen of the Belgians are there.

That the Queen was not always easy as a hostess could scarcely be denied:

September 17, 1841: . . . At dinner she had the Duke next to her (his deaf ear unluckily) and talked to him a good deal. After dinner she spoke to Aberdeen and then to Peel, who could not help putting himself into his accustomed attitude of a dancing master giving a lesson. She would like him better if he would keep his legs still. When we went into the drawing room Melbourne's chair was gone, and she had already given orders to the lord-in-waiting to put all the Ministers down to whist, so that there was no possibility of any conversation, and she sat all the evening at her round table with Lady De la Warr on one side and Lady Portman on the other, perhaps well enough for a beginning, but too stupid if intended to last. The Queen has no conversation whatever, has never been used to converse with anybody but Melbourne and with him always either on business, or on trifles. She takes no interest in such miscellaneous topics as circulate in general society. There was no general conversation. The natural thing would have been to get the Duke of Wellington to narrate some of the events of his life, which are to the last degree interesting, but this never seems to have crossed her mind.

It must not be forgotten that she was surrounded by pitfalls:

July 30, 1837: Madame de Lieven told me yesterday that she had an audience of the Queen, who was very civil and gracious, but timid and embarrassed, and talked of nothing but commonplaces. Her Majesty had probably been told that the Princess was an *intrigante*, and was afraid of committing herself.

September 15, 1838: Yesterday again at Windsor for a Council. I had made up my mind not to stay if invited, and meant to hasten away; but before I could do so Melbourne came after me and said, "You will stay here? the Queen desired me to

ask you." I said I had no evening dress, had come by the railroad, and walked from Slough; could not assume that I should be asked, and did not know what to do. He said, "She meant it as a civility, and thought you would like it." There was a sort of reproach conveyed in the tone, and that induced me to say, "So I should if I had only known of it, but as it is I can send for my things if you like." He ended by desiring I would do what I liked best myself, promised that he would take care the Queen was not offended, and that nobody else would know anything of the matter. I accordingly resolved to go, and went away with Lord Albemarle. My mind misgave me, and I had a great mind to stay, especially as Lord Albemarle told me they did not mean to turn me out after dinner, but that sleeping there was a matter of course. Then I was sorry I had not stayed, which I might just as well have done, for I had nothing else to do. At these Councils we meet in common morning dress, which we used not to do. The fact was, I was provoked that they did not give me notice (which certainly they might as well have done), and at the notion that the invitation was only meant to extend to dinner and not to bed, and this I considered as a sort of affront, and took it in dudgeon, and so I was fool enough to come away, when I should have on the whole preferred staying, not that I care about Court, but it is as well to see the whole thing for once.

It was thus only at the third invitation that Greville agreed to go to Windsor. And certainly no official had less reason than he to complain of the courtesy extended to him:

December 15, 1838: Went on Wednesday to a Council at Windsor, and after the Council was invited to stay that night; rode with the Queen, and after riding Melbourne came to me and said her Majesty wished me to stay the next day also. This was very gracious and very considerate, because it was done for the express purpose of showing that she was not displeased at my not staying when asked on a former occasion, and as she can have no object whatever in being civil to me, it was a proof of her good-nature and thoughtfulness about other people's little vanities, even those of the most insignificant. Accordingly I remained till Friday morning, when I went with the rest of her suite to see the hounds throw off, which she herself saw for the

first time. The Court is certainly not gay, but it is perhaps impossible that any Court should be gay where there is no social equality; where some ceremony, and a continual air of deference and respect must be observed, there can be no ease, and without ease there can be no real pleasure. The Queen is natural, good-humoured, and cheerful, but still she is Queen, and by her must the social habits and the tone of conversation be regulated, and for this she is too young and inexperienced. She sits at a large round table, her guests around it, and Melbourne always in a chair beside her, where two mortal hours are consumed in such conversation as can be found, which appears to be, and really is, very uphill work. This, however, is the only bad part of the whole; the rest of the day is passed without the slightest constraint, trouble, or annoyance to anybody; each person is at liberty to employ himself or herself as best pleases them, though very little is done in common, and in this respect Windsor is totally unlike any other place. There is none of the sociability which makes the agreeableness of an English country house; there is no room in which the guests assemble, sit, lounge, and talk as they please and when they please; there is a billiard table, but in such a remote corner of the Castle that it might as well be in the town of Windsor; and there is a library well stocked with books, but hardly accessible, imperfectly warmed, and only tenanted by the librarian: it is a mere library, too, unfurnished, and offering none of the comforts and luxuries of a habitable room. There are two breakfast rooms, one for the ladies and the guests, and the other for the equerries, but when the meal is over everybody disperses. and nothing but another meal reunites the company, so that, in fact, there is no society whatever, little trouble, little etiquette, but very little resource or amusement.

The life which the Queen leads is this: she gets up soon after eight o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and is employed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the despatches, and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two, she arrives with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous); Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerry in waiting

generally on her right; she rides for two hours along the road, and the greater part of the time at a full gallop; after riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the Castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble, but she seldom appears till near eight. The lord in waiting comes into the drawing room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take into dinner. When the guests are all assembled, the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately into the dining room. She generally takes the arm of the man of the highest rank, but on this occasion she went with Mr. Stephenson, the American Minister (though he has no rank), which was very wisely done. Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there; she remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing room, when she goes round and says a few words to each (*judging from what fell to my own share*) of the most trivial nature, all however very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over, the Duchess of Kent's whist table is arranged, and then the round table is marshalled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At about half-past eleven she goes to bed, or whenever the Duchess has played her usual number of rubbers, and the band have performed all the pieces on their list for the night. This is the whole history of her day: she orders and regulates every detail herself, she knows where everybody is lodged in the Castle, settles about the riding or driving, and enters into every particular with minute attention. But while she personally gives her orders to her various attendants, and does everything that is civil to all the inmates of the Castle (*with the exception of Baroness Lehzen*) she really has nothing to do with anybody but

Melbourne, and with him she passes (if not in *tête-a-tête* yet in intimate communication) more hours than any two people, in any relation of life, perhaps ever do pass together besides. He is at her side for at least six hours every day—an hour in the morning, two on horseback, one at dinner, and two in the evening. This monopoly is certainly not judicious; it is not altogether consistent with social usage, and it leads to an infraction of those rules of etiquette which it is better to observe with regularity at Court. But it is more peculiarly inexpedient with reference to her own future enjoyment, for if Melbourne should be compelled to resign, her privation will be the more bitter on account of the exclusiveness of her intimacy with him. Accordingly, her terror when any danger menaces the Government, her nervous apprehension at any appearance of change, affect her health, and upon one occasion during the last session she actually fretted herself into an illness at the notion of their going out. It must be owned that her feelings are not unnatural, any more than those which Melbourne entertains towards her. His manner to her is perfect, always respectful, and never presuming upon the extraordinary distinction he enjoys; hers to him is simple and natural, indicative of the confidence she reposes in him, and of her lively taste for his society, but not marked by any unbecoming familiarity. Interesting as his position is, and flattered, gratified, and touched as he must be by the confiding devotion with which she places herself in his hands, it is still marvellous that he should be able to overcome the force of habit so completely as to endure the life he leads. Month after month he remains at the Castle, submitting to this daily routine: of all men he appeared to be the last to be broken in to the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in anybody's occupations and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free-and-easy language interlarded with "damns" is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety, and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured, and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle.

December 24, 1837: . . . The Queen went to the House yesterday without producing any sensation. There was the usual crowd to look at the finery of carriages, horses, Guards, &c.,

but not a hat raised nor a voice heard: the people of England seem inclined to hurrah no more.

May 7, 1838: . . . There has been much foolish chatter about the Coronation, and whether there should be a banquet or no; the Tories calling out for one because the Whig Government have settled that there should not be any. The Duke of Wellington, as usual, sensible, and above such nonsense, says it will all do very well, and that the Palace of Westminster having been destroyed by fire, a banquet and procession would not be feasible, as there exist no apartments in which the arrangements could be made.

June 27, 1838: There was never anything seen like the state of this town; it is as if the population had been on a sudden quintupled; the uproar, the confusion, the crowd, the noise, are indescribable. Horsemen, footmen, carriages squeezed, jammed, intermingled, the pavement blocked up with timbers, hammering and knocking, and falling fragments stunning the ears and threatening the head; not a mob here and there, but the town all mob, thronging, bustling, gaping, and gazing at everything, at anything, or at nothing; the park one vast encampment, with banners floating on the tops of the tents, and still the roads are covered, the railroads loaded with arriving multitudes. From one end of the route of the Royal procession to the other, from the top of Piccadilly to Westminster Abbey, there is a vast line of scaffolding; the noise, the movement, the restlessness are incessant and universal; in short, it is very curious, but uncommonly tiresome, and the sooner it is over the better. There has been a grand bother about the Ambassadors forming part of the Royal procession. They all detest it, think they ought not to have been called upon to assist, and the poor representatives of the smaller Courts do not at all fancy the expense of fine equipages, or the mortification of exhibiting mean ones. This arrangement was matter of negotiation for several days, and (the Lord knows why) the Government pertinaciously insisted on it. Public opinion has declared against it, and now they begin to see that they have done a very foolish thing, odious to the Corps Diplomatique and unpleasing to the people.

June 29, 1838: The Coronation (which, thank God, is over) went off very well. The day was fine, without heat or rain—

the innumerable multitude which thronged the streets orderly and satisfied. The appearance of the Abbey was beautiful, particularly the benches of the peeresses, who were blazing with diamonds. The entry of Soult was striking. He was saluted with a murmur of curiosity and applause as he passed through the nave, and nearly the same as he advanced along the choir. His appearance is that of a veteran warrior, and he walked alone, with his numerous suite following at a respectful distance, preceded by heralds and ushers, who received him with marked attention, more certainly than any of the other Ambassadors. The Queen looked very diminutive, and the effect of the procession itself was spoilt by being too crowded; there was not interval enough between the Queen and the Lords and others going before her. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) preached a very good sermon. The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the Archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington, and consequently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to John Thynne, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know"; and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, "What am I to do with it?" "Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand." "Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy." The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey, everybody scrambling with all their

might and main to get them, and none more vigorously than the Maids of Honour. There was a great demonstration of applause when the Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise, and when afterwards he came again to do homage she said, "May I not get up and meet him?" and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation. It is, in fact, the remarkable union of naïveté, kindness, nature, good-nature, with propriety and dignity, which makes her so admirable and so endearing to those about her, as she certainly is. I have been repeatedly told that they are all warmly attached to her, but that all feel the impossibility of for a moment losing sight of the respect which they owe her. She never ceases to be a Queen, but is always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, unaffected Queen in the world. The procession was very handsome, and the Extraordinary Ambassadors produced some gorgeous equipages. This sort of procession is incomparably better than the old ceremonial which so much fuss was made about, for the banquet would only have benefited the privileged few and the rich, and for one person who would have witnessed the procession on the platform five hundred enjoyed a sight of this. In fact, the thing best worth seeing was the town itself, and the countless multitudes through which the procession passed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer told me that he had been informed £200,000 had been paid for seats alone, and the number of people who have flocked into London has been estimated at five hundred thousand. It is said that a million have had a sight of the show in one way or another. These numbers are possibly exaggerated, but they really were prodigious. From Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, by the way they took, which must be two or three miles in length, there was a dense mass of people; the seats and benches were all full, every window was occupied, the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators, for the most part well dressed, and, from the great space through which they were distributed, there was no extraordinary pressure, and consequently no room for violence or ill-humour. In the evening I met Prince Esterhazy and asked him what the foreigners said.

He replied that they admired it all very much: "Strogonoff and the others don't like you, but they feel it, and it makes a great impression on them; in fact, nothing can be seen like it in any other country." I went into the park, where the fair was going on; a vast multitude, but all of the lower orders; not very amusing. The great merit of this Coronation is, that so much has been done for the people: to amuse and interest *them* seems to have been the principal object.

July 3, 1838: I was at the ball at Court last night to which hundreds would have given hundreds to go, and from which I would have gladly stayed away: all was very brilliant and very tiresome.

On the Coronation, Greville's characteristic comment was to inscribe in his Journal a stanza from Coleridge's "Ode to Tranquillity," adding "my own thoughts about myself."

CHAPTER LI

STROLLING IN EXCELSIS

The contrast between Victoria, as Princess, and Victoria, as Queen, was thus startling. "It is difficult," wrote Greville, on March 25, 1838, "to attribute to timidity that command over herself and passive obedience which she showed in her whole conduct up to the moment when she learnt that she was Queen. . . . As if inspired with the genius and the spirit of Sixtus V, she cast aside all filial dependence (on her mother) and at once asserted her dignity and her will."

June 29, 1837: . . . The Duchess of Kent never appears at Kensington, where the Queen occupies a separate range of apartments, and her influence is very silently exercised, if at all.

The alienation of the Queen from her mother developed into a quarrel. Victoria's "manner to the Duchess" might be "irreproachable"; indeed, "they appear to be on cordial and affectionate terms."

August 30, 1837: . . . But those who have means of knowing what passes within the Palace, do not think that much affection exists under these external demonstrations. She sees hardly anything of the Duchess, who never goes to her without previously asking leave, and when the Queen gets messages or notes from her Mother, she frequently sends verbal answers that she is engaged and cannot receive her.

"How is it possible," asked the Queen of Melbourne, "that I can have any confidence in my Mother when I know that whatever I say to her is repeated immediately afterwards to that man?" The answer of Sir John Conroy was that "whenever the Duchess had endeavoured to talk to the Queen about him, she had desired the subject might not be mentioned." In fact, said Sir John, "the Queen was entirely under the influence of Madame de Lehzen and Stockmar—the Duchess of Kent had none whatever."

"The Palace," we read, "is again the scene of squabbling of which Conroy is the cause and the belligerents are the mother and daughter." And the Duchess of Kent—"her health and spirits broken"—found it impossible to hide her resentment:

July 30, 1837: Madame de Lieven . . . had . . . an interview with the Duchess of Kent, who (she told me) it was plain to see is overwhelmed with vexation and disappointment. Her daughter behaves to her with kindness and attention, but has rendered herself quite independent of the Duchess, who painfully feels her own insignificance. . . . The Duchess said to Madame de Lieven "*qu'il n'y avait plus d'avenir pour elle, qu'elle n'était plus rien*"; that for eighteen years this child had been the sole object of her life, of all her thoughts and hopes, and now she was taken from her, and there was an end of all for which she had lived heretofore. Madame de Lieven said that she ought to be the happiest of human beings, to see the elevation of this child, her prodigious success, and the praise and admiration of which she was universally the object; that it was a triumph and a glory which ought to be sufficient for her—to which she only shook her head with a melancholy smile, and gave her to understand that all this would not do, and that the accomplishment of her wishes had only made her to the last degree unhappy. King William is revenged, he little anticipated how or by what instrumentality, and if his ghost is an ill-natured and vindictive shade, it may rejoice in the sight of this bitter disappointment of his enemy. In the midst of all her propriety of manner and conduct, the young Queen begins to exhibit slight signs of a peremptory disposition, and it is impossible not to suspect that, as she gains confidence, and as her character begins to develop, she will evince a strong will of her own. In all trifling matters connected with her Court and her palace, she already enacts the part of Queen and mistress as if it had long been familiar to her.

Victoria, says Greville, "has neither a particle of affection nor of respect for her mother, and is so thoughtless or so careless of consequences, that she deserves no better than that the Duchess should quit the Palace, and take up her abode elsewhere."

August 30, 1837: . . . Madame de Lehzen is the only person who is constantly with her. When any of the Ministers come to

see her, the Baroness retires at one door as they enter at the other, and the audience over, she returns to the Queen. It has been remarked that when applications are made to her Majesty, she seldom or never gives an immediate answer, but says she will consider of it, and it is supposed that she does this because she consults Melbourne about everything, and waits to have her answer suggested by him. He says, however, that such is her habit even with him, and that when he talks to her upon any subject upon which an opinion is expected from her, she tells him she will think it over, and let him know her sentiments the next day.

These happenings within the Court affected politics outside. At Victoria's accession, Lord Melbourne was still Prime Minister. But King William, having tried to dismiss him and failed, much preferred the Tories, who as a result were "in great consternation" over the King's illness. They foresaw that a change of Sovereign must be an "advantage" to the Whigs. And "nobody can deny," writes Greville on June 25, 1837, "the truth of this. Hitherto, the Government have been working against the stream, inasmuch as they had the influence of the Crown (that is the King) running dead against them; the tide has now turned in their favour, and to a certain degree they will be able to convert the Tory principle to their own advantage."

Obviously the young Queen needed good counsel. Her uncle, the King of the Belgians, was a possibility.

Over the King of the Belgians, Sir Robert Peel, with whom, in the Park, Greville "talked . . . about the beginning of the new reign," was cautious:

July 16, 1837: . . . Peel said that he concluded King Leopold would be her great adviser. If Leopold is prudent, however, he will not hurry over here at the very first moment, which would look like an impatience to establish his influence, and if he does, the first result will be every sort of jealousy and discord between him and the Duchess of Kent.

England had a fear of European entanglements.

The way was thus clear for the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne.

November 29, 1848: . . . It was upon the accession of the Queen that his post suddenly grew into one of immense importance and interest, for he found himself placed in the most curious and delicate position which any statesman ever occupied. Victoria was transferred at once from the nursery to the throne —ignorant, inexperienced, and without one human being about her on whom she could rely for counsel and aid. She found in her Prime Minister and constitutional adviser a man of mature age, who instantly captivated her feelings and her fancy by his deferential solicitude, and by a shrewd, sagacious, and entertaining conversation, which were equally new and delightful to her. She at once cast herself with implicit confidence upon Melbourne, and, from the first day of her reign, their relations assumed a peculiar character, and were marked by an intimacy which he never abused; on the contrary, he only availed himself of his great influence to impress upon her mind sound maxims of constitutional government, and truths of every description that it behoved her to learn. It is impossible to imagine anything more interesting than the situation which had thus devolved upon him, or one more calculated to excite all the latent sensibility of his nature. His loyal devotion soon warmed into a parental affection, which she repaid by unbounded manifestations of confidence and regard. He set himself wisely, and with perfect disinterestedness, to form her mind and character, and to cure the defects and eradicate the prejudices from which the mistakes and faults of her education had not left her entirely free. In all that Melbourne said or did, he appears to have been guided by a regard to justice and truth. He never scrupled to tell her what none other would have dared to say; and in the midst of that atmosphere of flattery and deceit which kings and queens are almost always destined to breathe, and by which their minds are so often perverted, he never scrupled to declare boldly and frankly his real opinions, strange as they sometimes sounded, and unpalatable as they often were, and to wage war with her prejudices and false impressions with regard to people or things whenever he saw that she was led astray by them. He acted in all things an affectionate, conscientious, and patriotic part, endeavouring to make her happy as a woman and popular as a queen.

This richness of talk was rendered more piquant by the

quaintness and oddity of his manner, and an ease and naturalness proceeding in no small degree from habits of self-indulgence and freedom, a license for which was conceded to him by common consent, even by the Queen herself, who, partly from regard for him, and partly from being amused at his ways, permitted him to say and do whatever he pleased in her presence. He was often paradoxical, and often coarse, terse, epigrammatic, acute, droll, with fits of silence and abstraction, from which he would suddenly break out with a vehemence and vigour which amused those who were accustomed to him, and filled with indescribable astonishment those who were not.

August 30, 1837: . . . No man is more formed to ingratiate himself with her than Melbourne. He treats her with unbounded consideration and respect, he consults her tastes and her wishes, and he puts her at her ease by his frank and natural manners, while he amuses her by the quaint, queer, epigrammatic turn of his mind, and his varied knowledge upon all subjects. It is not therefore surprising that she should be well content with her present government, and that during the process of the elections she should have testified great interest in the success of the Whig candidates. Her reliance upon Melbourne's advice extends at present to subjects quite beside his constitutional functions, for the other day somebody asked her permission to dedicate some novel to her, when she said she did not like to grant the permission without knowing the contents of the work, and she desired Melbourne to read the book and let her know if it was fit that she should accept the dedication. Melbourne read the first volume, but found it so dull that he would not read any more, and sent her word that she had better refuse, which she accordingly did.

September 12, 1838: George Villiers, who came from Windsor on Monday, told me he had been exceedingly struck with Lord Melbourne's manner to the Queen, and hers to him; his, so parental and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential; hers, indicative of such entire confidence, such pleasure in his society. She is continually talking to him; let who will be there, he always sits next to her at dinner, and evidently by arrangement, because he always takes in the lady in waiting, which necessarily places him next her, the etiquette being that the lady in waiting sits next but one to the Queen. It is not un-

natural, and to him it is peculiarly interesting. I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her as he might be of his daughter if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving without having anything in the world to love. It is become his province to educate, instruct, and form the most interesting mind and character in the world. No occupation was ever more engrossing or involved greater responsibility. I have no doubt that Melbourne is both equal to and worthy of the task, and that it is fortunate she has fallen into his hands, and that he discharges this great duty wisely, honourably, and conscientiously. There are, however, or rather may be hereafter, inconveniences in the establishment of such an intimacy, and in a connection of so close and affectionate a nature between the young Queen and her Minister; for whenever the government, which hangs by a thread, shall be broken up, the parting will be painful, and their subsequent relations will not be without embarrassment to themselves, nor fail to be the cause of jealousy in others. It is a great proof of the discretion and purity of his conduct and behaviour that he is admired, respected, and liked by all the Court.

How Melbourne obtained the ascendancy was a secret that, in due course, he endeavoured to impart to Peel, his political opponent and successor. Indeed, Greville was himself the intermediary:

September 4, 1841: . . . In the evening I dined at Stafford House and met Melbourne. After dinner he took me aside and said, "Have you any means of speaking to *these chaps?*" I said, "Yes, I can say anything to them." "Well," he said, "I think there are one or two things Peel ought to be told, and I wish you would tell him. Don't let him suffer any appointment he is going to make to be talked about, and don't let her hear it through anybody but himself; and whenever he does anything, or has anything to propose, let him explain to her clearly his reasons. The Queen is not conceited; she is aware there are many things she cannot understand, and she likes to have them explained to her elementarily, not at length and in detail, but shortly and clearly; neither does she like long audiences, and I never stayed with her a long time. These things he should attend to, and they will make matters go on more smoothly."

I told him I would certainly tell Peel. . . . This morning I called on Peel and told him word for word what Melbourne had said to me. He said, "It was very kind of Lord Melbourne, and I am much obliged to him; but do you mean that this refers to anything that has already occurred?" I said, "Not at all, but to the future." Melbourne, knowing the Queen's mind better than Sir Robert possibly could, wished to tell him these things in order that matters might go on more smoothly. He said that he had hitherto taken care to explain everything to her, and that he should not fail to attend to the advice.

In her chagrin over Melbourne's ascendancy, accentuated as it was by a bitter controversy over her favourite, the Duchess "absented herself" from "the Court circle" and "consulted the Duke [of Wellington] on every occasion," who, "in every step of the affair"—to be described in a moment—"appears uniformly to have given the soundest and honestest advice, and to have kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on the two great objects of saving the character of the Queen, and putting her and her mother upon decently amicable terms." In fact, "against the separation, the Duke strenuously worked, and he continually enforced the expediency of harmony, mutual forbearance and conciliation."

The Duke was thus "urging" the Queen's mother "to resume her place in the Court circle . . . and to adopt a good-humoured and conciliatory tone generally." The Duchess of Kent then said:

"'But what am I to do if Lord Melbourne comes up to me?'

"'Do? Why receive him with civility and cordiality. He is your daughter's Prime Minister, and as such, you are bound to treat him in this manner, and besides, why should you not? What reason can you have for doing otherwise?'

"'Oh, I don't approve of the way in which he comes here.'

"'Nonsense, all stuff and nonsense, don't tell me of his coming here. He is quite right to come as he does, and if I found any fault, it would be that he is not here enough. Now I'll tell you what I should have done if I had been Minister when the Queen came to the throne. I would have instantly taken up my abode at Kensington Palace, and when she removed to Buckingham Palace, I would have had an apartment there,

and if I could not have had one, I would have taken a lodging as near the Palace as I could find one in order that I might have been every day and every hour in the day at hand to assist and advise her upon every possible occasion, and in every matter in which she might require my advice. Lord Melbourne has done nothing but his duty, and I tell you that, if I had been in his place, I should not only have done the same, but have done more than he has done.'

"'Well,' said she, 'I must say you are a just man, but what must I do if she asks me to shake hands with Lehzen?'

"'Do? Why take her in your arms and kiss her.'

"Here the Duchess burst out laughing in which the Duke joined when he said, 'I don't mean you are to take *Lehzen* in your arms and kiss *her*, but the Queen. She is your daughter and this is the way you must treat her, and be civil to Lord Melbourne, and Lehzen and all the persons in attendance upon her.'"

On the behaviour of Lord Melbourne, Greville adds this note:

December 15, 1838: The Duke of Wellington says that Melbourne is quite right to go and stay at the Castle as much as he does, and that it is very fit he should instruct the young Queen in the business of government, but he disapproves of his being always at her side, even contrary to the rules of etiquette; for as a Prime Minister has no precedence, he ought not to be placed in the post of honour to the exclusion of those of higher rank than himself.

By the practice of that period, now discontinued, the death of the Sovereign, or as it is called the demise of the Crown, was followed by a dissolution of Parliament and a General Election. Victoria had no sooner ascended the throne, therefore, than she had to preside over an appeal to the country. And though she was Queen of the nation, it seemed as if, with her immediate partiality to Lord Melbourne, she belonged to a party.

July 9, 1837: . . . We continue to hear of the young Queen's admirable behaviour, but all other subjects are swallowed up in the interest of the approaching elections. There will be more contests than ever were known, and it is amusing to see both parties endeavouring to avail themselves of the Queen's

name, the Tories affecting to consider her as a prisoner in the hands of the Whigs, and the Whigs boasting of the cordiality and warmth of her sentiments in their favour. The Whigs have the best of this, as they have some evidence to show in support of their assertions, and the probability really is that she is well enough contented with them, as they naturally take care she should be.

The Whigs benefited by "the popularity of a new reign" and the Tories "do not deny that the King's death has been a heavy blow to them as a party." And yet the elections weakened Melbourne. At the polls, "the Radicals" (July 28th) were "reduced in numbers" and were especially "disappointed at the result of the borough contests, having lost many when they had no idea there was any danger." On a final reckoning, "the whippers in"—a hunting term abbreviated to whips—allowed Melbourne 348 supporters in the House to 310 Conservatives, or a majority of 38 only. The Whigs (August 8th) were "equally astonished and dismayed" at this evidence that a broader franchise does not always mean a progressive triumph.

The Government of the Queen was thus unstable. Divisions ran close and it was trying for the nerves of majesty:

July 28, 1837: . . . Everything that could be said in praise of the Queen, of her manners, conduct, conversation, and character, having been exhausted, we now hear no more of her. It is an interesting speculation to conjecture how soon she will begin to think and to act for herself upon higher matters, as she has at once done on all minor points connected with her domestic arrangements. It is generally believed that she is perfectly independent of any influence in these things, and while in all political concerns she has put herself implicitly in Melbourne's hands, in all others she is her own mistress.

August 30, 1837: All that I hear of the young Queen leads to the conclusion that she will some day play a conspicuous part, and that she has a great deal of character. It is clear enough that she had long been silently preparing herself, and had been prepared by those around her (and very properly) for the situation to which she was destined. The impressions she has made continue to be favourable, and particularly upon Melbourne, who has a thousand times greater opportunities of

knowing what her disposition and her capacity are than any other person, and who is not a man to be easily captivated or dazzled by any superficial accomplishments or mere graces of manner, or even by personal favour. Melbourne thinks highly of her sense, discretion, and good feeling; but what seem to distinguish her above everything are caution and prudence, the former to a degree which is almost unnatural in one so young, and unpleasing, because it suppresses the youthful impulses which are so graceful and attractive.

March 9, 1838: . . . The Queen was very nervous at the possibility there seemed to be that the Ministers might be beaten, for Lord John Russell had told her that he could not count upon a majority of more than fifteen, and she looked yesterday as cheerful as anybody else around her.

The sentiment of loyalty toward her Majesty, at any rate, on the race course, was correct rather than enthusiastic:

June 16, 1838: At Hillingdon, for Ascot races, from Tuesday to Friday. A great concourse of people on Thursday; the Queen tolerably received; some shouting, not a great deal, and a few hats taken off. This mark of respect has quite gone out of use, and neither her station nor her sex procures it; we are not the nearer a revolution for this, but it is ugly. All the world went on to the Royal Stand, and her Majesty was very gracious and civil, speaking to everybody.

Brougham, too, as a Radical who had been denied office, was vocal:

December 19, 1838: . . . He has put forth a pamphlet in the shape of a letter to the Queen, which he half acknowledges, and of which nobody doubts that he is the author, as in fact nobody can who is acquainted with the man or his writings. It makes a prodigious noise in the world and is read with avidity, but, though marked with all his cleverness, it is a discreditable production. The tone of it is detestable, the object mischievous, though by no means definite or clear. After stripping it of all its invectives and ribaldry, there is no proposition which can be extracted from it except that of giving universal suffrage, for, although he does not say so, his argument cannot be arrested short of such a consummation. It is a bitter, brilliant,

wayward satire and philippic, and, as Johnson said of Junius, "if you extract from its wit the vivacity of impudence and withdraw from its efficacy the sympathetic favour of plebeian malignity, if you leave it only its merit, I know not what will be its praise." It is, however, marvellously characteristic of the man, and illustrative of the state of his mind.

As in a game of chess, there was thus a desire on the part of all factions to capture the Queen:

"Brunow [the Russian Ambassador] said to Arbuthnot the other day, 'There is one thing here which I can't comprehend. Yours is a free and ours a despotic government, the Emperor [of Russia] can do anything he pleases, but his Ministers give him their opinions upon anything with perfect freedom, advise him to do or not to do anything as circumstances may require, and he always listens to, and generally follows their advice. But here, your Ministers don't dare say a word to your Queen, who is hardly more than a child, but leave her to follow her own fancies without any sort of control.'"

Deeply devoted to Melbourne, the Queen was involved in the varying fortunes of the Government:

March 25, 1839: . . . While we have a Cabinet in which there is not one man who inspires confidence, and in which, with the exception perhaps of John Russell (who is broken in health and spirits), there is not one deserving to be called a statesman, to this Cabinet is committed the awful task of solving the many difficult questions of domestic, colonial, and foreign policy which surround and press upon us; while the Duke of Wellington and Peel are compelled "to stand like ciphers in the great account." The great characteristic of the present time is indifference: nobody appears to care for anything; nobody cares for the Queen, her popularity has sunk to zero, and loyalty is a dead letter; nobody cares for the Government, or for any man or set of men. If there was such a thing as a strong public opinion alive to national interests, intent upon national objects, and deeply sensible to the necessity of calling to the national councils all the wisdom and experience that the crisis demands, its voice would be heard, the two parties would cease to hold each other at bay, there would be either a great change or a fusion in some reasonable spirit of compromise and we should see a Govern-

ment with some energy, independence and power, and this is what we want. But Melbourne seems to hold office for no other purpose but that of dining at Buckingham House, and he is content to rub on from day to day, letting all things take their chance.

September 26, 1840: . . . Melbourne's mind seems so emasculated by living with the Queen and her Ladies, and he is so tenderly solicitous about her health and everything by which it can possibly be affected, that he seems reduced to the level of a twaddling old woman, and to be fitter to preside over the nursery than over the Treasury.

CHAPTER LII

CONROY'S REVENGE

THE story of what has come to be known as the Bedchamber Crisis is not quite so simple as critics of Queen Victoria have supposed. There were reasons, strong reasons why, in this matter, great care should have been taken not to challenge the susceptibilities of a girl who was responsible for the good name of the Court. It has been the custom to read the second chapter of the narrative without taking into consideration the fact that there was a first chapter also.

November 29, 1848: . . . She [the Queen] had been bullied by the Duchess of Kent and Conroy, and not without affection for her mother, she feared them both.

But Sir John Conroy was still permitted, even by so shrewd a man of the world as the Duke of Wellington, to overshadow the young sovereign.

On June 16, 1838, Greville quotes Melbourne as saying "that they were very anxious to get rid of Conroy, who was always haunting the Palace, but that he would not go abroad, and they regretted now they had not made it a part of the bargain when they gave him his pension, that he should do so." In due course, Conroy aroused against himself "the unanimous opposition" of "the Coburg Family."

August 15, 1839: . . . All the Duchess's brothers, her son, her daughter and son-in-law, all joined with the Queen and against Conroy, and on one occasion the Duke [of Wellington] was obliged to interfere in his and her defence. They had a common sitting-room at the Palace in the Duchess's apartments, and they complained that Conroy used insolently to come and sit there, and they asked the Duke whether it was not fit that he should be formally warned off, but the Duke said that this could not be, the Duchess was a great Princess, independent, and having an undoubted right to select her own servants and attendants, with

whom nobody could with decency interfere, and to prohibit her officer from entering her apartments would be an outrage to her.

For the retention of Conroy, it was the Queen who had to pay the price. And it is clear that she was wholly without blame. If Conroy had been ostracized, as she desired that he should be, a most painful scandal would never have occurred.

In what might be described as "the autobiography of a slander," which here follows, people "consulted or appealed to" the Duke of Wellington, "to whose wisdom and integrity all have recourse in time of difficulty." Indeed, says Greville, "it is to take the Duke *par son faible*, for he likes being consulted and mixed up in messes, but upon this occasion, besides the excitement of the *tracasserie*, he is actuated by higher and graver considerations, and he sees and deplores all the evils which result from this miserable affair and its disgraceful publicity." "In desperate cases, he is always the Doctor they rely on."

The Duke then was "cognizant of everything that had occurred." And of what he said, there was "the certainty that every syllable was strictly true." In one alone of many interviews, Greville spent "over two hours [with the Duke] in the course of which he entered into all the details of this affair and of the part he had been called upon to act in it." And Greville enjoyed "his quaint natural and lively style of narrative."

According to Wellington, Conroy persisted in "familiar habits in the Duchess's apartments." The Duchess of Kent had a lady in waiting, called Lady Flora Hastings. And about her, "certain jokes" were "current." It happened "that she and Conroy had travelled up from Scotland in a post chaise"—"circumstances which if not sufficient to justify the suspicions that were raised, at least were to render them very natural. But they never were intended to assume the shape of a serious charge," so declared the Duke, "and in the first instance were rather matter of joke and loose talk."

At this period, said Wellington "not only did Lady Flora's shape exhibit all the appearance of pregnancy, both as to its size and its gradual increase, but there was the constitutional change usually attending that state," all of which circumstances "created very easily the unfortunate impression that had prevailed."

The Court Physician was Sir James Clarke. He "pronounced" that Lady Flora Hastings "had the appearance" of "being with child." Indeed, "the details of Lady Flora's ailments and the opinion of the doctor were all committed to paper," and "the first intimation [of the suspicions] to Lady Flora," so we read, "was from the doctor who told her (that) the ladies (in waiting) of the Palace said she was secretly married, or at all events, if she was not, that she ought to be."

Among the ladies in waiting was the Marchioness of Tavistock, whose Whig husband as eldest son of the Duke of Bedford was nephew of Lord John Russell, a Minister in Lord Melbourne's Cabinet. At the moment, Lady Tavistock was "not in waiting"—that is, not on duty—but "the Queen had written to her when she came to town, to beg her . . . to come up and go with her to the play where she was going in state, which Lady Tavistock did." "When she got to the Palace, she found the ladies all in a hubbub." "Through some one of them whom Lady Tavistock will not give up," they "reported" the matter to her "and begged her to take some steps to protect their purity from this contamination. Lady Tavistock accordingly sent for Melbourne, and confided the matter to him, thinking he was the fittest person, and would know best how to deal with the case."

The other informant of Lord Melbourne was Lady Portman. And according to the Duke, Lady Portman and Lady Tavistock "had done exactly what they ought, their duty, neither more nor less. And that this was his opinion might be told to everybody."

"The thing got wind," therefore, and, continues Greville, "excites greater interest than any matter of a public and political character." "It was at first whispered about, and at last swelled into report, and finally into a charge." Also, "the Queen appears to have been apprized of the rumour, and so far to have entered into it as to sanction an intimation to the lady that she must not appear at Court till she could clear herself of the imputation."

March 2, 1839: . . . It is certain that the Court is plunged in shame and mortification at the exposure, that the palace is full of bickerings and heart-burnings, while the whole proceeding is looked upon by society at large as to the last degree dis-

gusting and disgraceful. It is really an exemplification of the saying, that "*les Rois et les Valets*" are made of the refuse clay of creation, for though such things sometimes happen in the servants' hall, and housekeepers charge still-room and kitchen maids with frailty and pregnancy, they are unprecedented and unheard of in good society, and among people in high or even in respectable stations. It is inconceivable how Melbourne can have permitted this disgraceful and mischievous scandal, which cannot fail to lower the character of the Court in the eyes of the world. There may be objections to Melbourne's extraordinary domiciliation in the Palace; but the compensation ought to be found in his good sense and experience preventing the possibility of such transactions and *tracasseries* as these.

"Medical evidence," therefore, "was either demanded by her [Lady Flora] or submitted to, and the result was satisfactory to the virtue of the accused damsel." Not only was the original diagnosis of Sir James Clarke wholly at fault, but Lady Flora was, in fact, "very ill." She was affected by "dropsy in the womb which also accounts for her appearance of pregnancy."

By the action of Queen Victoria, therefore, who at a Council "seemed very grave," the character of Lady Flora Hastings was thus cleared of all imputations. And, writes Greville, "it appears that in the first instance, the affair would have blown over, and that Lady Flora was well disposed to be satisfied, and even thanked Lady Portman cordially for her conduct." "At the Palace," so we read on April 7, 1839, "all is harmony." The only question was whether Sir James Clarke should be dismissed. On this point, the Duke of Wellington was consulted:

August 15, 1839: . . . His advice was to hush the matter up, on every account to prevent the story going out of the four walls of the Palace: "It is now between these four walls; if they were to tumble down, it would be forever buried in the ruins—so let it be." He thinks it would have been hushed up, and that all the mischief would have been avoided, if after the explanations and reconciliations more pains had been taken to conciliate the Duchess of Kent, but that the omissions in this respect, and the importunities of Conroy, and his influence over the Duchess and Lady Flora kept bad feelings alive, and led to the original letter to Mrs. Hamilton Fitzgerald, which the Duke says was the

primary cause of the subsequent exposure. Against the removal of the doctor, the Duke always protested, because he could not be dismissed *as a punishment*, without a previous inquiry, and this inquiry would have been attended with the most painful results to all parties.

Greville adds a footnote:

"I insert this passage on a painful transaction which had better be consigned to oblivion, because it contains nothing which is not to be found in the most ordinary books of reference; but I shall not enter further on this matter."

While then the Court, seen by Greville, "all looked busy and *affairés*," there would have been no open scandal "if it had not been for Conroy, who was the grand mover of all the subsequent hubbub." Between this man, who had overshadowed Queen Victoria's girlhood, tainted the good name of her mother and in vengeance wished to wreck her reign, on the one hand, and the Duke of Wellington on the other, there now developed a duel of wits. The Duke insisted "that care should be taken to say nothing which might implicate the Queen or excite any fresh prejudice against *her*, that being the most essential evil to guard against." He was thus for "judicious management and greater efforts at conciliation." For instance:

April 21, 1839: . . . Lord Portman went to him, and entreated him to interfere to set matters straight, and he at once said that he would do anything, he would see Melbourne, or the Queen, or the Duchess of Kent, and do anything in his power to suppress the scandal. . . . Lord Portman went to Melbourne yesterday, and entreated him to see the Duke. "Why, damn it," said Melbourne, "I can't see him now, I am shaving, and then I am going to a Cabinet."

However, Lord Portman insisted, and while Melbourne finished *questa barba maledetta*, he went and fetched the Duke.

Of Conroy, on the other hand, Greville writes:

April 21, 1839: It was he who incited the Duchess and Lady Flora to *jeter feu et flamme*, and the young lady is said to have acted with great duplicity, for while she was affecting amicable feelings at the Palace, and to have made it up with everybody, she was writing to her uncle those statements which he after-

ward published, and preparing for the explosion which eventually took place.

With Conroy stirring the cauldron, the Duchess of Kent "first sent for him [the Duke], told him her story, and showed him all the papers." In reply the Duke "wrote a capital letter to the Duchess of Kent, advising conciliation and quiet."

With the Queen estranged from her mother, the Government and Parliament were drawn in:

August 15, 1839: One of the people with whom the Duke had most communication was the speaker [Abercromby] who was much mixed up in it, and consulted by the Duchess, and he was so struck with the sentiments expressed by the Duke in conversation with him, that he entreated him to write the substance of what he had said to the Duchess. He did so, and his letter together with another to the same effect, and for the same end, was communicated (by the Duke's desire) to the Queen, and by the Queen to the Cabinet. The Queen then wrote a very kind letter to the Duchess in which she said that if she had made any sacrifice out of regard to her, she thanked her most warmly for what she had done. This letter the Duke told the Duchess ought to satisfy her, but she said it was not in the Queen's own handwriting, though the Duke says it certainly was. I remember hearing of this letter, and that the idea it was not written by herself was much commented on.

The family of Lady Flora Hastings were bitterly incensed. "Lord Hastings," we read, "wrote a furious letter to Melbourne insisting upon knowing who had set about the story, and Melbourne gave up Lady Tavistock as his informant. On this Hastings wrote to Tavistock and insisted that Lady Tavistock should give up her informant (that is, Lady Portman), but this she declined doing. After a great deal of violence and much angry correspondence, they [Hastings and his advisers] thought they had found out that Lady Tavistock's original informant was the Baroness [Lehzen]"—Conroy's critic—"and they resolved to publish some letter or letters in which this would have been insinuated, but in point of fact it was not the Baroness, and when they found they were on a wrong scent, they seem to have thought it best to draw off." One statement pub-

lished by Lord Hastings was described by Greville as "a very monstrous proceeding, and done in a most disgraceful manner, with a purely vindictive motive," which did "not signify," being "a complete failure." "Most people think he has pushed matters much too far."

Correspondence with Melbourne was published:

April 21, 1839: The letters are very bad productions on both sides, the lady's ill written, intemperate, and rhapsodical, the Minister's rude and unbecoming. The whole affair has done incredible harm, and has played the devil with the Queen's popularity, and cast dreadful odium and discredit on the Court, especially in the country, where a thousand exaggerated reports are rife. It is next to impossible to repair the mischief, because so much mystery is still thrown over the transaction and its origin. The public takes it up (as it took up Queen Caroline) on the principle of favouring an injured person, and one who appears to have obtained no reparation for the injuries inflicted on her.

In due course, Greville himself saw a number of letters:

August 30, 1839: . . . An examination of the correspondence only confirms my impression that the *Palatians* behaved monstrously ill in the first instance. There seems to have been a continued series of blunders, and of sins against delicacy, justice, propriety and good taste. Then came the Hastings party all fury and malice, and resolved to be revenged, since they could get neither explanation nor satisfaction. It has been a horrible, disgraceful, and mischievous mess.

"Violent and libellous articles" on the case then appeared in the *Morning Post*, showing "unappeased wrath," and a desire for "explanations and apologies."

June 24, 1839, Ludford: Brougham mixed himself up in it as the adviser of Hastings with whom he has struck up a mighty friendship, and he has been wonderfully zealous and active in the business.

As for the unfortunate girl herself, she "suffered dreadfully in mind and body, the latter from the exertions she was compelled to make in going about, and the former from being such an object of attention and curiosity and still more, because every

sort of excitement was kept up in and around her, by the faction who made an instrument of her." Indeed, the Court was "in a great fright lest Lady Flora should die." For "the public will certainly hold an inquest on her body, and bring in a verdict of wilful murder against Buckingham Palace."

It was what happened:

July 7, 1839: The libels in the *Morning Post*, so far from being stopped, have only been more venomous since her death, and this *soi-disant* Conservative paper daily writes against the Queen with the most revolting virulence and indecency. There is no doubt that an effect very prejudicial to her Majesty has been produced, and the public, the women particularly, have taken up the cause of Lady Flora with a vehemence which is not the less active because it is so senseless.

The Duke of Beaufort "was to have asked Melbourne, if Government would not prosecute these libels, and thus was to have given the Duke of Wellington an opportunity of defending the ladies [Tavistock and Portman], but both the Duke and Melbourne objected, so the project fell to the ground." Indeed, on another occasion, "the Duke engaged to answer any questions [in Parliament] if they were put, but none were put. I fancy they were afraid of letting anybody get up to speak for fear of bringing forth Brougham." Still:

August 15, 1839: For a long time past Tavistock has been worried to death by the attacks on his wife in the *Morning Post* about her share in the affair of Lady Flora Hastings, and has over and over again attempted to get some sort of explanation made on her behalf in Parliament or elsewhere, but for one reason or another, nothing was ever said or done.

When consulted, the Duke of Wellington advised "that in whatever Tavistock might think it necessary to say, he should confine himself to generalities and avoid all details." And, adds Greville, who was the intermediary, "in all this I concurred."

After this experience, there could be no further question of permitting Sir John Conroy to remain near the throne. And the wishes of Queen Victoria were at last obeyed:

June 10, 1839: They have got rid of Conroy. He has resigned his place about the Duchess of Kent, and is going abroad. There

is, of course, a *dessous des cartes*, but the story told is, that he has voluntarily resigned. He went to Duncannon, and told him he had done so, and then went to the Duke, and told him, and the Duke approves. . . .

June 15, 1839: The Duke of Wellington was mainly instrumental to Conroy's removal. He did not move in it at first, but Conroy, of his own accord, resolved to resign, because he found all the Duchess's family (the Coburgs, etc., who are here) so strongly opposed to him, that he saw he could obtain no support and countenance in any quarter. Then the Duchess of Kent sent for the Duke, and he did all he could to nail the matter. After it was settled, Conroy repented, and wanted to stay, and then the Duke was sent for again. He spoke very strongly, and at last it was all settled, but none of the Ministers knew anything of it at the time.

It was the Duke, and he alone, who got Conroy to resign and leave the country, and this he did by cajoling and flattering Conroy himself and representing to him that his conduct in retiring would not only be gratifying to the Duchess's family but be honourable to himself and appreciated by the public, and by honeyed words like these, he prevailed on him at last to go.

CHAPTER LIII

SAINTS AND SLAVES

In every nation, there is a soul. And the soul of England was unsatisfied by the cynical scepticism of Holland House:

Panshanger, January 1, 1832: Distress seems to increase hereabouts, and crime with it. Methodism and saintship increase too. The people of this house are examples of the religion of the fashionable world, and the charity of natural benevolence, which the world has not spoiled. Lady Cowper and her family go to church, but scandalize the congregation by always arriving half an hour too late. The hour matters not; if it began at nine, or ten, or twelve, or one o'clock, it would be the same thing; they are never ready, and always late, but they go. Lord Cowper never goes at all; but he employs multitudes of labourers, is ready to sanction any and every measure which can contribute to the comfort and happiness of the peasantry. Lady Cowper and her daughters inspect personally the cottages and condition of the poor. They visit, enquire, and give; they distribute flannel, medicines, money, and they talk to and are kind to them, so that the result is a perpetual stream flowing from a real fountain of benevolence, which waters all the country round and gladdens the hearts of the peasantry, and attaches them to those from whom it emanates.

April 12, 1838: Dined with Lord Anglesey yesterday, to meet Wolff, the missionary. I had figured to myself a tall, gaunt, severe, uncouth man; but I found a short, plump, cheerful person, with a considerable resemblance to the Bonaparte family, and with some to old Demon, with one of the most expressive countenances I ever saw, and so agreeable as to compensate for very plain features; eyes that became suddenly illuminated when he is warmed by his subject, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and power of intonation. He came prepared to hold forth, with his Bible in his pocket, and accordingly after dinner we gathered round him in a circle, and he held forth.

It would be no easy matter to describe a discourse which lasted a couple of hours, or indeed to say very precisely what it was about. It was a rambling, desultory reference to his travels and adventures in fluent and sometimes eloquent language, and not without an occasional dash of humour and drollery. He illustrated the truth of the Scriptures by examples drawn from his personal observation and the habits, expressions, and belief of the present inhabitants of Palestine, and he spoke with evident sincerity and enthusiasm. He sang two or three hymns as specimens of the psalmody now in use at Jerusalem. The great fault of his discourse was its length and desultory character, leaving no strong and permanent impression on the mind. He subsequently gave us a second lecture upon the Millennium, avowing his belief that it is near at hand; he "hoped and believed that it would take place in 1847," and he proceeded to show that this was to be inferred from the prophecies of Daniel, and that the numbers in that book, rightly explained, bore this meaning. He told us that he had learnt fourteen languages, and had preached in nine.

The Reason did not solve the spiritual problem. By creating a vacuum, it induced a hurricane of mysticism. The United States had her Joseph Smith. England had this:

December 2, 1833: I went yesterday to Edward Irving's chapel to bear him preach, and witness the exhibition of the tongues. The chapel was formerly West's picture gallery, oblong, with a semicircular recess at one end; it has been fitted up with galleries all round, and in the semicircle there are tiers of benches, in front of which is a platform with an elevated chair for Irving himself, and sort of desk before it; on each side the chair are three armchairs, on which three other preachers sat. The steps from the floor to the platform were occupied by men (whether peculiarly favoured or not I don't know), but the seats behind Irving's chair are evidently appropriated to the higher class of devotees, for they were the best dressed of the congregation. The business was conducted with decency, and the congregation was attentive. It began with a hymn, the words given out by one of the assistant preachers, and sung by the whole flock. This, which seems to be common to all dissenting services, is always very fine, the full swell of human voices

producing a grand effect. After this Irving delivered a prayer, in a very slow drawling tone, rather long, and not at all striking in point of language or thought. When he had finished, one of the men sitting beside him arose, read a few verses from the Bible, and discoursed thereon. He was a very fine fellow, and was followed by two others, not much better. After these three Spencer Perceval stood up. He recited the duty to our neighbour in the catechism, and descanted on that text in a style in all respects far superior to the others. He appeared about to touch on politics, and (as well as I recollect) was saying, "Ye trusted that your institutions were unalterable, ye believed that your loyalty to your King, your respect for your nobility, your" —when suddenly a low moaning noise was heard, on which he instantly stopped, threw his arm over his breast, and covered his eyes, in an attitude of deep devotion, as if oppressed by the presence of the spirit. The voice after ejaculating three "Oh's," one rising above the other, in tones very musical, burst into a flow of unintelligible jargon, which, whether it was in English or in gibberish I could not discover. This lasted five or six minutes, and as the voice was silenced, another woman, in more passionate and louder tones, took it up; this last spoke in English, and words, though not sentences, were distinguishable. I had a full view of her sitting exactly behind Irving's chair. She was well dressed, spoke sitting, under great apparent excitement, and screamed on till from exhaustion, as it seemed, her voice gradually died away, and all was still. Then Spencer Perceval, in slow and solemn tones, resumed, not where he had left off, but with an exhortation to hear the voice of the Lord which had just been uttered to the congregation, and after a few more sentences he sat down. Two more men followed him, and then Irving preached. His subject was "God's Love," upon which he poured forth a mystical incomprehensible rhapsody, with extraordinary vehemence of manner and power of lungs. There was nothing like eloquence in his sermon, no musical periods to captivate the ear, no striking illustrations to charm the imagination; but there is undoubtedly something in his commanding figure and strange, wild countenance, his vehemence, and above all the astonishing power of his voice, its compass, and variety, which arrests attention, and gives the notion of a great orator. I daresay he can speak well, but to

waste real eloquence on such an auditory would be like throwing pearls to swine.

Spencer Perceval was the son of the Prime Minister who had been assassinated in 1812 and he belonged to the noble house of Egmont. When Greville met him (August, 1834) as he "rode into London," he got off his horse to walk into town with him:

August 19, 1834: . . . He talks rationally enough till he gets on religious topics. . . . His notion was "that it all proceeded from a departure from God," that ours was a backsliding Church, and that God had forsaken it, and that we had only to put our trust in Him, and rely entirely on Him, and He would work out the salvation of His own. We parted in the midst of the discussion, and before I had any time to get from him any explanation of the course he would recommend to those who govern in furtherance of his own theocratical principles.

In Spencer Perceval, therefore, society was faced by a man who could not be ignored:

February 1, 1836: Howick gave me an account yesterday of Spencer Perceval's communications to the Ministers, and other Privy Councillors. He called on Howick, who received him very civilly. Perceval began, "You will probably be surprised when you learn what has brought me here." Howick bowed. "You are aware that God has been pleased in these latter times to make especial communications of His will to certain chosen instruments, in a language not intelligible to those who hear it, nor always to those by whom it is uttered: I am one of those instruments, to whom it has pleased the Almighty to make known His will, and I am come to declare to you, &c. . . ." and then he went off in a rhapsody about the degeneracy of the times, and the people falling off from God. I asked him what Perceval seemed to be driving at, what was his definite object? He said it was not discoverable, but that from the printed paper which he had circulated to all Privy Councillors (for to that body he appears to think that his mission is addressed), in which he specifies all the great acts of legislation for the last five years (beginning with the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts and finishing with the Corporation Bill), as the evidences of a falling off from God. or as the causes of the divine anger. it may per-

haps be inferred that he means they should all be repealed. It is a ridiculous and melancholy exposure. His different receptions by different people are amusing and characteristic. Howick listened to him with patient civility. Melbourne argued with and cross-questioned him. He told him "that he ought to have gone to the Bishops rather than to him," to which Perceval replied, that one of the brethren (Henry Drummond) was gone to the Archbishop. Stanley turned him out at once. As soon as he began he said, "There is no use, Mr. Perceval, in going on this way with me. We had, therefore, better put an end to the subject, and I wish you good morning." He went to Lord Holland, and Lady Holland was with great difficulty persuaded to allow him to go and receive the Apostles. She desired Lord John Russell (who happened to be in the house) to go with him, but John begged to be excused, alleging that he had already had his interview and did not wish for another. So at last she let Lord Holland be wheeled in, but ordered Edgar and Harold, the two pages, to post themselves outside the door, and rush in if they heard Lord Holland scream. Perceval has been with the King, and went to Drayton after Sir Robert Peel, but he complains that he cannot catch the Duke of Wellington.

February 3, 1836: . . . I heard a great deal more about Perceval's proceedings and those of his colleagues yesterday; they continue to visit the Privy Councillors. Lyndhurst told me he had been with him for an hour, Lord Lansdowne the same. When he gave Lord Lansdowne his book, as he glanced over it, Perceval said, "I am aware it is not well written; the composition is not perfect, but I was not permitted to alter it; I was obliged to write it as I received it."

The grandfather of Sir William Harcourt and great-grandfather of Viscount Harcourt was for many years Archbishop of York. Greville notes (November 8, 1847) "the wonderful felicity of his life," his "amiable and graceful prosperity," his many "professional dignities and emoluments and . . . large private fortune"; also "his numerous family whom he saw flourishing around him in opulence and worldly success." Even the Archbishop was tackled by an Irvingite:

February 3, 1836: . . . Drummond went in a chaise and four to the Archbishop of York at Nuneham, who endeavoured to

stop his mouth with a good luncheon, but this would not do. He told the Archbishop the end of the world was approaching, and that it was owing to the neglect of himself and his brethren that the nation was in its present awful state. Perceval told Lord Lansdowne that their sect was increasing greatly and rapidly; they have several congregations in London, two clergymen of the Church of England have joined them, and two men who still occupy their pulpits are only waiting for the call which they daily expect to receive.

March 26, 1832: . . . What celestial influences have been at work I know not, but certain it is that the world seems going mad, individually and collectively. . . . Dudley has gone mad in his own house, Perceval in the House of Commons, and John Montague in the Park, the two latter preaching, both Irvingites and believers in "the tongues." Dudley's madness took an odd turn; he would make up all his quarrels with Lady Holland, to whom he has not spoken for sixteen years, and he called on her, and there were tears and embraces, and God knows what. Sydney Smith told her that she was bound in honour to set the quarrel up again when he comes to his senses, and put things into the *status quo ante pacem.* It would be hard upon him to find, on getting out of a strait waistcoat, that he had been robbed of all his hatreds and hostilities, and seduced into the house of his oldest foe.

Lord Dover, the wire-puller of the Waverers during the Reform Crisis, was an interesting peer who, incidentally, tried to identify the Man in the Iron Mask with Mathioli, the captured agent of the Duke of Parma. He also was affected:

Friday, July 12, 1833: . . . Soon after his marriage, Ellis [Lord Dover], who had never been vicious or profligate, but who was free from anything like severity or austerity, began to show symptoms of a devout propensity, and not contented with an ordinary discharge of religious duties, he read tracts and sermons, frequented churches and preachings, gave up driving on Sundays, and appeared in considerable danger of falling into the gulf of methodism; but this turn did not last long, and whatever induced him to take it up, he apparently became bored with his self-imposed restrictions, and after a little while he threw off his short-lived sanctity, and resumed his worldly

habits and irreverent language, for he was always a loose talker.

In the House of Commons, there was a group called the Saints:

April 9, 1928: . . . I sat next to Stanley, who told me a story which amused me. Macintosh, in the course of the recent debates, went one day to the House of Commons at eleven in the morning to take a place. They were all taken on the benches below the gangway, and on asking the doorkeeper how they happened to be all taken so early, he said, "Oh, sir, there is no chance of getting a place, for Colonel Sibthorpe sleeps at a tavern close by, and comes here every morning by eight o'clock and takes places for all the Saints."

The leader of the Saints had been Wilberforce:

March 7, 1831: . . . When Wilberforce went out of Parliament he went to Canning and offered him the lead and direction of his party (the Saints), urging him to accept it, and assuring him that their support would give him a strength which to an ambitious man like him was invaluable. Canning took three days to consider it, but finally declined, and then the party elected Brougham as their chief; hence the representation of Yorkshire and many other incidents in Brougham's career. [Nothing appears of any such election in Wilberforce's life. July, 1838.]

What interested the Evangelicals was the emancipation of backward races:

July 18, 1833: . . . There seems every probability of Stanley's West India Bill being thrown out. The Saints, who at first had agreed to support it, object to pay the twenty millions for emancipation to take place twelve years hence, and the present condition of the question seems to be that all parties are dissatisfied with it, and there is nearly a certainty that it will be received with horror by the planters, while the slaves will no longer work when they find the fiat of their freedom (however conditional or distant the final consummation may be) has at length gone forth.

August 14, 1830: . . . The signs of the times are all for reform and retrenchment, and against slavery. It is astonishing the interest the people generally take in the slavery question, which

is the work of the Methodists, and shows the enormous influence they have in the country.

January 26, 1833: . . . There can be no doubt that a great many of the Abolitionists are actuated by very pure motives; they have been shocked at the cruelties which have been and still are very often practised towards slaves, their minds are imbued with the horrors they have read and heard of, and they have an invincible conviction that the state of slavery under any form is repugnant to the spirit of the English Constitution and the Christian religion, and that it is a stain upon the national character which ought to be wiped away. These people, generally speaking, are very ignorant concerning all the various difficulties which beset the question; their notions are superficial; they pity the slaves, whom they regard as injured innocents, and they hate their masters, whom they treat as criminal barbarians.

March 8, 1838: . . . On Tuesday night Brougham made another great slavery speech in the House of Lords, as usual, very long, eloquent, powerful; but his case overstated, too highly wrought, and too artificial. . . . He will certainly gain a great deal of reputation and popularity by his agitation of the Anti-slavery question, for it is a favourite topic in the country. Wharncliffe told me he walked away with him from the House after the debate on Tuesday, and some young men who had been below the bar saluted him as he went by with "Bravo, Brougham!"

March 30, 1838: . . . On Wedesnday afternoon I found Downing Street thronged with rival deputations of West Indians and Quakers, which had both been with Melbourne. Out of Brougham's flaming speeches on Anti-slavery a tempest has arisen, which threatens the West Indians with sudden and unforeseen ruin in the shape of immediate emancipation. . . . The West Indians had no notion they were in any danger, and were reposing under the shade of Government protection and in undoubting reliance upon the inviolability of the great arrangement, when they find themselves overtaken all at once with the new question of immediate emancipation which has sprung up into instantaneous life and strength. Their terror is accordingly great. They went to Melbourne, who said he agreed with them, and that the Government was determined to support them,

and so they might tell their people, but that he could not promise them to make it so much a government question as to resign if they were beat upon it. The leaders of the Opposition equally took their part, but the question is whether the tails will not beat the heads. I never remember before to have seen any question on which so much uncertainty prevailed as to individual votes. More than one half the members of the House doubted, and probably are at this moment doubting, how they shall vote. The petitions are innumerable, and men are disposed to gratify their constituents by voting as they please on this question, not caring a fig either for the slaves or the West Indians, and reconciling it to their consciences to despoil the latter by assuming that they were overpaid with the twenty millions they got by the Emancipation Act.

London, February 22, 1833: . . . The public appetite for discussion and legislation has been whetted and is insatiable; the millions of orators and legislators who have sprung up like mushrooms all over the kingdom, the bellowers, the chatterers, the knaves and the dupes, who make such an universal hubbub, must be fed with fresh victims and sacrifices.

Over Emancipation, King William had been difficult:

June 18, 1832: . . . When Normanby went to take leave of him on going to Jamaica, he pronounced a harangue in favour of the slave trade, of which he has always been a great admirer, and expressed sentiments for which his subjects would tear him to pieces if they heard them.

An island which paid Greville for his sinecure indulged in threats of secession—interesting as a precedent:

February 4, 1833: . . . The people of Jamaica have presented a petition to the King (I don't know exactly in what shape, or how got up), praying to be released from their allegiance. Goderich told me that it was very insolent.

February 4, 1833: . . . George Hibbert told me last night that if they were driven to extremities there was nothing they were not ready to do, and that there would be another panic if Government did not take care, and so Rothschild had told them.

June 1, 1838: . . . These men of peace would prefer a violent commotion in the West Indies, attended with every sort of

mischief to the slaves as well as to the planters, rather than abandon their own schemes and notions, in which there is much more of vanity and the love of meddling than of benevolence and charity.

Sometimes a slave did not want to be free:

London, February 22, 1833: . . . Goulburn mentioned a curious thing *à propos* of slavery. A slave ran away from his estate in Jamaica many years ago, and got to England. He [the man] called at his house when he was not at home, and Goulburn never could afterward find out where he was. He remained in England, however, gaining his livelihood by some means, till after some years he returned to Jamaica and to the estate, and desired to be employed as a slave again.

The real question was whether the Negroes, if emancipated, would work:

London, February 22, 1833: . . . Stephen, who is one of the great apostles of emancipation, and who resigned a profession worth £3,000 a year at the Bar for a place of £1,500 in the Colonial Office, principally in order to advance that object, owned that he had never known so great a problem nor so difficult a question to settle. His notion is that compulsory labour may be substituted for slavery, and in some colonies (the new ones, as they are called—Demerara, etc.) he thinks it will not be difficult; in Jamaica he is doubtful, and admits that if this does not answer the slaves will relapse into barbarism.

Sir Henry Taylor, "who rules half the West Indies in the Colonial Office, though with an invisible sceptre," foretold the "consequences of emancipation, both to the Negroes and to the planters":

January 26, 1833: . . . The estates of the latter would not be cultivated; it would be impossible, for want of labour; the Negroes would not work—no inducement would be sufficient to make them; they wanted to be free merely that they might be idle. . . . They will resume the habits of their African brethren, but, he thinks, without the ferocity and savageness which distinguished the latter. Of course the germs of civilization and

religion which have been sown among them in their servile state will be speedily obliterated. . . . The island (for Jamaica may be taken for example, as it was in our conversation) would not long be tenable for whites.

Lord Ellenborough, a flamboyant as we shall see, advised the proprietors "to agree instantly to stop their orders which he believes would compel Government to arrest their course":

Of the struggle over slavery, the echoes long continued. England stopped the trade by sea, but with a grumble at the cost:

February 13, 1848: . . . He [Graham] is entirely against the squadron on the African coast and keeping up that humbug, which he says costs directly and indirectly a million a year. I told him Auckland said it only cost £300,000; he replied, it was not so, and that including indirect expenses it cost a million.

The West Indians, living under emancipation (1848), demanded that slave-grown sugar from other territories be excluded.

But the point for us here is that Jamaica and her sorrows proved quite too much for Melbourne. With the slaves set free, the island, which yielded to Greville his sinecure, was confronted by essentially the same difficulties which were to arise later in the southern states of the Union after the Civil War. Constitutional Government "could only lead to the oppression of the blacks by the whites or of the whites by the blacks."

A bill was brought in, therefore, to suspend the Constitution of Jamaica for five years. And on this "half measure," a division was taken in the House of Commons at two o'clock in the morning of May 7th.

"Ten of the Radicals voted against them [the government] and ten or a dozen stayed away," and while "six of the Tories voted with the government," Melbourne was left with no more than a majority of five. And as a result, "the Cabinet met and resolved to resign." Melbourne's Millennium was interrupted. His "chair" at Windsor Castle was menaced with vacancy.

CHAPTER LIV

LADIES FIRST

MELBOURNE was no longer Prime Minister—that and not Jamaica was what mattered to the young Queen. On May 8, 1839, she wrote to him describing her "wretched state" over "this dreadful change"; how she did not go to bed till midnight; how waking up "brought back her grief"; and how "she couldn't touch a morsel of food last night, nor can she this morning." But she was young. "She slept well," and "became calmer," and "feels better now."[1] Still, Lord Melbourne, as she told the Duke, "had been to her quite a parent." And Greville tells us:

May 10, 1839: . . . The Queen had not been prepared for this catastrophe and was completely upset by it. Her agitation and grief were very great. In her interview with Lord John Russell she was all the time dissolved in tears; and she dined in her own room, and never appeared on the Tuesday evening.

On May 9th, at 11 o'clock in the morning, Lord Melbourne called at Buckingham Palace—

May 10, 1839: . . . and advised her to send for the Duke, and on Wednesday morning she sent for him. By this time she had regained her calmness and self-possession. She told him that she was very sorry for what had occurred, and for having to part with her Ministers, particularly Lord Melbourne, for whom she felt the warmest regard, and who had acted an almost parental part toward her. The Duke was excessively pleased with her behaviour and with her frankness. He told her that his age and his deafness incapacitated him from serving her as efficiently as he could desire, and that the leader of the House of Commons ought to be her Prime Minister, and he advised her to send for Peel. She said, "Will you desire him to come to me?" He told her that he would do anything; but, he thought, under the circumstances, it would be better that she should

[1] *Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837–1861*, Vol. I, page 156.

write to him herself. She said she would, but begged him to go and announce to Peel that he might expect her letter. This the Duke did, and when Peel received it, he went to the Palace (in full dress according to etiquette), and received her commands to form a government. She received him (though she dislikes him) extremely well, and he was perfectly satisfied.

Over Sir Robert Peel, Victoria was candour itself. "The Queen," she wrote to Melbourne, "don't like his manner after —oh! how different, how dreadfully different, to that frank, open, natural, and most kind, warm manner of Lord Melbourne." Indeed, the Queen's English itself was upset for she wrote, "the Duke I like by far better to Peel."[1] And even her calligraphy suffered. The Queen hoped Lord Melbourne could read her letters; if ever there be anything he cannot read, he must send them back, and mark what he can't read.

Sir Robert Peel was faced by the task of holding office without a majority in the House of Commons:

May 10, 1839: . . . While the Tories were rejoicing in their victory, the Whigs, greatly exasperated, were already beginning to meditate the organization of a strong Opposition, and providing the means of carrying on an effectual war against the new Government.

At this interesting moment, while "the Tories were waiting in perfect security for the tranquil arrangement of the new Government, a storm suddenly arose which threatens to scatter to the winds the new combinations." The ladies (May 12, 1839) "recommended" to the Queen at her accession were "exclusively Whig." And "the female part of her Household" had thus "a political complexion." As Prime Minister, Peel asked therefore that Tory ladies be appointed:

May 10, 1839: . . . The Queen insisted upon keeping the ladies of her household, and Peel objected, but without shaking her determination. He begged her to see the Duke of Wellington, and she agreed to see the Duke and him together. He had, however, before this gone to the Palace with Lord Ashley [the future Lord Shaftesbury] whom he had taken with him,

[1] *Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837–1861*, Vol. I, page 161, etc.

fancying that, because he had been in the habit of seeing a great deal of the Queen, he might have some influence with her —a notion altogether preposterous, and exhibiting the deficiency of Peel in worldly dexterity and tact, and in knowledge of character. Ashley made no impression on the Queen. When the Duke and Peel saw her, and endeavoured to persuade her to yield this point, they found her firm and immovable, and not only resolved not to give way, but prepared with answers to all they said, and arguments in support of her determination. They told her that she must consider her *ladies* in the same light as *lords:* she said, "No, I have lords besides, and these I give up to you." And when they still pressed her, she said, "Now suppose the case had been reversed, that you had been in office when I had come to the throne, and that Lord Melbourne would not have required this sacrifice of me." Finding that she would not give way, Peel informed her that under these circumstances he must consult his friends; and a meeting took place at his house yesterday afternoon.

On the issue thus raised (May 12, 1839) "a good deal may be said on both sides." From the "constitutional point of view," it had to be remembered that Victoria was not a queen consort, reigning as wife of a king, but "a *femme sole*" or queen regnant, the actual Sovereign of the Realm:

May 12, 1839: . . . Although it would be wrong and inexpedient for any Minister to exercise the right, unless in a case of great necessity, I think every Minister must have the power of advising the Queen to remove a Lady of her Court, in the same way as he is admitted to have that of removing a man. Notwithstanding the transaction of 1812, and Lord Moira's protection of George IV in the retention of his household, it is now perfectly established in practice that the Royal Household is at the discretion of the Minister, and it must be so because he is responsible for the appointments; in like manner he is responsible for every appointment which the Sovereign may make; and should any of the ladies conduct herself in such a manner as to lead the public to expect or require her dismissal, and the Queen were to refuse to dismiss her, the Minister must be responsible for her remaining about the Royal person.

That Peel had the right "to dismiss the Ladies" could not be denied. The only question was whether "they were *all* to be taken from her," which was the Queen's "impression." What led the Queen "to resist the encroachments which she anticipated" was a fear of them "taking the Baroness Lehzen herself from her."

Windsor Castle, November 15, 1839: I sat next to Baroness Lehzen at dinner—a clever, agreeable woman. She complained of Peel's having said in the House of Commons that he did not mean to turn her out, and says he ought to have said he could not, and that he had nothing to do with her, as she is not in the public service. I defended Peel.

May 10, 1839: . . . I had afterward a conversation with Lord Wharncliffe, who gave me an account of all that had passed, placed the matter in a very different light, and proved beyond a doubt that there was no lack of deference and consideration on the part of Peel, but, on the contrary, the clearest indication of an intention and desire to consult her wishes and feelings in every respect, and that, instead of a sweeping demand for the dismissal of *all* her ladies, he had approached that subject with delicacy and caution, and merely suggested the expediency of some partial changes, for reasons (especially when taken with other things) by no means insufficient. So little disposition was there on the part of Peel to regard her with distrust or to fetter her social habits, that when she said, "You must not expect me to give up the society of Lord Melbourne," he replied that "Nothing could be further from his thoughts than to interfere with her Majesty's society in any way, or to object to her receiving Lord Melbourne as she pleased, and that he should always feel perfectly secure in the honour of Lord Melbourne, that he would not avail himself improperly of his intercourse with her." When she said that she should like to have Lord Liverpool about her, he immediately acquiesced, and proposed that he should be Lord Steward, and he suggested certain other persons, whom he said he proposed because he believed they were personally agreeable to her; but when he began to talk of "some modification of the ladies of her household," she stopped him at once, and declared she would not part with any of them. Thenceforward this became the whole matter in dispute.

One suspicion was that the Queen had been put up by somebody to play her part:

May 10, 1839: . . . There had been some circumstances even in the first interview which Peel and the Duke regarded as ominous and indicative of her having been primed as to the part she should play. The principal of these was an intimation of her desire that there should be *no dissolution of Parliament.* This surprised Peel very much, but he only replied that it was impossible for him to come to any determination on that point, as he might be beaten on one of the first divisions, in which case it would be inevitable. It was indeed the fact of his taking the Government with a *minority* in the House of Commons which was his principal argument for desiring the power of dismissing the ladies, or rather of changing the household, that he might not, he said, give to the world the spectacle of a Court entirely hostile to him, consisting of ladies whose husbands were his strongest political opponents, thereby creating an impression that the confidence of the Crown was bestowed on his enemies rather than on himself. In the Duke's first interview with the Queen, he had entreated her to place her whole confidence in Peel, and had then said that, though some changes might be necessary in her household, she would find him in all the arrangements anxious to meet her wishes and consult her feelings. Notwithstanding her assurance to Melbourne that she was calm, she was greatly excited, though still preserving a becoming dignity in her outward behaviour.

In the negotiations, the Duke of Wellington played a prominent part:

August 15, 1839: . . . The ample discussion we had upon these matters, led naturally to the question of the Queen's character and capacity, and I asked him what he thought of it. He said as far as he had seen, that she expressed herself well, but he did not appear to be impressed with a very positive and high opinion of her abilities. In the communications which took place about the changes, she had been very civil and gracious to him, but rather irritable, particularly the second day.

I said she detested Peel. He said that he must say he had never seen Peel so gentle and conciliatory in his manner as he was to her, and that there was nothing at which she ought to

have taken umbrage. At his first interview, he implored her to put her whole confidence in Peel, and above all to make no conditions, that he could not come in upon conditions.

"But what am I to do if he proposes appointments that are disagreeable to me?"

"Fight upon the details as much as you please, but make no conditions as to principles, and depend upon it, there will be every disposition to consult your wishes and feelings in every respect. It is especially necessary and desirable in your peculiar situation that this should be done, and you will find such to be his anxious desire and intention."

She said, "You must promise me to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," but he represented to her, that it was impossible he could make any such promise, and that it would never do to put the formation of a government into Peel's hands and then to inform him that she and the Duke of Wellington had settled between them that he (the Duke) should have a particular office. She owned this was true, and did not insist.

In the grand discussion (on Thursday) it was after expressing his desire that the appointments in the household should be such as would be personally agreeable to herself, and after her own suggestion of Lord Liverpool, that Peel proceeded to say it was his wish that the changes which might be necessary in the female part of the household should be governed by the same principle, meaning (the Duke said) that she should herself express her own wishes as to who should retire, and the persons by whom they should be replaced, but she stopped him at once by saying she did not mean *any* of her ladies to be changed.

When the Duke arrived at the Palace, after the rupture was begun, he said on entering, "Well, I am very sorry to find there is a difficulty." To which she instantly replied with a naïveté so very girlish,

"Oh, *he* began it and not me."

The Duke argued the point with her, and tried to persuade her that nothing had been proposed to her but what the circumstances of the case rendered necessary, and employed all the arguments which have been repeatedly urged on the subject, to which she replied:

"But I thought you said that my situation demanded pe-

culiar consideration, and that my feelings and wishes were entitled to especial regard."

He said:

"So I did say, Madam, and to-day I say so ten times more, and I told your Majesty that you might depend upon it, every regard and attention would be (as it ought to be) shown to your Majesty's wishes, but I warned you against any contest upon principles, and told you that however you might make any objections you pleased upon details, it was impossible for you without the creation of insuperable difficulties to make any upon principles."

When he talked about the ladies, she said with some marks of irritation:

"It is offensive to me to suppose that I talk to any of my ladies upon public affairs."

He said: "I know you do not. I am quite certain you do not, but the public does not know this, and it is on account of the impression necessarily to be produced on the public mind, and not on account of any doubt of your Majesty's refraining from talking politics with your ladies, that the proposal is made to you."

"More details," culled from the Duke as a source, included "what had passed between Peel and the Queen," namely, "that her Majesty was in fact in a great passion." Indeed, adds Greville, "little things keep oozing out, throwing light on the recent transaction, and all tending to the same conclusion, showing how violent and wrong-headed the Queen was." The violence extended to Peel himself for, adds Greville:

June 1, 1839: . . . Peel (reserved and prudent as he is) cannot conceal the indignation with which he is boiling over, at the personal treatment he experienced at her hands, at her peremptory and haughty demeanour, and it is a vast evil that they have imbibed sentiments of mutual dislike and alienation, which nothing will ever get over.

In a note, he had to revise this prophecy for "all the world knows how completely they [the dislikes] were got over on both sides." Still, for the moment—

May 10, 1839: . . . she had already conceived a lively aversion

for Peel, and though her manner was civil, her heart was full of bitterness, looking back with regret, and forward with reluctance and dismay, and without foresight, judgment, and reflection sufficient to embrace remote consequences, she exhibited the talent of a clever, but rather thoughtless and headstrong girl, and secretly longing to get back her old Ministers, she boldly and stubbornly availed herself of the opening which was presented to her.

May 12, 1839: . . . The simple truth in this case is, that the Queen could not endure the thought of parting with Melbourne who is everything to her. Her feelings, which are probably not very well defined to herself, are of a strength sufficient to bear down all prudential considerations, and to predominate in her mind with irresistible force. In the course of the transaction, she thought she saw the means presenting themselves of getting Melbourne back, and she eagerly grasped at, and pertinaciously retained them. Nothing else would have emboldened her to resist the advice and opinion of the Duke of Wellington, and to oppose so unbendingly her will to his authority. There is something which shocks one's sense of fitness and propriety in the spectacle of this mere baby of a queen setting herself in opposition to this great man the decus and tutamen of her kingdom, invested with all the authority of his experience and sagacity, of his profound loyalty, his devoted patriotism, and to whom her predecessors had even been accustomed to look up with unlimited confidence, as their surest and wisest Councillor in all times of difficulty and danger.

The Queen's own letters and diary are sufficient evidence, apart from Greville's testimony, that she was greatly excited. While she claims that she maintained "composure and great firmness," yet she described the proposals of Peel as "infamous." And with prophetic scorn, this precursor of Lady Astor would "like to know if they mean to give the *ladies* seats in Parliament."[1]

We have also this:

November 15, 1839. E. Villiers wrote me a curious thing the other day. John Russell told his sister that the Queen had taken bitter offence at something that Peel said to her at their inter-

[1] *Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837–1861*, Vol. I, page 162.

view, but that she had not repeated even to Melbourne what it was, but she could never forgive it!!! I should like of all things to know what this can be.

"It is," wrote Greville on May 12, 1839, "a high trial of our institutions when the caprice of a girl can overturn a great Ministerial combination, and when the most momentous matters of Government and legislation are influenced by her pleasure about the Ladies of the Bedchamber."

Somehow the deadlock had to be resolved, and on May 9th, Victoria, thus at variance with Sir Robert Peel, wrote to Lord Melbourne that the Queen of England would not submit to such trickery. Let Melbourne keep himself in readiness. He might soon be wanted.

At six o'clock in the afternoon, then, Lord Melbourne was summoned to an audience:

May 10, 1839: . . . In the meantime the old Ministers were apprised of the difficulty that had occurred, and Lord John Russell, who knew that there was a meeting at Peel's to consider what was to be done, entreated Melbourne, if the thing was broken off upon this difficulty, not to give any advice, but to call the Cabinet and have a general consultation. At nine in the evening he was summoned to a Cabinet at Melbourne's house, and from this he inferred that negotiations with Peel had closed. The Ministers were collected from all quarters: (Hobhouse from dinner at Wilton's, Morpeth from the opera) and Melbourne laid before them a letter from the Queen, written in a bitter spirit, and in a strain such as Elizabeth might have used. She said, "Do not fear that I was not calm and composed. They wanted to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and my housemaids; they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them that I am Queen of England!" They consulted, and a suggestion was thrown out that Lady Normanby (and some other I think) should resign. This was overruled, as was a proposition of John Russell's that the Queen should require from Peel a precise statement of the extent of his demands. The end was, that a letter was composed for her, in which she simply declined to place the ladies of her household at Peel's discretion. This was sent yesterday morning; when Peel wrote an answer

resigning his commission into her Majesty's hands; but recapitulating everything that had passed. . . .

It was speedily known all over the town that the whole thing was at an end, and nothing could surpass the excitement and amazement that prevailed. The indignant Tories exclaimed against intrigue and preconcerted plans, and asserted that she refused to part with *any* of her ladies, and that it was only a pretext to break off the Tory Government; while the Whigs cried out against harshness and dictatorial demands, and complained that it was intended to make a thorough clearance, to strip her of all her friends, and destroy her social comfort.

One question, much discussed, was whether the Whigs, having "no personal cognizance" of what had passed between Peel and the Queen, should have acted on "her own account of verbal communications." Had they not "incurred the risk of giving advice upon false or mistaken grounds?" On this aspect of the case, however, there was in the end no misunderstanding:

May 13, 1839: . . . The Queen had been very explicit with Lord John Russell and they are satisfied she did not deceive them, which is at all events consolatory, for one of the worst features of the case was the semblance of duplicity or falsehood on the part of the Queen. Of this they entirely acquit her.

Whatever may have been the Queen's impetuosity, her truth-telling was transparent.

The action of the Whigs in supporting the Sovereign was fiercely canvassed. Earl Grey, though a Whig, was not in the Cabinet, but "Melbourne sent for him and consulted him and he remained in another room while the Cabinet was in deliberation." The Prime Minister, under whom the Reform Bill was passed, "took it up very warmly and was strongly for supporting the Queen, saying they [the Whigs] could not do otherwise than they did." Broadly, the Whigs held that "they were bound as gentlemen" to support the Sovereign.

But, on the other hand, Greville considered (and I think rightly) that the Whigs played a "strange anomalous and unconstitutional part."

May 12, 1839: . . . While they really believed that she had

been ill-used, it was natural they should be disposed to vindicate and protect her; but after the reception of Peel's letter they must have doubted whether there had not been some misapprehension on both sides, and they ought in prudence, and in justice to her, even against her own feelings, to have sifted the matter to the bottom, and have cleared up every existing doubt before they decided on their course. But to have met as a Cabinet, and to have advised her what answer to send to the man who still held her commission for forming a government, upon points relating to its formation, is utterly anomalous and unprecedented, and a course as dangerous as unconstitutional. . . . *She* might be excused for her ignorance of the exact limits of constitutional propriety, and for her too precipitate recurrence to the counsels to which she had been accustomed; but *they* ought to have explained to her, that until Sir Robert Peel had formally and finally resigned his commission into her hands, they could tender no advice, and that her replies to him, and her resolutions with regard to his proposals, must emanate solely and spontaneously from herself. As it was, the Queen was in communication with Sir Robert Peel on one side, and Lord Melbourne on the other, at the same time.

Greville tells us "how wicked (for its merits no milder term) was the conduct of the Ministers in upholding and abetting her, instead of telling her the truth, showing her how it was her duty to act, and acting themselves as it was their duty to do."

May 13, 1839: . . . Brougham wrote a violent letter to Lord Tavistock, imploring him, while it was still time, to arrest the perilous course on which his friends had entered, and full of professions of regard for him and his. Tavistock went to him in the evening, found him in a state of furious excitement, abusing the Ministry greatly. . . . When he learnt, what he was not aware of, that Lord Spencer was come to town and would be in the House of Lords, he broke out again, and said that if they had brought him up to support that miserable rotten concern, he must speak.

May 10, 1839: . . . In the meantime Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell went to the Queen, who told them her whole story. I met the latter coming from her; he said, "I have just been for an hour with the Queen; she told me her story, and

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SIR ROBERT PEEL
by J. Linnell

ended by saying, 'I have stood by you, you must now stand by me.'" They thought her case a good one, and resolved to stand by her.

The result of it all was that on May 11th, the Cabinet of Lord Melbourne "met . . . and resolved to take the Government again. They hope to interest the people in the Queen's quarrel, and having made it up with the Radicals they think they can stand."

When a debate was proposed in the House of Lords:

May 19, 1839: . . . Lord Grey and Lord Spencer would either of them have spoken, but it was deemed better they should not, or Brougham would have been unmuzzled, and as it was he adhered to his engagement to Lord Tavistock and held his peace. He had said, "If you let off Althorp or old Grey, I must speak."

Indeed, Brougham did, in the end, break loose:

June 1, 1839: . . . That boiling torrent of rage, disdain, and hatred, which had been dammed up upon a former occasion when he was so unaccountably muzzled, broke forth with resistless and overwhelming force. He spoke for three hours, and delivered such an oration as no other man in existence is capable of: devilish in spirit and design, but of superhuman eloquence and masterly in execution. He assailed the Ministers with a storm of invective and ridicule; and, while he enveloped his periods in a studied phraseology of pretended loyalty and devotion, he attacked the Queen herself with unsparing severity. He went at length and in minute detail into the whole history of the recent transaction, drew it in its true colours, and exposed its origin, progress, and motives, and thus he laid bare all the arts and falsehoods by which attempts had been made to delude and agitate the country. If it were possible to treat this as a party question, his speech would be a powerful party auxiliary, most valuable to the Tories as a vindication of them, most damning to the Whigs and the Queen as an exposure of their conduct, for it was the peculiar merit of this speech that it abounded in truths, and in great constitutional principles, of undoubted authority and unerring application.

"Brougham's speech," we read, "was received by the Tory Lords with enthusiastic applause, vociferous cheering throughout, and two or three rounds at the conclusion." But the Duke of Wellington displayed "moderation and dignity." He praised Melbourne for throwing over the Radicals and for his other "cautious ambiguities." And the Tories were "exasperated" with the Duke. "Even some of his real admirers thought he had 'overdone it.'" Indeed, at the Carlton Club (the headquarters of the Opposition), they said he was "in his dotage," and the *Times* produced "a sulky article."

To Greville's brother Algernon, the Duke made his position quite clear. "They must," he said, "do what they could to help that poor little thing out of the difficulty in which she was placed."

June 1, 1839: . . . He looks to the Crown of England; he wants to uphold *it* and not to punish *her;* and he does not care to achieve a Tory triumph at the expense of the highest Tory principle; he thinks the Monarchy is in danger, and he sees that the danger may be more surely averted by still enduring the existence of the present Government, depriving them of all power to do evil, and converting them into instruments of good, than by accelerating their fall under circumstances calculated to engender violent animosities, irreconcilable enmities, wide separation of parties, and the adoption of extreme measures and dangerous principles by many who have no natural bias that way.

May 19, 1839: . . . Peel's speech was excellent (though Lord Grey did not approve of it, and regretted not having the power to answer it) and without any appearance of art or dexterity he continued to steer through all the difficult points, and to justify himself without saying a word offensive to the Queen; not, however, that this will reconcile her to him.

June 7, 1839: Peel has written and published a very short letter in reply to a Shrewsbury declaration presented to him, in which he defends his recent conduct, and declares he will never take office on any other terms, an announcement that will be gall and wormwood to her Most Gracious Majesty.

Melbourne thus returned to his special chair at Windsor

Castle and the Queen was radiant. She asked Lord Melbourne "for a list of 'our' supporters in the House of Commons" and invited him to dine on "Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday." Also, she was generous in her victory:

July 14, 1839: Lady Breadalbane having resigned the Bedchamber, the Queen has appointed Lady Sandwich very dexterously, for she gets one of the favoured Paget race, and the wife of a Tory Peer, thereby putting an end to the exclusively Whig composition of the household.

Having retained Melbourne, the Queen could afford to make a concession that cost her nothing.

When a Queen suffers from a brain storm, the atmosphere of her court remains electric.

On the one hand, so we read, "the Radicals are full of exultation, and the Government underlings, who care not on what terms they retain their places, are very joyful." For the Queen "cannot endure that Tory Dogs and Cats shall mew about her, even for an instant."

But the Tory Dogs and Cats, being also human, "have their minds full of bitter animosity, and an impatience for party victory, and the acquisition of official power." They knew that "the real obstacle" to their "coming into office was the Queen." Indeed, "that was the only difficulty," and "her violent and undisguised antipathy to Peel, rendered him exceedingly reluctant to take office":

January 14, 1840: Into these feelings [of the Tories], resentment against the Queen personally, and a wish to mortify and thwart her, no doubt very largely enter, all which is in great measure attributable to her obstinate and headstrong determination to gratify her own predilections, and her antipathy to them. She has made herself the Queen of a party, and is at no pains to disguise her hatred of anything in the shape of a Tory. Her Court is a scene of party and family favouritism, a few chosen individuals being her constant guests, to the almost total exclusion of everyone however distinguished or respectable of the opposite side, nor are her favourites (except Melbourne himself) conspicuous for any superior qualities either natural or acquired, and it is with a mixture of aversion and contempt

that people read in the Court Circular of the Right Honourable George Stevens Byng and the Honourable William Cowper dining four days a week at the Royal Table, and the Ladies Eleonora and Constance Paget tagging after the Queen, on foot, on horseback, or in carriage, six days out of seven. There can be no doubt that all this has done her Majesty great disservice, and has largely contributed to augment that personal dislike, and the sense of her alienation from them, which in the minds of the Tories have stifled every principle of attachment to, and respect for, the Crown. The consequence is, that her government find their difficulties considerably increased by her manifestation of exclusive partiality for them, and instead of being a source of strength, it becomes (by the way in which she shows it) one of weakness.

June 14, 1839: Much talk with Lady Cowper [the future Lady Palmerston] about the Queen, who was eloquent on her merits, but admitted that she had faults, and those in her position dangerous ones, obstinacy to wit, and a very high opinion of herself, which is unquestionably the truth, and accounts for the pertinacity with which she adhered to her purpose and stood out against the Duke. . . .

I had much talk with Lady Cowper about the Court. She lamented the obstinate character of the Queen, from which she thought that hereafter great evils might be apprehended. She said that her prejudices and antipathies were deep and strong, and her disposition very flexible. Her hatred of Peel and her resentment against the Duke for having sided with him rather than with her in the old quarrel are unabated, and Melbourne had great difficulty in prevailing upon her to invite the Duke to the Castle in the summer. She said she did not think anything would induce the Queen to give way upon the point on which the former difference arose. It is very revolting to hear of a girl of nineteen, albeit Queen, pronouncing an opinion upon the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, and deciding what it was his duty to do, and that in a matter personal to herself. It is the worst trait of her character I have met with, because it is arrogant, vain, and ungrateful. As to the matter itself, I hope some way will be found of preventing any future collision upon it, but if not, she will have to learn the disagreeable lesson that her opinion does not make right, nor her volition law.

In the theatre, Victoria was cheered. But at Ascot, there were scenes:

June 24, 1839: . . . As if one scandal of this sort was not enough, there has been another, not so serious, but unbecoming and disreputable concerning the Duchess of Montrose and Lady Sarah Ingestre, who were said to have hissed the Queen from Erroll's stand at Ascot as her Majesty drove up the course. This story was rife in London, and the Duchess when she found it was so insisted upon vindicating herself and besides appealing to Lady Lichfield who was in the stand, went to Buckingham Palace, and sent for Uxbridge to complain, and through him to ask for an audience of the Queen. The Queen declined seeing her, and the Duke of Montrose applied (through Melbourne) for one for himself, but this affair has ended by a gracious reception of the ladies at the Drawing Room and an assurance from Melbourne that the Queen never had believed a word of the story, and he hoped therefore that the Duke of Montrose would not press for an audience. The fact, however, in spite of the indignant denial of the ladies, is true. These two foolish vulgar women (for such they are) at a moment of great excitement, (for it was shortly after the grand scompiflio), did by some not decorous or feminine noises testify their dislike or contempt, not probably of the Queen particularly but of the general contents of the procession, and this was so openly, even ostentatiously done, that it could not escape the notice of the other women in the stand, more than one of whom, and one (the Duchess of Beaufort) a Tory, told me. It is a miserable matter, but it does harm. The Queen is to blame to listen to such tales, and to allow anybody to tell her them, whether true or false; it would be more dignified to treat such tittle-tattle with contempt, and discourage its being told to her at all.

Melbourne and his colleagues were uneasy.

September 28, 1840: Lord John and Palmerston had a long conversation amicable enough in tone, but unsatisfactory in result. No change. In the meantime John had had a communication from Melbourne enclosing a letter from the Queen to himself, for it seems that they are in the habit of writing each other from room to room at Windsor Castle. Melbourne had very imprudently shown the Queen one of John's letters in

which he had (not intending it for her to see) talked of breaking up the Government, if something satisfactory was not settled, and of the possibility of the Tories coming in and Sir Robert Peel in a strain very disagreeable to her. She accordingly testified her annoyance at the letter, and made a sort of appeal *ad misericordiam*, referring to her delicate state, all of which Melbourne thought might move John. In this letter she made use of one remarkable and ominous expression, for she said:

"The Queen will never send for Sir Robert Peel." (Note: She always writes in the third person.)

And John said she was right, and I was rather surprised to hear him express a very poor opinion of Peel.

On April 5, 1841, we read that "Sir Robert has dined at the Palace for the first time since the Bedchamber quarrel, and this is deemed important."

At a later date, the Queen discussed the whole matter with Lord John Russell:

January 29, 1854: . . . She said, if she had had the Prince to talk to and employ in explaining matters at the time of the Bedchamber quarrel with Peel, that affair would not have happened. Lord John said he thought she must have been advised by somebody to act as she did, to which she replied with great candour and naïveté, "No, it was entirely my own foolishness." This is the first time I have heard of her acknowledging that it was "foolishness," and is an avowal creditable to her sense. Lord John said, when Lord Spencer was consulted on the matter, he replied, "It is a bad ground for a *Whig* government to stand on, but as gentlemen you can't do otherwise."

CHAPTER LV

PETER "PAM"

History may be defined as the impact of personality on environment. As Prince Esterhazy of Austria said to Greville (November 8, 1836), "for a long time past the affairs of Europe had been extensively influenced by personal feelings and individual interests and passions." We are now to be introduced to a statesman whose "politics" were, according to his colleague, Sir James Graham, "always personal."

Lord Palmerston was born in 1784. Greville appears first to notice him on March 19, 1829, when Palmerston delivered a speech in the House of Commons on Catholic Emancipation, which "astonished everybody." It was "the most brilliant" in the debate—"an imitation and not a bad one" of Canning:

June 11, 1829: . . . The event of last week was Palmerston's speech on the Portuguese question, which was delivered at a late hour and in an empty House, but which they say was exceedingly able and eloquent. This is the second he has made this year of great merit. It was very violent against Government. He has been twenty years in office and never distinguished himself before, a proof how many accidental circumstances are requisite to bring out the talents which a man may possess. The office he held was one of dull and dry detail, and he never travelled out of it. He probably stood in awe of Canning and others, and was never in the Cabinet; but having lately held higher situations and having acquired more confidence, and the great men having been removed from the House of Commons by death or promotion, he has launched forth, and with astonishing success. Lord Granville told me he had always thought Palmerston was capable of more than he did, and had told Canning so, who did not believe it.

When the Duke of Wellington was faced by the demand for Reform (November 9, 1830) he "certainly did make some over-

tures to Palmerston" and "they were very fair ones." But Palmerston did not identify himself thus with the Tories.

He joined Lord Grey's Government as Foreign Secretary and (December 12, 1830) was "said to have given the greatest satisfaction to the foreign Ministers and to have begun very well."

Not that "Pam," as he was called, with that straw in his mouth which was invented by caricature, was regarded as an orator. On one occasion, Peel, meeting Greville at dinner (May 12, 1834) told how Palmerston "had attempted a new line quite unusual with him—that of humour—and anything so miserable he had never heard." The Foreign Secretary "had seemed bereft of his senses." There was a report that "Palmerston was out and Durham in his place." And anyway, Durham was "under the gallery" of the House and "must have been well satisfied with the woeful exhibition" of his rival. Jove was quite too jovial.

"It is certain," wrote Greville on February 17, 1835, "that he cut a very poor figure in Parliament all the time he was in office."

If Greville was a critic of Palmerston, it must be realized that Greville also belonged to the Civil Service which frankly detested the Foreign Secretary. When Palmerston was "beaten in Hants," Greville records (January 20, 1835) that "everybody rejoices, for he is marvellously unpopular; they would have liked to illuminate the Foreign Office."

As England was to learn to her cost, "Pam" was easy-going:

February 17, 1835: . . . His great fault is want of punctuality, and never keeping an engagement if it did not suit him, keeping everybody waiting for hours on his pleasure or caprice. This testimony is beyond suspicion, and it is confirmed by the opinions of his colleagues.

August 7, 1833: . . . George Villiers is appointed to Madrid, but he tells me that he can neither see nor hear from Palmerston, that though his appointment is in everybody's mouth it has never been notified to him.

February 1, 1834: . . . Palmerston has never written to George Villiers once since *October*. I heard the same thing of him in some other case, I forget which.

February 13, 1834: . . . His unpopularity in his own office is

quite as great as it is among the foreign Ministers, . . . George Villiers complains that for above three months he has not received a single line from him, and he is a young minister, unpractised in the profession, to whom is committed the most delicate and difficult mission in Europe. He spends his time in making love to Mrs. Petre, whom he takes to the House of Commons to hear speeches which he does not make, and where he exhibits his conquest, and certainly it is the best of his exploits, but what a successor of Canning, whom, by the way, he affects to imitate.

To etiquette, Palmerston was sometimes indifferent:

August 8, 1833: . . . George Villiers . . . told me he was with Palmerston at his house yesterday morning, and was much struck with his custom of receiving all his numerous visitors and applicants in the order in which they arrived, be their rank what it may. Neumann told him he had never known him vary in this practice, or deviate from it in anybody's favour.

Palmerston did not always consult his colleagues:

September 22, 1840: . . . The manner in which business is conducted and the independence of the Foreign Office are curiously displayed by the following fact. Last Wednesday a Protocol was signed (very proper in itself), in which the four powers disclaimed any intention of aggrandizing themselves in any way. The fact of this Protocol was told to Clarendon by Dr. Bowring, who had heard it in the City, and to Lord Holland by Dedel, neither of these Ministers having the slightest notion of its existence.

March 14, 1841: . . . His [Palmerston's] colleagues meanwhile do not dare say a word and submit to be fobbed off with anything he chooses to say to them, all the time suspecting that he does not tell them the truth, and quite sure he does not tell the *whole* truth. In such a manner does one bold, unscrupulous, and able man predominate over his colleagues one of whom is John Russell, not less bold at times, and as able as himself, but of a quiet disposition, shrinking from contest, controversy, and above all, I take it, from the labyrinth of lies, underhand dealing, and deceit which he must thread and disentangle if he insists upon a regular settlement of accounts with Palmerston.

August 24, 1840: . . . Palmerston, in fact, appears to exercise an absolute despotism at the Foreign Office, and deals with all our vast and complicated questions of diplomacy according to his own views and opinions, without the slightest control, and scarcely any interference on the part of his colleagues. This apathy is mainly attributable to that which appears in Parliament and in the country upon all foreign questions. Nobody understands and nobody cares for them, and when any rare and occasional notice is taken of a particular point, or of some question on which a slight and evanescent interest is manifested, Palmerston has little difficulty in dealing with the matter, which he always meets with a consummate impudence and, it must be allowed, a skill and resolution, which invariably carry him through. . . . He is a man blessed with extraordinary good fortune, and his motto seems to be that of Danton, "*De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*" But there is a flippancy in his tone, an undoubting self-sufficiency, and a levity in discussing interests of such tremendous magnitude, which satisfies me that he is a very dangerous man to be entrusted with the uncontrolled management of our foreign relations.

Yet there was another side:

February 17, 1835: . . . The other night I met some clerks in the Foreign Office to whom the very name of Palmerston is hateful, but I was surprised to hear them (Mellish particularly, who can judge both from capacity and opportunity) give ample testimony to his abilities. They said that he wrote admirably, and could express himself perfectly in French, very sufficiently in Italian, and understood German; that his diligence and attention were unwearied—he read everything and wrote an immense quantity; that the foreign Ministers (who detest him) did him justice as an excellent man of business.

August 7, 1836: . . . It is surprising to hear how Palmerston is spoken of by those who know him well officially—the Granvilles, for example. Lady Granville, a woman expert in judging, thinks his capacity first rate; that it approaches to greatness from his enlarged views, disdain of trivialities, resolution, decision, confidence, and above all his contempt of clamour and abuse. She told me that Madame de Flahaut had a letter written by Talley-

rand soon after his first arrival in England, in which he talked with great contempt of the Ministers generally, Lord Grey included, and said there was but one statesman among them, and that was Palmerston. His ordinary conversation exhibits no such superiority; but when he takes his pen in his hand his intellect seems to have full play, and probably when engaged exclusively in business.

September 23, 1839: . . . [To Dedel] I said . . . he was very able with his pen, but I did not know how he was in conference. He replied: "Palmerston comes to any conference so fully and completely master of the subject of it in all the minutest details, that this capacity is a peculiar talent with him; it is so great, that he is apt sometimes to lose himself in the details."

But even here, opinions differed. According to Sir James Graham (December 22, 1853) "Palmerston, quite unlike most men, was often intemperate with his pen, while he was always very guarded in his language."

King William IV (September 23, 1837) still cherished "a very John Bullish aversion to the French"; indeed, "the junction of the English and French fleets two years ago was a bitter pill for him to swallow." It may have been a reason why he "liked Palmerston."

An interview with the French Ambassador was reported thus:

March 4, 1841: . . . A warm conversation followed, in the course of which (as Dedel says), Bourqueney saying, "*Nous ne sommes pas pressés.*" Palmerston replied in his most insolent tone, "*Et nous ne sommes pas pressés non plus; si vous ne craignez pas les bâtiments anglais, vous sentez bien que nous ne craignons pas les bâtiments français. . . .*"

It is only fair to say that, for some reason, Bourqueney himself denied that, on this occasion, the British bulldog with a bad name had thus snapped at him. But the story went the rounds.

When Talleyrand was in London, Palmerston had to elude the cleverest diplomat in Europe. "The principal cause of Talleyrand's hatred to Palmerston [February 2, 1837] was . . . his mortification at finding the part he played in London to be secondary to that of the British Ambassador in Paris."

Palmerston was against the reactionaries and they knew it, According to Matuscewitz, the Russian Ambassador:

Doncaster, September 15, 1835: . . . Louis Philippe had consulted Talleyrand about the maintenance of his intimate connection with England, and . . . Talleyrand had replied, "When you came to the throne four years ago, I advised you to cultivate your relations with England as the best security you could obtain. I now advise you to relinquish that connection, for in the present state of English politics it can only be productive of danger or embarrassment to you." Having omitted to put it down at the time, I can't recollect the exact words, but this was the sense, and I *think* Matuscewitz said that Louis Philippe had told him this himself.

Reaction, too, was nearer home than Paris. The Prime Minister was to be Lord Melbourne. His brother, Frederick Lamb, later Lord Deauville, was Ambassador at Vienna. Their sister, Lady Cowper, was the lover of Lord Palmerston and later his wife. And Vienna meant Metternich:

July 20, 1833: . . . There is another Ambassador [Frederic Lamb] whose principles are equally at variance with those of Palmerston, and who is completely be-Metternich'd, but his removal is out of the question; he knows it, and no doubt conducts himself accordingly. George Villiers told me that he touched incidentally one day with Palmerston on Lamb's conduct in some matter relating to Lord Granville, and he found that it was sacred ground, and he only got, "Ah, aw—yes, *Metternich* is, I suppose, too old to mend now." The position is a curious one as between his [Palmerston's] Envoy and his Chief [Melbourne]. The Chief is devoted to the Sister, and the Sister to the Brother. The Sister would not hesitate between the Lover [Palmerston] and the Brother [Lamb], and any injury to the latter would recoil upon the head of the former. So [in] this pleasant circle, the convenience of Government, and the interests of their policy are passed over, or compromised as they may.

September 29, 1841: Mellish gave me an account, last night, of Palmerston's last doings at the Foreign Office. He created five new paid attachés without the smallest necessity, and all within a few days of his retirement. This was done to provide

for a Howard, an Elliot, and a Duff, and a son of Sir Augustus Foster, whose provision was made part of the conditions of another job, the retirement of Sir Augustus to make way for Abercromby, Lord Minto's son-in-law—all foul jobbing at the public expense, and to all this useless waste the austere and immaculate Francis Baring, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Cerberus who growls at every claimant on the Treasury, no matter how just his claims may be, gave his consent, complacent to his daring and unscrupulous colleague. Mellish told me another anecdote of Palmerston, that eleven thousand pounds (I put it in letters, because in figures some error might have been suspected) had been spent in *one year*, at the Foreign Office, in chaises and four conveying messengers to overtake the mail with his private letters, which never were ready in time.

In what follows, we shall find, as Greville put it on March 2, 1841, that "Palmerston has been at his tricks again." Indeed, "the truth is not in him."

November 4, 1857: . . . He [Granville] replied *that he could not trust Palmerston* but he meant to-night to speak in his defence at a dinner to be given to the Duke of Cambridge at the Mansion House. He begged me not to breathe to anyone what he had said about *not trusting to Palmerston* and that very likely after all he would not speak out for him.

Then there was Lady Palmerston, Melbourne's sister:

January 2, 1847: . . . I have received a long letter from him [Clarendon] this morning in reply. He says Lady Palmerston is a gossip who multiplies by one hundred what she hears from Palmerston and thinks by overstating the case to make converts.

October 4, 1853: In his [Palmerston's] language he is prudent and reserved enough, but his wife is silly, chattering, and mischievous, beset by toadies, to whom she talks without measure or discretion according as her passions or her wishes prompt her.

Lady Palmerston (1853) was "the bane of his political existence, however she may contribute to his conjugal happiness."

Palmerston (May 2, 1848) could "wriggle and swagger out

of it"—whatever it was—and "his colleagues never quarrel with him." And nobody (1849) was "so popular in the House."

With Viscount Palmerston the Queen was often excessively annoyed:

August 28, 1853: . . . Nothing will induce her Majesty to have Palmerston. When I heard Granville was to go with her I thought it so desirable that if possible so marked a slight should not be put on Palmerston, that I spoke to Graham about it, and suggested to him to speak to Aberdeen and get him to prevail on the Queen to have Palmerston in his turn. He said he thought like me, that it was a pity but he did not believe anything would make her have him at Balmoral, as her antipathy to him was not the least diminished, nor her resentment for what she considered his bad behaviour to herself. Her dislike of him is, in fact, of very long standing, and partly on moral and partly on political grounds. There are old offences, when he was at the Foreign Office, which sunk deep in her mind, and besides this the recollection of his conduct before her marriage, when in her own palace he made an attempt on the person of one of her ladies, which she very justly resented as an outrage to herself. Palmerston, always enterprising and audacious with women, took a fancy to Mrs. Brand (now Lady Dacre) and at Windsor Castle where she was in waiting, and he was a guest, he marched into her room one night. His tender temerity met with an invincible resistance. The lady did not conceal her attempt, and it came to the Queen's ears. Her indignation was somehow pacified by Melbourne, then all-powerful, and who on every account would have abhorred an *esclandre* in which his colleague and brother-in-law would have so discreditably figured. Palmerston got out of the scrape with his usual luck, but the Queen has never forgotten and will never forgive it.

On August 28, 1853, when the Queen was visiting Ireland, Greville wrote, "Newcastle got leave to go to Clumber for his boys' holidays and her Majesty does not desire to have the Home Secretary," who happened to be Lord Palmerston.

September 3, 1853: . . . I was glad to find that the Queen has consented to let Palmerston take his turn at Balmoral, and Aberdeen has informed him that he is to go there. It was done by Aberdeen speaking to the Prince at Osborne, who said he

thought there would be no difficulty. The Queen did not like it, but on good reasons being put before her, she acquiesced with the good sense it must be owned she generally shows on such occasions, being always open to reason, and ready to consent to whatever can be proved to her to be right or expedient. Clarendon prevailed on Aberdeen to do this and I may take some credit to myself for having urged it both on him and on Graham.

March 11, 1855: . . . Palmerston seemed to consider all the blunders he made about these offices rather a good joke than a mischievous *gaucherie*. "Ha, ha!" he said, "a Comedy of Errors."

CHAPTER LVI

THE PRANCING PASHA

WHAT Europe had to face (August 24, 1840) was "the Eastern Question." Greece had broken away from Turkey. But Egypt was to break into her. Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, was marching on Constantinople. And not less formidable was his adopted son, Ibrahim. When (June 14, 1846) Greville "won the cup" at Ascot, Ibrahim Pasha turned up and "desired to shake hands." Greville thought him "a coarse-looking ruffian, and his character is said not to belie his countenance."

Who, then, would stop the redoubtable Mehemet and his ruffian Ibrahim? There was a man who knew exactly how to do it:

January 30, 1853: . . . I was much amused with a piece of vanity of Ellenborough's. We were talking of the war between the Turks and the Egyptians, and the resources of Egypt, &c., when he said, "If I had continued at the Board of Control I would have had Egypt, got at it from the Red Sea; I had already ordered the formation of *a corps* of *Arab guides!*"

Unfortunately, the Turks did not share this confidence in Arab guides. And, according to Mme. de Lieven (February 1, 1833), "the Sultan had applied to the Emperor [of Russia] for assistence." Indeed, "*le Sultan n'avait pas un meilleur ami que lui.*"

By the "political innocence" of Russia, suspicions were aroused:

February 1, 1833: . . . In the evening I told all this to Mellish of the Foreign Office, who knows everything about foreign affairs, and he said it was all a lie, that Russia had offered her assistance, which the Sultan had refused, and she was, in fact, intriguing and making mischief in every Court in Europe.

March 30, 1833: Saw Madame de Lieven yesterday, who told me the story of the late business at St. Petersburg. The Sultan,

after the battle of Koniah [in which the Turks were beaten], applied to the Emperor of Russia for succour, who ordered twelve sail of the line and 30,000 men to go to the protection of Constantinople. At the same time General Mouravieff was sent to Constantinople, with orders to proceed to Alexandria and inform the Pasha that the Emperor could only look upon him as a rebel, that he would not suffer the Ottoman Empire to be overturned, and that if Ibrahim advanced "*il aurait affaire à l'Empereur de Russie.*" Orders were accordingly sent to Ibrahim to suspend his operations, and Mouravieff returned to Constantinople. Upon the demand for succour by the Sultan, and the Emperor's compliance with it, notification was made to all the Courts, and instructions were given to the Russian commanders to retire as soon as the Sultan should have no further occasion for their aid. So satisfactory was this that Lord Grey expressed the greatest anxiety that the Russian armament should arrive in time to arrest the progress of the Egyptians. They did arrive—at least the fleet did—and dropped anchor under the Seraglio. At this juncture arrived Admiral Roussin in a ship of war, and as Ambassador of France. He immediately informed the Sultan that the interposition of Russia was superfluous, that he would undertake to conclude a treaty, and to answer for the acquiescence of the Pasha, and he sent a project one article of which was that the Russian fleet should instantly withdraw. To this proposition the Sultan acceded, and without waiting for the Pasha's confirmation he notified to the Russian Ambassador that he had no longer any wish for the presence of the Russian fleet, and they accordingly weighed anchor and sailed away. This is all that is known of the transaction, but Madame de Lieven was loud and vehement about the insolence of Roussin; she said the Emperor would demand "*une satisfaction éclatante*"—"*le rappel et le désaveu de l'amiral Roussin,*" and that if this should be refused the Russian Ambassador would be ordered to quit Paris. She waits with great anxiety to see the end of the business, for on it appears to depend the question of peace or war with France. She said that the day before Namik went away, intelligence of this event arrived, which Palmerston communicated to him. The Turk heard it very quietly, and then only said, "*Et où était l'Angleterre dans tout ceci ?*"

Where was England? Her Ambassador was Lord Ponsonby:

October 5, 1842: . . . Lord Ponsonby is a most remarkable-looking man for his age, which is seventy-two or seventy-three. He exhibits no signs of old age, and is extremely agreeable. His account of Turkey was very different from my ideas about the state of the country, but I fancy all he says is *sujet à caution.* He describes the Sultan to be intelligent, liberal, and independent, that is, really master, and not in the hands of any party; the Turkish public men as very able, the country improving in its internal condition, especially its agriculture, and its revenue flourishing—five millions a year regularly collected, not a farthing of debt, and the whole military and civil service of the State punctually paid.

His career in the diplomatic service had been adroitly accelerated by blackmail:

July 31, 1831: . . . Not very long after, Canning got into favour, and in this way: Harriet Wilson, at the time of her connection with Lord Ponsonby, got hold of some of Lady Conyngham's letters to him, and she wrote to Ponsonby, threatening, unless he gave her a large sum, to come to England and publish everything she could. This produced dismay among all the parties, and they wanted to get Ponsonby away and to silence the woman. In this dilemma Knighton advised the King [George IV] to have recourse to Canning, who saw the opening to favour, jumped at it, and instantly offered to provide for Ponsonby and do anything which could relieve the King from trouble. Ponsonby was sent to Buenos Ayres forthwith, and the letters were bought up. From this time Canning grew in favour, which he took every means to improve, and shortly gained complete ascendancy over the King.

Ponsonby was wafted on to Constantinople:

May 16, 1833: . . . While France has been vapouring, and we have been doing nothing at all, Russia has established her own influence in Turkey, and made herself virtually mistress of the Ottoman Empire. At a time when our interests required that we should be well represented, and powerfully supported, we had neither an Ambassador nor a fleet in the Mediterranean; and because Lord Ponsonby is Lord Grey's brother-in-law he

has been able with impunity to dawdle on months after months at Naples for his pleasure, and leave affairs at Constantinople to be managed or mismanaged by a *chargé d'affaires* who is altogether incompetent.

June 18, 1837: . . . The whole history of Lord Ponsonby is a remarkable example of what a man in favour or with powerful protection may do with impunity, and it is the more striking because Palmerston is the most imperious of official despots, and yet has invariably truckled to Lord Grey's brother-in-law. When Ponsonby was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, the affairs of the East were in a most critical state, notwithstanding which nothing would induce him to repair to his post, and he loitered away several months at Naples, while Russia was maturing her designs upon Turkey, and when the presence of an English Ambassador was of vital importance. This was overlooked, because to Lord Grey's brother-in-law everything was permitted. The appointment of Mr. Urquhart as Secretary of the Embassy at Constantinople greatly displeased Lord Ponsonby, who resolved to hold no communication with him, and accordingly the Chancellerie at Constantinople has presented the amusing spectacle of an Ambassador and Secretary of Embassy who do not speak to each other, and the latter of whom has had no functions whatever to discharge. A short time ago Lord Ponsonby applied for leave of absence, which was given to him, and the Government here hoped that when he came home he would not think of returning, and secretly resolved that, if they could help it, he should not. But as Mr. Urquhart had been placed in this strange position by Lord Ponsonby, and besides, since his appointment, they had found reason to doubt whether he was altogether fit for such a trust, it was impossible to leave him at Constantinople as *chargé d'affaires* during his chief's absence, so they got Sir Charles Vaughan to go out on what was called a special mission, though there was nothing more in it than to meet this difficulty. Sir Charles was directed to proceed to Malta, and from thence to send a steamer to Constantinople, which was to announce his arrival and bring back Lord Ponsonby. Sir Charles, accordingly, sent his Secretary of Embassy to announce him, who, when he arrived off Constantinople, was met by an absolute prohibition from Ponsonby to land at all, and a flat refusal on his part to

stir. The Secretary had nothing to do but to return to his principal and report his reception, and he in his turn had nothing to do but report his ridiculous position to his employers at home, and await their orders. The result has been that Sir Charles is ordered home, and Lord Ponsonby remains, so that Palmerston has knocked under. Ponsonby has carried his point, and Vaughan has had a *giro* to Malta and back, for which the public has to pay.

At the suggestion that Russia might occupy Constantinople, Great Britain began to manifest symptoms of Russophobia:

February 1, 1833: . . . Saw Madame de Lieven the day before yesterday, who fired a tirade against Govermnent; she vowed that nobody ever had been treated with such personal incivility as Lieven, "*des injures, des reproches,*" that Cobbett, Hunt, and all the blackguards in England could not use more offensive language; whatever event was coming was imputed to Russia —Belgium, Portugal, Turkey, "*tout était la Russie et les intrigues de la Russie*"; that she foresaw they should be driven away from England.

A policy developed:

December 28, 1834: . . . The great object of the late Government was (and that of this Government must be the same) to get the Porte out of the clutches of Russia. The Sultan is a mere slave of the Emperor, but throughout his dominions, and the Principalities likewise, a bitter feeling of hatred against Russia prevails. Our policy has been to induce the Sultan to throw off the yoke—by promises of assistance on one hand, and menaces on the other of supporting Mehemet Ali against him. Hitherto, however, the Sultan has never been induced to bestir himself. It is evident that if this matter is taken up seriously, and with a resolution to curb the power of Russia in the East, the greatest diplomatic judgment and firmness will be requisite in our Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

To complete the picture:

December 28, 1834: . . . In all this complication of interests in the East, France is ready to act with us if we will let her, and Austria lies like a great log, favouring Russia and opposing

her inert mass to anything like *mouvement*, no matter with what object or in what quarter.

The Treaty of Unkiar Skelesi was concluded between Turkey and Russia, and it suggested encroachment:

March 14, 1834: There is a fresh *démêlé* with Russia on account of a new treaty concluded by Achmet Pasha at St. Petersburg. By this Russia agrees to remit six millions of the ten which Turkey owes her, and to give up the Principalities, but she keeps the fortress of Silistria and the military road, which gives her complete command over them. The Sultan, "not to be outdone in generosity," in return for so much, kindly cedes to Russia a slip of seacoast on the Black Sea, adjoining another portion already ceded by the Treaty of Adrianople as far south as Poti. This territorial acquisition is not considerable in itself, but it embraces the line of communication with Persia, by which we have a vast traffic, and which Russia will be able at any time to interrupt. This new transaction, so quietly and plausibly effected, has thrown our government into a great rage, and especially his Majesty King William, who insisted upon a dozen ships being sent off forthwith to the Mediterranean. Nothing vigorous, however, has been done, and Palmerston has contented himself with writing to Lord Ponsonby, desiring him to exhort the Sultan not to ratify this treaty, and rather to pay (or more properly, continue to owe) the whole ten millions.

The question became dangerous and there was "great talk of war with Russia" which, wrote Greville, "I don't believe will take place." Still, chatting with Mme. de Lieven, he—

December 21, 1833: . . . was surprised to find her with such a lofty tone about war. She said that it was "*chance égale*"; that they neither desired nor feared it; that our tone had latterly been so insulting that they had no option but that of replying with corresponding hauteur; that if we sent ships to the Mediterranean they would send ships; that if those measures were pursued, and such language held, it was impossible to say that circumstances might not bring about war, though equally against the wishes and interests of all parties. In such a case we might destroy their fleet and burn their harbours, but we

could not exclude them from Turkey, nor once established there get them out again. That we must not fancy we should be able, in conjunction with France, to keep the rest of Europe in check; for it was the opinion of the wisest heads, and of Louis Philippe himself, that a war would infallibly bring about his downfall. . . . She complained bitterly of the language of our newspapers, and of our orators in Parliament, described the indignation of the Russian Court, and the dignified resentment mixed with contempt of the Emperor; in short, talked very big, but still there will be no war.

That storm blew over, but the tempest set in a different direction and raged with ten times the bluster.

CHAPTER LVII

PIROUETTING AT THE PRECIPICE

In 1833, Mehemet Ali had been excluded from Constantinople. But in 1840, he was still firmly entrenched in Syria. "For many years," writes Greville, it had been Palmerston's, "fixed idea" to pursue "the project of humbling the Pasha of Egypt." The Pasha was the pawn of France. And "humbling the Pasha" meant opposing him and the influence of France.

There were certain statesmen of France who mattered. Mme. de Lieven—

Paris, January 19, 1837: . . . likes Molé, as pleasing, intelligent, and gentlemanlike; Thiers the most brilliant, very lively and amusing; Guizot and Berryer, both very remarkable. . . . She described him [Molé] as not the cleverest and most brilliant, but by far the most sensible, sound, and well-judging man of them all.

In the year 1840, the Prime Minister of France was M. Thiers. The French Ambassador in London was his rival:

September 1, 1840: . . . I know very little of Guizot, but yesterday, I made Madame de Lieven ask him to dine here, and he did. He is very civil and conversable, of course full of information, but rather priggish in his manner, and has a sort of falsetto voice which is disagreeable.

March 29, 1840: . . . He is enchanted and elated with his position, and it is amusing to see his apprehension lest anybody should, either by design or inadvertence, rob him of his precedence; and the alacrity with which he seizes on the arm of the lady of the house on going out to dinner, so demonstrative of the uneasy grandeur of a man who has not yet learned to be familiar with his own position.

September 22, 1840: . . . Guizot committed a great *gaucherie* the other day (the last time he was at Windsor), which he never could have done if he had had more experience of courts, or

been born and had lived in that society. The first day, the Queen desired he would sit next to her at dinner, which he did; the second day the lord in waiting (Headfort) came as usual with his list, and told Guizot he was to take out the Queen of the Belgians, and sit somewhere else; when he drew up and said, "*Milord, ma place est auprès de la Reine.*" Headfort, quite frightened, hastened back to report what had happened; when the Queen as wisely altered, as the Ambassador had foolishly objected to, the disposition of places, and desired him to sit next herself, as he had done the day before.

We are now to watch, step by step, the masterly stride of Palmerston to his diplomatic and indeed military objective:

September 22, 1840: . . . This year Cabinet after Cabinet passed over, and no mention was ever made of the affairs of the East, till one day, at the end of a Cabinet, Palmerston, in the most easy nonchalant way imaginable, said that he thought it right to mention that he had been for a long time engaged in negotiation upon the principles agreed upon at the Cabinet at Windsor, and that he had drawn up a Treaty, with which it was fit the Cabinet should be acquainted. At this sudden announcement his colleagues looked very serious, but nobody said a word, except Lord Holland, who said, "that he could be no party to any measure which might be likely to occasion a breach between this country and France." No discussion, however, took place at that time, and it was agreed that the further consideration of the matter should be postponed till the next Cabinet. The following day, Palmerston wrote a letter to Melbourne, in which he said that he saw some hesitation and some disapprobation in the Cabinet at the course which he had recommended for adoption, and as he could only hope to succeed by obtaining unanimous support, he thought it better at once to place his office at Melbourne's disposal. Melbourne wrote an answer begging he would not think of resigning, and reminding him that the matter stood over for discussion, and then sent the whole correspondence to Clarendon. Clarendon immediately wrote word that he felt under so much obligation to Palmerston that it was painful to him to oppose him; but as he could not support him in his Eastern policy, it was much better that *he* should resign, and begged Melbourne would accept *his* resigna-

tion. Melbourne, however, said, "For God's sake, let there be no resignations at all," that his and Lord Holland's retirement would have the effect of breaking up the Government; and then it was suggested that they might guard themselves by a minute of Cabinet (that which they subsequently drew up and gave the Queen) from any participation in the measures they objected to. After this, Palmerston continued to do just as he pleased, his colleagues *consentientibus* or at least *non dissentientibus*, except Holland and Clarendon, with whom nevertheless he seems (especially the latter) to have gone on upon very good terms.

It meant that, without the knowledge or consent of France, four powers, England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, signed a treaty, dated July 15, 1840, by which Mehemet Ali was excluded from Syria and his dominion restricted to Egypt.

That two Ministers in the Cabinet dissented from this policy without resigning is an important constitutional fact. Their "minute of Cabinet," as Greville calls it, was sent to the Queen who "desired to keep it."

September 10, 1840: . . . There can be little doubt that in her heart she coincides with them [Clarendon and Holland], for Leopold [of Belgium] is frightened out of his senses, and is sure to have made her in some degree partake of his alarm. She told Melbourne that, of all things, what astonished her most was the coolness and indifference of Palmerston.

September 26, 1840: . . . The Queen is all this time in a great state of nervousness and alarm, on account of Leopold [of Belgium]; terrified at Palmerston's audacity, amazed at his confidence, and trembling lest her uncle should be exposed to all the dangers and difficulties in which he would be placed by a war between his niece and his father-in-law [Louis Philippe].

The Queen "hears constantly from Leopold, who is mad with fright and imparts all his fears to her."

Dedel, the Dutch Minister, considered that "Palmerston had conducted himself with a *légèreté* quite unaccountable." Melbourne "was now become seriously alarmed, so much so that he had written to John Russell 'he could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep,' so great was his disturbance." Lord Spencer

[Althorp] wrote "that it was his earnest desire to give his support to the Government in all their measures, but that it would be contrary to his judgment and his conscience to support them in their policy on this question." Also, Dedel reported this:

September 1, 1840: . . . The Duke of Wellington, when he was at Windsor, had talked over the state of affairs with Melbourne, and said to him, "I do not say that I disapprove of your policy as far as regards Mehemet Ali; perhaps I do not think that you go far enough; not only would I not leave him in possession of a foot of ground in Syria, but I should have no scruple in expelling him from Egypt too. But what is Mehemet Ali or the Turk in comparison with the immeasurable importance of preserving peace in Europe? This is the thing alone to be regarded, and I give you notice that you must not expect our support in Parliament of the policy which you have chosen to adopt.

Clarendon's account was that the Duke had merely said, "I approve of your policy but you must have no war."

In Paris, Thiers suffered from "considerable alarm." It would have been easier for him if Mehemet Ali had quietly submitted. But, as Thiers wrote to London, the trouble was "to restrain the Pasha and prevent his making any offensive movement."

September 6, 1840: . . . He offered, if France would join him and make common cause with him, to place his fleets and armies at her disposal, and to be governed in all things by her advice and wishes, a thing utterly impossible for France to listen to. Upon the impossibility of this alliance being represented to him, the prudence of keeping quiet strenuously urged upon him, and the utmost endeavours made to convince him that a defensive policy was the only wise and safe course for him, he had engaged not to move forward, or take any offensive course unless compelled to do so, by violence offered to him; his army was concentrated at the foot of the Taurus, and there (but in a menacing attitude) he would consent to its remaining; but if any European troops were to advance against him, or be transported to Syria, any attempt made to foment another insurrection in Syria, or any attack made upon his fleet, or any violence offered to his commerce, then he would cross the Taurus, and, taking all consequences, commence offensive operations. In that case, said Guizot, Constantinople might be occupied by

the Russians, and the British fleet enter the Sea of Marmora; and if that happened, he could not answer for the result in France, and he owned that he (and Thiers expressed the same in his letter) was in the greatest alarm at all these dangers and complications.

As Guizot said to Greville, the French Government were thus—

September 6, 1840: . . . in a position of the greatest embarrassment, far from inclined to war, the King especially abhorring the very thoughts of it, and at the same time so far committed that if the four allies act with any vigour and drive Mehemet Ali to desperation, France must either kindle the flames of war, or, after all her loud and threatening tone, succumb in a manner not only intolerably galling to the national pride, but which really would be very discreditable in itself.

That morning, Guizot had seen Palmerston and read to him Thiers' letter:

September 6, 1840: . . . I asked him if it had made any impression on Palmerston. He said, "Not the slightest"; that he had said, "Oh! Mehemet Ali *cédera; il ne faut pas s'attendre qu'il cède à la première sommation; mais donnez-lui quinze jours, et il finira par céder.*"

September 10, 1840: . . . When it was suggested to Palmerston that it might with every effort be impossible to prevent the Pasha from crossing the Taurus, he said, "So much the better if he did, that he would not be able to retreat, his communication be cut off, and his ruin the more certainly accomplished."

Palmerston, indeed, was "quite impenetrable." In a remarkable phrase, Guizot urged that Europe was "at the mercy '*des incidents et des subalternes.*'" And it was a peril of which Melbourne himself was conscious. For Ponsonby, at Constantinople, previously on holiday, was now on the rampage:

September 28, 1840: . . . Melbourne said that there was a danger greatly to be feared, and that was, that our ambassador at Constantinople, who was very violent against Mehemet Ali, and not afraid of war, might and probably would urge the im-

mediate rejection of the Pasha's proposal and every sort of violent measure. Guizot, naturally enough, expressed (to me) his astonishment that the Prime Minister should hold such language, and that, if he had an ambassador who was likely to act in such a manner so much at variance with his political views, he did not recall him or supersede him by a special mission.

Greville, a supporter of Clarendon, complained (January 7, 1841) that it was quite impossible to know what to believe in any matters in which Ponsonby and Palmerstone are concerned. They had staked everything on "the hopeless condition of the Pasha" and Palmerston, "so far from being at all shaken by anything Guizot said to him, told him that the only fault he had committed was not taking Lord Ponsonby's advice [from Constantinople] long ago."

Nothing could "damp the ardour or diminish the confidence" of a statesman who merely replied, "Everything is going on as well as possible," and cheerfully assured Lord John Russell at Windsor "that they should pull through."

August 24, 1840: . . . Out of this complication Palmerston's wonderful luck may possibly extricate him, though it must be owned that he is playing a very desperate game. . . . In the Cabinet he has carried everything his own way; all his colleagues either really concurring with him, or being too ignorant and too indifferent to fight the battle against his strong determination, except Lord Holland and Clarendon, who did oppose with all their strength Palmerston's recent treaty; but quite ineffectually. They had for their only ally Lord Granville at Paris, and nothing can exceed the contempt with which the Palmerstonians treat this little knot of dissentients, at least the two elder ones, who (they say) are become quite imbecile, and they wonder Lord Granville does not resign. . . . I never was more amazed than at reading his letters, so dashing, bold, and confident in their tone. Considering the immensity of the stake for which he is playing, that he *may* be about to plunge all Europe into a war, and that if war does ensue it will be entirely his doing, it is utterly astonishing he should not be more seriously affected than he appears to be with the gravity of the circumstances, and should not look with more anxiety (if not

apprehension) to the possible results; but he talks in the most offhand way of the clamour that broke out at Paris, of his entire conviction that the French Cabinet have no thoughts of going to war, and that if they were to do so, their fleets would be instantly swept from the sea, and their armies everywhere defeated. That if they were to try and make it a war of opinion and stir up the elements of revolution in other countries, a more fatal retaliation could and would be effected in France, where Carlist or Napoleonist interest, aided by foreign intervention, would shake the throne of Louis Philippe, while taxation and conscription would very soon disgust the French with a war in which he did not anticipate the possibility of their gaining any military successes. Everything may possibly turn out according to his expectations.

In Paris, Granville, the British Ambassador, was "disgusted at his position" and especially "at being kept entirely in the dark." Indeed, "his private correspondence with Clarendon and Lord Holland [is] quite at variance with his public [correspondence] with Palmerston [his official chief]."

Ministers, at Windsor (September 12, 1840), agreed that "calling Parliament together . . . was to be avoided and would be on every account objectionable. They might incur any expense for naval affairs on their own responsibility and Parliament would be sure to bear them out." Indeed, the Cabinet let things slide:

September 23, 1840: . . . It is most extraordinary that while all reflecting people are amazed at the Government being scattered all abroad at such a momentous crisis, and instead of being collected together for the purpose of considering in concert every measure that is taken, as well as the whole course of policy, with any changes and modifications that may be called for, the Ministers themselves, such of them at least as are here, cannot discover any occasion for any Cabinets or meetings, and seem to think it quite natural and proper to leave the great question of peace or war to be dealt with by Palmerston as a mere matter of official routine.

Matters of prejudice began to arise—"a proclamation of Admiral Napier, which people are disposed to consider a forgery

and an impossibility, but which was believed at Paris and by Guizot here, and consequently raised a storm there and put the Ambassador in despair"—also a mission of Count Walewski to Alexandria which Palmerston believed to be intended by France to encourage the Pasha, an insinuation which France repudiated. Indeed, the French were "making vigorous preparations for war"—Louis Philippe using "very firm language"—and "a considerable rise in the funds, indicating a reviving confidence in peace" was hardly justified.

September 12, 1840: . . . As for Metternich, he is at his wit's end, and occupied night and day in thinking how he can *se tirer d'affaire.* He tells Lamb that as to contributing a guinea or a soldier toward the operation, it is quite out of the question, and begs him never to mention such a thing, and that if the Treaty could quietly fall to the ground it would be a very good thing. It is, however, entirely contemplated by the other powers that Russia shall occupy Constantinople, and march to the assistance of the Sultan if necessary.

It was Lord John Russell who "requested Melbourne to call a Cabinet":

September 26, 1840: . . . At this Cabinet, Lord John is prepared to make a stand, and to propose that measures shall be taken for bringing about a settlement on the basis of mutual concession, and he is in fact disposed to accept the terms now offered by the Pasha with the consent and by the advice of France. He anticipates Palmerston's opposition to this, and his insisting upon a continuance of our present course; but he is resolved in such a case to bring matters to an issue, and if he is overruled by a majority of the Cabinet, not only to resign, but to take a decisive part in Parliament against Palmerston's policy, and to do his utmost there, with the support which he expects to obtain, to prevent a war. He is aware that his conduct might not only break up the Whig Government and party, but that it may bring about an entirely new arrangement and combination of parties, all of which he is willing to encounter rather than the evils and hazards of war. On the other hand, if Palmerston refuses to accede to his terms, and if unsupported by the Cabinet he tenders his resignation, Lord John is ready to urge its acceptance, and himself to undertake the adminis-

tration of our foreign affairs. . . . Palmerston has been indignant at the opposition thus suddenly put forward by Lord John, and complains (not, I think, without very good cause), that after supporting and sanctioning his policy, and approving of the Treaty, he abandons him midway, and refuses to give that policy a fair trial. . . . Between the urgent remonstrances of Lord John and the indignant complaints of Palmerston, Melbourne has been at his wit's end. So melancholy a picture of indecision, weakness, and pusillanimity as his conduct has exhibited, I never heard of.

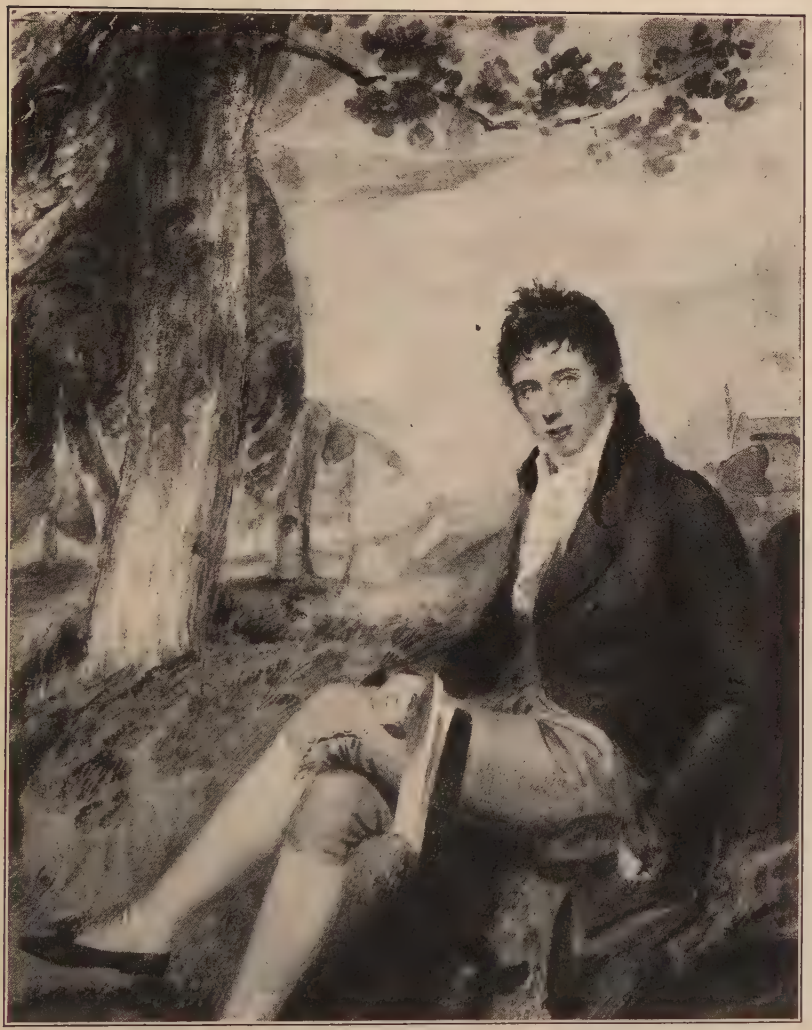
A "*transaction*" was devised, therefore, which was intended to preserve peace:

September 28, 1840: . . . Palmerston said that there would be no sort of difficulty in enforcing the Treaty, and that then France might join if she pleased. Guizot replied that this was out of the question, that France was now ready to join in a transaction fair and honourable to both parties, but she would not stand by, see the question settled without her, and then come in to bolster up an arrangement made by others, and with which she had had no concern.

September 26, 1840: . . . Lady Palmerston . . . spoke with the utmost bitterness and contempt of these proposals, as totally out of the question, not worth a moment's attention, and such as the other powers would not listen to, even if we were disposed to accept them; and that we were now bound to those powers, and must act in concert with them. She told me a great deal, which I knew (from other sources) not to be true, about Metternich's resolution not to make the slightest concession to France and the Pasha; and her brother Frederic's strenuous advice and opinion to that effect. She complained, and said that Frederic complained, of the mischief which was done by Cabinets which only bred difficulties, intrigues, and underhand proceedings, and plainly intimated her opinion that all powers ought to be centred in, and all action proceed from, the Foreign Office alone. I told her that I could not see the proposals in the same light as she did, that some mutual concessions in all affairs must be expected, and that she was so accustomed to look at the matter only in a diplomatic point of view that she was not sufficiently alive to the storm of wrath and indignation

which would burst upon the Government, if war did ensue upon the rejection of such terms as these, which, as far as I had been able to gather opinions, appeared to moderate impartial men fair and reasonable in themselves, and such as we might accept without dishonour.

September 29, Wednesday, 1840: The Cabinet met on Monday evening and sat till seven o'clock. The account of the proceedings which has reached me is to the last degree amusing, but at the same time *pitoyable.* It must have been *à payer les places* to see. They met, and as if all were conscious of something unpleasant in prospect, and all shy, there was for some time a dead silence. At length Melbourne, trying to shuffle off the discussion, but aware that he must say something, began: "We must consider about the time to which Parliament should be prorogued." Upon this Lord John took it up and said, "I presume we must consider whether Parliament should be called together or not, because, as matters are now going on, it seems to me that we may at any moment find ourselves at war, and it is high time to consider the very serious state of affairs. I should like," he added, turning to Melbourne, "to know what is your opinion upon the subject." Nothing, however, could be got from Melbourne, and there was another long pause, which was not broken till somebody asked Palmerston, "What are your last accounts?" On this Palmerston pulled out of his pocket a whole parcel of letters and reports from Ponsonby, Hodges, and others, and began reading them through, in the middle of which operation someone happened to look up, and perceived Melbourne fast asleep in his armchair. At length Palmerston got through his papers, when there was another pause; and at last Lord John, finding that Melbourne would not take the lead or say a word, went at once into the whole subject. He stated both sides of the case with great precision, and in an admirable, though very artful speech, a statement Clarendon said which, if elaborated into a Parliamentary speech and completed as it would be in the House of Commons with illustration, was calculated to produce the greatest effect. He delivered this, speaking for about a quarter of an hour, and then threw himself back in his chair, waiting for what anybody else would say. After some little talk, Palmerston delivered his sentiments the other way, made a violent philippic against



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LORD PALMERSTON
by T. Heaphy

France, talked of her weakness and want of preparation, of the union of all the powers of Europe against her, said that Prussia had 200,000 men on the Rhine, and (as Lord Holland said) exhibited all the violence of '93.

Lord John Russell, when "asked what course he would advise . . . produced a slip of paper on which he had written two or three things." In effect, he proposed a conference. After "a good deal of talk (in which, however, the Prime Minister took no part)":

September 29, Wednesday, 1840: . . . The result was an agreement, that it would be disrespectful to Lord Lansdowne, considering his position, to come to any resolution in his absence; and as he could not arrive before this day, that the discussion should be adjourned till Thursday (to-morrow) by which time he and Morpeth would be here. They were all to dine with Palmerston, and a queer dinner it must have been.

October 1, 1840: Saw Clarendon this morning. No progress made, everything *in statu quo*. The dinner at Palmerston's on Monday after the Cabinet went off well enough. . . . Melbourne, of course, hopped off to Windsor the moment the Cabinet was over, and instead of remaining here, trying to conciliate people and arrange matters, he left everything to shift for itself. Having shown the Queen a letter of John Russell's which she was not intended to see, sent to John a letter of hers, which probably she did not mean him to see either, for it was very impertinent. She said, among other things, that she thought it was rather hard that Lord Palmerston and Lord John could not settle these matters amicably, without introducing their own personal objects, and raising such difficulties. Melbourne told John he must not mind her manner of speaking; he had only sent to Palmerston an extract from her letter omitting the offensive expressions, and John said he did not know why he thought it necessary to treat Palmerston with so much more *ménagement* than him. She added one thing in her letter which may lead to some important consequences. She said that it was her wish that some attempt should be made to open communications with the French Government. If Palmerston chooses to give way, he may make her wishes the pretext for doing so, and yield to them what he refuses to everybody else.

At the next Cabinet, Melbourne was "very nervous"—

October 1, 1840, evening: . . . but ended with referring to a paper delivered some time ago by Metternich, in which he had made certain contingent suggestions, of which the last and most important was, that in the event of "*inefficacité des moyens*" becoming apparent some communication should be made to France for the purpose of drawing her again into the alliance (or something to that effect; I cannot recollect the exact words, but it was a peg on which a communication might be hung), and asking Palmerston if he had not got this paper. Palmerston pulled it, all cut and dry, out of his pocket and read it. A good deal of talk then ensued, and some doubts and suspicions were expressed about France, which drew out Lord Holland, who said, "For God's sake, if you are so full of distrust of France, if you suspect all her acts and all her words, put the worst construction on all she does, and are resolved to be on bad terms with her, call Parliament together, ask for men and money, and fight it out with her manfully. Do this or meet her in a friendly and conciliatory spirit, and cast aside all those suspicions which make such bad blood between the two countries." This appeal (of which I only give the spirit) was very well received.

After "this important Cabinet," Ministers separated:

October 1, 1840, evening: . . . Lord John (to whom it is all due) said very little, Lansdowne not much; Hobhouse was talkative, but nobody listened to him; Melbourne, when it was over, swaggering like any Bobadil, and talking about "fellows being frightened at their own shadows," and a deal of bravery when he began to breathe freely from the danger.

Four powers had signed a treaty, without France. The question was now whether four powers would join with France in a conference to enforce the Treaty. And here, the difficulty was Russia. Brunnow (October 4, 1840) "would not conceal from Palmerston that the Emperor would be exceedingly hurt if any step of the kind was taken without his knowledge or consent."

In a sentence, Russia either declined or—what came to the same thing—delayed. And Reeve suggests that this was what Palmerston expected.

They held the next Cabinet in "Melbourne's bedroom." And by that time (October 4th) things had happened. Beyrout had been bombarded and 12,000 Turks landed, "causing the Treaty to be executed *à outrance*." "And," writes Greville, "Guizot arrived at my house in a great state of excitement."

October 7, 1840: . . . It is now quite clear that Palmerston has completely gained his point. The peace party in the Cabinet are silenced, their efforts paralysed. Clarendon agreed with me that Palmerston has triumphed, and Lord John succumbed. The Cabinet are again dispersed, Palmerston reigns without let or hindrance at the Foreign Office. No attempt is made to conciliate France; the war on the coast of Syria will go on with redoubled vigour; Ponsonby will urge matters to the last extremities at Constantinople. . . . Palmerston alone was resolute; entrenched in a strong position, with unity and determination of purpose, quite unscrupulous, very artful, and in possession of the Foreign Office, and therefore able to communicate in whatever manner and with whomsoever he pleased, and to give exactly the turn he chose to any negotiation or communication, without the possibility of being controlled by any of his colleagues. From the beginning, Lord John seems never to have seen his way clearly, or to have been able to make up his mind how to act.

Not that Britain was as yet out of the wood. Ponsonby had "assembled the Ministers at his house" in Constantinople, had "proposed the immediate *déchéance* of the Pasha," and when "his Russian colleague had objected," "had taken upon himself to say that he would make England responsible for the whole and sole execution of the sentence of deposition."

October 9, 1840: Everything looking black these last two days, funds falling, and general alarm. . . . Lord John has again screwed his courage up to summon the Cabinet, with the determination of making another attempt at accommodation with France. He proposed this to Melbourne, who said "it was too late." This is what he always does: entreats people to *wait* when they first want to move, and then when they have waited, and will wait no longer, he says, "it is too late."

At this point, something gave way. It was the resolution of Louis Philippe. There arrived from France a note that aston-

ished the British Government. It was "ill written, ill put together, and very tame." France had climbed down:

October 10, 1840: . . . The real truth I take to be that the King is the cause of the whole thing. With that wonderful sagacity which renders him the ablest man in France, and enables him sooner or later to carry all his points, and that tact and discernment with which he knows when to yield and when to stand, he allowed Thiers to have his full swing, and to commit himself with the nation, the King himself all the time consenting to put the country in a formidable attitude, but making no secret of his desire for peace; and then, at the decisive moment, when he found there was a division in the Cabinet, throwing all his influence into the pacific scale, and eventually reducing Thiers to the alternative of making a very moderate overture or breaking up the Government. . . . His Majesty looks beyond the present crisis, and sees in the transaction the means of emancipating himself from the domination of Thiers, and either getting rid of him, or, what would probably be more convenient and safe, reducing him to a dependence on himself.

Palmerston read the French Note to the Cabinet and (October 10, 1840) "during the discussion which took place Melbourne hardly said a word, lay sprawling on the sofa and took no part."

Palmerston "immediately showed a disposition to haggle and bargain," so displaying "the spirit of a pedlar rather than of a statesman" but he was "instantly put down by the majority."

October 10, 1840: . . . Somebody had been making mischief with the Queen, and setting her against John Russell, for Melbourne got a letter from Prince Albert full of cuts at John, and saying the Queen was surprised when everything had been settled so satisfactorily at the former meetings, that he should again rip up the question. This is extremely impertinent and exhibits a total ignorance of her duties, and her situation relating to her Ministers, and theirs to the country, but John does not mean to submit to it, and is going down to Windsor to hold a palaver with her Majesty on the subject. This letter was probably not intended for John Russell's inspection, but Melbourne put it into his hands.

Palmerston was suspicious even of felicitations:

Downham, October 24, 1840: . . . He [Clarendon] then goes on to say that Guizot tells him—and his own letters confirm it—that the late *attentat* on the King had made a much stronger impression, and excited more alarm, than any former one, and he had proposed to Melbourne to send a special ambassador to congratulate the King on his escape, who should also be instructed to *peace-make;* and suggested that the Duke of Bedford, Lord Spencer, or himself should go. Melbourne admitted it would be a very good thing to establish some direct communication with the King and Thiers, as well as the truth of all the reasons by which he supported this proposal; but the following day he came down with a whole host of petty objections, "which seemed to prevail in his perplexed and unserviceable mind."

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Guizot "seemed by no means sorry at the idea of Thiers having got into a scrape and a dilemma." It meant that Thiers had to resign and that Guizot became Foreign Minister of France. It was no wonder that he "went to take leave of them [the Palmerstons] in the highest spirits." At breakfast he showed Reeve a letter from Louis Philippe, "written in his own bold hand," in which was the sentence, "*Je compte sur vous, mon cher Ministre, pour m'aider dans ma lutte tenace contre l'anarchie !*"

Melbourne (October 23, 1840) continued to be "frightened at France, hopeless of success in Syria [and] sick to death of the scrape we have got into." And even Palmerston was "annoyed" but "would die rather than own it." Indeed, the Cabinet was (November 7, 1840) "like a Jonathan Wild and his companions playing together in Newgate."

However, all's well that ends well:

December 4, 1840: In the course of the last three weeks, and since I last wrote, a mighty change has taken place; we have had the capture of St. Jean d'Acre and the debate in the French Chambers. Palmerston is triumphant; everything has turned out well for him. . . . His colleagues have nothing more to say; and as Guizot makes a sort of common cause with him in the Chamber, and Thiers makes out a case for himself by declaring

objects and designs which justify Palmerston's policy and acts, and as the Pasha is now reduced to the necessity of submission, the contest is at an end. . . . Mr. Pitt [Chatham] could not have manifested more decision and resource. He [Palmerston] would not hear of delays and difficulties, sent out peremptory orders to attack Acre, and he provided in his instructions with great care and foresight for every contingency. There can be no doubt that it was the capture of Acre which decided the campaign; and the success is much more attributable to Palmerston than to our naval and military commanders, and probably solely to him.

Melbourne amid "a great party" at Woburn was "like a boy escaped from school, in soaring spirits."

December 29, 1840: . . . All Melbourne's alarm and despondency are quickly succeeded by joy at having got out of a scrape, and confidence that all difficulties are surmounted and all opposition will be silenced.

Greville himself began to see the other side that "Thiers has all along been playing a false, shuffling, tricky part," even saying "that he meant to make war by and by," which confessions (December 4, 1840) "afford Palmerston his best justification and are appealed to triumphantly by him and his friends."

As for Guizot, addressing the Chamber, "he told the truth and justified himself by vindicating us." Indeed "what Guizot now wants is to renew the English alliance." The Duke of Wellington also was "anxious for a reconciliation with France." But "the current applause of all the Tory papers" indicated that they were "charmed with a transaction which separates us from France."

Mehemet Ali was left in Egypt:

January 7, 1841: Yesterday arrived (through the French telegraph) the news of the death of the King of Lahore, the surrender of Dost Mahomed, and the settlement of the Chinese quarrel, all coming just in time to swell out the catalogue of successes to be announced in the Queen's Speech. In France the aspect of affairs is improving, the King has given answers on New Year's Day which he would not have ventured to

make a short time ago, and his Majesty assures Lord Granville that the war fever is rapidly diminishing. The French hardly trouble themselves now (except in an occasional undergrowl in some Liberal paper) about Syria.

"Comparative tranquillity" (January 13th) "now prevails in France, the madness of that people having taken another turn and venting itself upon a reckless expenditure and the extravagant project of fortifying Paris."

Greville, who "sat next to Palmerston" at a sheriff's dinner, found that the devil was not so black as he is painted:

February 1, 1841: . . . It must be owned that Palmerston has conducted himself well under the circumstances without any air of triumph or boasting either over his colleagues or his opponents or the French. He has deserved his success by the moderation with which he has taken it.

May 3, 1846: . . . Normanby, who had made Ibrahim Pasha's acquaintance at Florence, took Palmerston to see him; and when he presented him, the Pasha was so diverted at finding himself thus face to face with the great enemy of his house, that he burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, but he received him very well.

CHAPTER LVIII

CINDERELLA WILL OBEY

It was thus amid serious controversies, at home and abroad, that Queen Victoria met her first cousin, Albert, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Coburg and Gotha:

"I saw Prince Albert for the first time. He is exactly like the drawing of him (and the Queen) a handsome face without much expression, rather a slouching air and though tall, clumsily made, but without speaking to him, and hearing him speak, it is difficult to judge of his looks. Everybody speaks well of him."

Queen Victoria held that "Albert's beauty is most striking." He seemed "perfection." "I love him," declared the Queen, "more than I can say." And with her matrimonial prospects, she would permit no interference:

November 27, 1839: The Queen settled everything about her marriage herself, and without consulting Melbourne at all on the subject, not even communicating to him her intentions. The reports were already rife, while he was in ignorance; and at last he spoke to her, told her that he could not be ignorant of the reports, nor could she; that he did not presume to inquire what her intentions were, but that it was his duty to tell her that, if she had any, it was necessary that her Ministers should be apprised of them. She said she had nothing to tell him, and about a fortnight afterward she informed him that the whole thing was settled. A curious exhibition of her independence, and explains the apprehension which Lady Cowper has recently expressed to me of the serious consequences which her determined character is likely to produce. If she has already shaken off her dependence on Melbourne, and begins to fly with her own wings, what will she not do when she is older, and has to deal with Ministers whom she does not care for, or whom she dislikes?

On November 15th, at Windsor, "Lord Melbourne," writes Greville, "told me to search the Council books and see what was the form of the Sovereign's marriage, so that the matter is pretty clearly settled."

November 26, 1839: The Queen wrote to all her family and announced her marriage to them. When she saw the Duchess of Gloucester in town, and told her she was to make her declara tion the next day, the Duchess asked her if it was not a nervous thing to do. She said, "Yes; but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago." "What was that?" "I proposed to Prince Albert."

The Queen adds the information that the Duchess of Gloucester was "suffering much from the necessity of keeping the secret."

November 23, 1839: . . . The Council being summoned to declare the Queen's marriage to-day, I have come up to town for it, and am just returned from the declaration, which took place in the lower apartments of the Palace. About eighty Privy Councillors present, all who were within call having attended, Peel, Lyndhurst, and the Duke. The Duke arrived last night for the purpose; he looked very old, very feeble, and decrepit. I thought a great change was observable in him, but he was cheerful as usual, and evidently tried to make the best of it. The Queen had sent in the morning to enquire after him, and the answer was, "He had had a restless night." All the Privy Councillors seated themselves, when the folding doors were thrown open, and the Queen came in, attired in a plain morning gown, but wearing a bracelet containing Prince Albert's picture. She read the declaration in a clear, sonorous, sweet-toned voice, but her hands trembled so excessively that I wonder she was able to read the paper which she held. Lord Lansdowne made a little speech, asking her permission to have the declaration made public. She bowed assent, placed the paper in his hands, and then retired.

"I felt my hands shook," wrote the Queen, in her Journal, "but I did not make one mistake." It was so "awful" a moment that she hardly knew who was there. Still she was told

that she did it very well and she thus felt so happy about it. Lord Melbourne was now at a distance, with tears in his eyes.

Outside the Palace, the crowds cheered loudly, and Greville records on January 17, 1840, that at the opening of Parliament, "the Queen was well enough received—much better than usual—as she went to the House." Still:

January 18, 1840: . . . The Queen has been attacked for going down in person to Parliament, just after the news arriving of the Landgravine's death; but she consulted her relations, the Princess Augusta particularly, who advised her to go, said it was a public duty, and that they had all been brought up in the doctrine that the discharge of the duties of their station was to supersede everything. So she went.

The Landgravine was the Princess Elizabeth, third daughter of King George III and Queen Victoria's Aunt.

At a marriage of the Sovereign, many matters, including the allowance of the Consort, have to be decided by Parliament. And the Queen soon learned that it was a disadvantage to be on bad terms with the Tories.

January 29, 1840: On Monday night, Government were beaten by 104 on the question of reducing the Prince's allowance from 50,000l. to 30,000l. a year. They knew they should be beaten, but nevertheless John Russell would go doggedly on and encounter this mortifying defeat, instead of giving way with the best grace he could. He lost his temper, and flung dirt at Peel, like a sulky boy flinging rotten eggs; in short exposed himself sadly. His friends were much annoyed that he did not give way, as soon as he found that there was no chance of carrying it, and that many Government supporters would vote against it; besides the mortification to the Prince, there was something mean and sordid in squabbling for all the money they could get, and the sum given him is *satis superque* for all his wants.

The comment of the Queen was that "she was aware that Sir Robert Peel would do anything he could to spite her, and she was therefore not surprised." What "she had not anticipated" was "the opposition of the Duke of Wellington." In fact, "Her Majesty was . . . more provoked at what passed in the House of Lords than at the defeat in the Commons."

February 15, 1840: It is a sad sight to see him [the Duke of Wellington] almost insulted by the Court, just as his Sun is about to set. It turns out to be quite true that it was with great difficulty the Queen was induced to invite him to her wedding, and at last, only, when it was hinted to her that, if he was not there, there would very likely be some unpleasant manifestation of public opinion. He is well aware of this, and he told Lord Lyndhurst (who told me) that she said:

"I won't have that Old Rebel."

Not however that I believe she did say this. This is one of the inventions, I have no doubt, of the busy mischief-makers and angry Tories, who make bad as much worse as they can.

Apparently, the invention had a basis in fact. On February 18, 1840, Melbourne wrote:

"I told Melbourne in the interview I had with him on Thursday 19th, how all the Queen said, and probably much more, was not only talked of, but told to the Duke himself, and I told him of the saying ('I won't have that Old Rebel') which I said I was convinced was not true, and so I had said to Arbuthnot, though no doubt she did express herself with asperity. He admitted the asperity and he did not deny the particular expression so much that I am disposed to suspect she did say so, or something very like it. But the Duke's women and flatterers do much harm in repeating these things to him. His weakness is extraordinary in listening to them as he does."

The income to be received by the Prince was not the only delicate matter under discussion. "The Queen," we read, "is bent upon giving him precedence of the whole Royal Family."

Lord FitzGerald's view, however, was (January 31, 1840) that "they might and ought to give him precedence for her life over the rest of the Royal Family . . . but not over a Prince of Wales, to which, he thought, they never would consent." The Queen's Consort might walk in front of his wife's uncles but must walk behind his own eldest son.

Lord Ellenborough, as a peer, would not agree even to this. He appealed to the memory of Queen Anne, who had also married a Prince Consort.

January 31, 1840: . . . I met him at his own door (next mine), when I said to him, "What are you going to do about the

precedence?" To which he said, "Oh, give him the same which Prince George of Denmark had: place him next before the Archbishop of Canterbury." I said, "That will by no means satisfy the Queen"; at which he tossed up his head, and said, "What does that signify?"

The status of the Prince as Privy Councillor was also to be submitted to the shades of Queen Anne:

March 12, 1840: . . . When I was with the Chancellor the other day, he said a difficulty had been started about making Prince Albert a Privy Councillor before he was of age, and asked me if there was anything in it. I found, on looking into the books, that the Royal Dukes had not been brought into Council till they were of age, but probably that was because they could not take their seats in the House of Lords before; but I also found very clear proofs that George III's sons had not been sworn but *introduced* in his reign, and this puzzled me, for I remembered to have sworn several of them at different times, during the present and two last reigns. I therefore wrote to the Duke of Sussex, and asked him what had occurred in his case. His reply cleared the matter up. He said the King's sons are *born* Privy Councillors, and that they are declared sworn by the King whenever he pleases; that accordingly he was merely introduced into Council in 1807; but after the death of George III, when he stood in a different relation to the reigning Sovereign, he was sworn; and again at the accessions of King William IV and Queen Victoria. I found an account in the Council Books of the form with which the Prince of Wales was introduced into Council in 1784, and this I sent to Melbourne to show to the Queen, suggesting that Prince Albert should be introduced upon the same terms as Prince George of Denmark [husband of Queen Anne] had been, and with the same ceremonies as the Prince of Wales in 1784.

Queen Anne, moreover, determined whether the Prince was worth praying for:

February 25, 1840: . . . Besides the Precedence question, another is now raised about the Liturgy. The Queen wants to insert the Prince's name in it; they sent to me to know if Prince George's [of Denmark] had been inserted, and I found it

had not. There was a division of opinion, but the majority of the Cabinet were disposed to put in Prince Albert's. Before deciding anything, they consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury. Yesterday, however, on looking into the Act of Uniformity, I satisfied myself that the Queen has not the power to insert his name; and I believe that the insertion, on former occasions, of Princesses of Wales was illegal, and could not have been sustained if it ever had been questioned.

Amid all this etiquette, the Queen was greatly irritated. And Melbourne, anxious to placate the Tories, appealed to the Duke of Wellington—

February 4, 1840: . . .who immediately agreed to receive him; when he went to Apsley House, and they had an hour's conversation. Melbourne found him with one of his very stiffest crotchets in his head, determined only to give the Prince precedence after the Royal Family; and all he could get from him was, that it would be *unjust* to do more. All argument was unavailing, and he left him on Saturday evening without having been able to make any impression on him, or to move him by a representation of the Queen's feelings to make concessions to meet those the Government were prepared to make; for the Queen had already descended from her high horse and would have been content to accept precedence for her life, and saving the rights of the Prince of Wales. This, however, they would not consent to; and so determined were they to carry their point that they made a grand whip up, and brought Lord Clare all the way from Grimsthorpe, to vote upon it. Under these circumstances the Government resolved to withdraw the clause, and they did so, thus leaving the Prince without any specific place assigned by Parliament, and it remains with the Queen to do what she can for him, or for courtesy, tacit consent, and deference for her Consort to give him the precedence virtually which the House of Lords refuses to bestow formally. I think the Duke has acted strangely in this matter, and the Conservatives generally very unwisely.

On the merits of the case, Greville prepared an elaborate memorandum, in which he quoted the precedents and strongly supported the Queen's case. "Upon the broad question of moral

fitness," he wrote, "there seems no reason why the husband of the Queen Regnant should not be invested, by virtue of his *consortium*, with the highest dignity, over other men, just as the wife of the King is participant by virtue of her marriage of divers prerogations over other women."

March 5, 1840: . . . There has been a great delay in getting ready the patent of precedence for Prince Albert, because the law officers can't make up their minds as to the terms of it, and whether exceptional words should be introduced or not. My pamphlet has succeeded far beyond my hopes or expectations, and got me many compliments, which I never looked for from such a trifle. Peel said civil things to FitzGerald about it; only the Royal Family and the Cambridges don't like it, on account of my having explained the status of Prince George [of Cambridge]; and they fancy, in the event of his going to Germany, it might be injurious to him, which seems very fanciful; but their pride is hurt.

"As an abstract question," Greville did not think that a legislative precedence was necessary, "but under all the circumstances it would have been expedient and not at all unjust to grant it." The fact that the question had been thus "left unsettled" was thus "much to be regretted." While "there certainly was not room for much more dislike in her mind of the Tories," still "it was useless to give the Prince so ungracious and uncordial a reception and to render him as inimical to them as she already is." Greville hoped they would "pacify the Queen if possible, who, however unreasonably, was much excited about it."

Over the problem of precedence, ignored by Parliament, the Queen was thus brought into personal collision with her family.

March 6, 1840: . . . Prince Albert was gazetted last night. His precedence is not fixed by patent under the Great Seal, but by Warrant (I suppose under the Sign Manual).

There were three uncles to be considered.

As the eldest of them, the Duke of Cumberland was now himself a reigning Sovereign—that is, King of Hanover:

Belvoir Castle, January 4, 1838: . . . When the late King had evidently only a few days to live, the Duke of Cumberland

consulted the Duke [of Wellington] as to what he should do. "I told him the best thing he could do was to go away as fast as he could: Go instantly," I said, "and take care that *you don't get pelted.*" . . . The Duke also advised him not to take the oaths as Privy Councillor, or those of a Peer in the House of Lords, because he thought it would do him an injury in the eyes of his new subjects, that he, a King, should swear fealty as her subject to the Queen as his Sovereign; but somebody else (he thought the Duke of Buckingham) overruled this advice, and he had himself a fancy to take the oaths.

Whether King or Duke, Cumberland was not a man to surrender his rights. For instance, there were certain jewels in Hanover:

December 29, 1857: . . . Lyndhurst said the Court was very anxious about it, for Prince Albert had told him the pearls were the finest in Europe. The value of them has been enormously exaggerated, but is still considerable. Lord Lyndhurst said they were worth about 150,000l. and Kielmansegge told me the same thing.

It took twenty years to decide who was to wear those pearls:

December 29, 1857: The long-pending dispute about the Crown jewels claimed by the King of Hanover was settled the other day. The history of it is this. The late King of Hanover on the death of William IV claimed these jewels upon the ground that they were partly belonging to the Crown of Hanover and partly had been bequeathed to him by Queen Charlotte. Our government, on behalf of the Queen, naturally resisted the claim. After a good deal of wrangling they were at last prevailed on to name a commission to investigate the question.

The award, by English judges, was in favour of Hanover:

December 29, 1857: . . . Lord Wensleydale came into my room at the Council Office just after they had finished their award, and told me about it. I asked him if they had decided it on *evidence* or only by a sort of rough estimate, but he said they had ample evidence, and they were all quite satisfied upon the point. Last night I asked Lord Lyndhurst about his share in the question, when he told me their difficulty had been to make out

whether the jewels which Queen Charlotte had disposed of by her will had really been hers to leave, or whether she had only had the use of them, but that this had been decided by the discovery of George III's will, in which he expressly left them to her.

December 31, 1857: . . . I met Clarendon last night, talked about the Hanoverian jewel question, that the Queen and Prince were desperately annoyed at the award, which they thought unfair. The Prince asked Clarendon whether Parliament could not be applied to, to make good the jewels, which were the very ones the Queen had always worn, and that the dignity of the Crown required she should be properly furnished with such ornaments. Clarendon told him it was out of the question, that the Government could not make any such application to Parliament, and that it was far better for *them* [the Court] that it should not be done, that her popularity was in great measure owing to her own judicious conduct and abstinence from that extravagance which had marked the reign of George IV, that nobody cared whether she was attired in fine pearls or diamonds, and would rather rejoice to see her without them than that she should wear them when they belonged to somebody else, or that substitutes were supplied by funds raised by taxation. So they gave it up, as he says they are always ready to do when a matter is fairly put before them; but he said the Queen was very anxious to know Lord Lyndhurst's opinion upon the award.

The King of Hanover was also a tenacious guest:

March 29, 1840: . . . The case is this: When the Queen was going to be married, the Duchess of Kent told Duncannon that she must have a house, and that she could not afford to pay for one (the greater part of her income being appropriated to the payment of her debts). Duncannon told her that there were no royal apartments unoccupied, except the King of Hanover's at St. James's; and it was settled that he should be apprised that the Queen had occasion for them, and be requested to give them up. Duncannon accordingly wrote a note to Sir F. Watson, who manages the King's affairs here, and told him that he had such a communication to make to his Majesty, which he was desirous of bringing before him in the most re-

spectful manner, and that the arrangement should be made in whatever way would be most convenient to him. Watson informed him that he had forwarded his note to the King, and shortly after Duncannon received an answer from the King himself, which was neither more nor less than a flat refusal to give up the apartments. Another communication then took place between Duncannon and Watson, when the latter said that it would be very inconvenient to the King to remove his things from the apartments without coming over in person, as the library particularly was full of papers of importance. Duncannon then proposed that the library and the adjoining room, in which it was said that his papers were deposited, should not be touched, but remain in his possession; that they should be walled off and separated from the rest of the suite, which might be given up to the Duchess for her occupation. This proposal was sent to the King, who refused to agree to it, or to give up the apartments at all. Accordingly the Queen was obliged to hire a house for her mother at a rent of £2,000 a year. I told Duncannon that they were all very much to blame for submitting to the domineering insolence of the King, and that when they thought it right to require the apartments, they ought to have gone through with it, and have taken no denial. It was a gross insult to the Queen to refuse to give up to her an apartment in her own palace which she desired to dispose of; and they were very wrong in permitting such an affront to be offered to her. So Duncannon was himself of opinion; but Melbourne, who is all for quietness, would not allow matters to proceed to extremities, and preferred knocking under.

Cumberland, who had been a Tory leader, displayed an inconvenient sincerity:

Knowsley, July 18, 1837: . . . Just before I left London, the Proclamation of the King of Hanover appeared, by which he threw over the new Constitution. Lyndhurst told me of it, before I had seen it, with many expressions of disappointment, and complaining of his folly and of the bad effect it would produce here. The Government papers have taken it up, though rather clumsily, for the purpose of connecting this violent measure with the Tory party; but it is a great folly in the Opposition, and in the journals belonging to them, not to reject at once

and peremptorily all connection with the King of Hanover, and all participation in, or approbation of, his measures. Lyndhurst told me that the King [William IV], had all along protested against this Constitution, and refused to sign or be a party to it; that he contended it was illegal, inasmuch as the States by which it had been enacted had been illegally convoked; that he was *able* to do what he has done by his independence in point of finance, having a great revenue from Crown lands. The late King was very anxious to give this up, and to have a Civil List instead; but when this was proposed, the Duke of Cumberland exerted his influence successfully to defeat the project, and it was accordingly thrown out in the Senate (I think the Senate) by a small majority. Though we have nothing to do with Hanover, this violence will, no doubt, render him still more odious here than he was before, and it would be an awful thing if the Crown were, by any accident, to devolve upon him. The late King's [William's] desire to effect this change affords an indisputable proof of the sincerity of his constitutional principles, and it is no small praise that he was satisfied with a constitutional sovereignty, and did not hanker after despotic power.

The Duke of Cumberland, that used to be, would sometimes visit England:

August 6, 1843: . . . The King of Hanover has been the great lion of London, all the Tories feasting and entertaining him with extraordinary demonstrations of civility and regard; but not so the Court, for the Queen has taken hardly any notice of him. He seems to have behaved very well, taking great pleasure in the attentions he has received, but giving no cause for complaint by any indecorous or imprudent language; in fact, he seems not to have meddled with politics in any way whatever.

The precedence to be granted to the Prince Consort "did not immediately concern" the Duke of Cumberland in his new dignity, but, on principle, he "refused" to give way. And at an early ceremony, the issue was evaded:

June 6, 1843: . . . The King of Hanover arrived on Friday, too late for the Royal christening, and all the world is asking why he did not arrive in time, or why they did not wait for him.

Conversation, however, was affectionate:

August 6, 1843: . . . They tell a story of him, that one day at Buckingham Palace he proposed to Prince Albert to go out and walk with him. The Prince excused himself, saying he could not walk in the streets, as they should be exposed to inconvenience from the crowd of people. The King replied, "Oh, never mind that. I was still more unpopular than you are now, and used to walk about with perfect impunity."

Greville thus explains that while "there is no great sympathy for the lucky Coburgs in this country"—that is for Leopold of Belgium, the Duchess of Kent, and the Prince Consort himself —"there is still less for King Ernest of Hanover." And the Tory attitude over precedence "will have all the effect of being a slight to the Queen out of a desire to gratify him."

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were no more pleased about it all than was the Duke of Sussex:

February 29, 1840: Every day some little *tracasserie de cour*, or trivial story of affront or squabble comes out. The reason (it seems) why the Cambridges were not asked to the Palace last Monday was that, when Prince Albert's health was proposed at the Queen Dowager's dinner, the Duchess did not rise, though the two Queens did. So to mark a sense of the affront they were not invited. The Duchess, however, declares that she did not observe that the Queen rose, and was not aware that she ought to have done so, or that it was expected, and that she meant nothing. It is patched up and they are invited next Monday. However, it shocks people to see that the Queen takes next to no notice of her paternal relations, treats the English ones as aliens, and seems to consider her German uncles and cousins as her only kith and kin.

Ten years later, the old question cropped up:

November 10, 1850: . . . The Duke of Cambridge and his family have been, and still are, excited about the place he is entitled to occupy in the House of Lords, and they are very angry with me because I said, in my pamphlet on Prince Albert's precedence ten years ago, that he was only entitled to sit as Duke of Cambridge according to the date of his peerage, and this I adhere to now. It is incredible what importance

they attach to this nonsense. The Duchess of Gloucester sent to me to beg a copy of that old pamphlet, and afterward the Chancellor did the same. I have had a correspondence with Lord Redesdale about it, who has taken up the Duke's cause, and sustained it by some very bad arguments and very inapplicable precedents. I have stuck to my original opinion, but nevertheless am now endeavouring to help the Duke to attain his purpose, and have furnished him with a better precedent than he and his advisers have been able to find for themselves.

Other uncles had a reason for amiability—"the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge who each want some additions to their incomes have signified their consent."

Unfortunately, the tact, displayed by the Duke of Sussex, was treated with ingratitude:

July 18, 1838: The Duke of Sussex has quarrelled with the Government on account of their refusal to apply to Parliament for an increased allowance, and his partisans are very angry with Melbourne, and talk of withdrawing their support. The Duke began by requesting Melbourne to bring the matter before the Cabinet, which he did, and the result was that they informed his Royal Highness it could not be done. He was very angry, and the rest of the Royal Family (glad to make bad blood between him and the Whigs) fomented his discontent. The Duke of Cambridge went to Melbourne and begged that he might not stand in the way of his brother's wishes, from its being supposed that, if they were complied with, his own claims could likewise be urged. The Duke, finding he could do nothing with the Government, determined to do what he could for himself, and began to canvass and exert all the influence he possessed among Members of Parliament, and (as he thought) with such success, that he counted upon 250 votes in his favour. He then employed Mr. Gillon to move the matter in the House of Commons, having previously conveyed to Melbourne his intention to do what he could for himself, but not making any communication to Lord John Russell, and directing his confidants to conceal from him what it was intended to do. Accordingly John Russell paid very little attention to the motion of Mr. Gillon, which he saw entered on the Order Book, and when it came on, he opposed it. Peel pronounced a very

warm eulogium upon John Russell's conduct, and the motion was rejected by ninety to forty, the Duke's anticipated supporters having dwindled away to that paltry number. Bitter was his mortification and violent his resentment at this result. He wrote an angry letter to John Russell, to which John sent a temperate and respectful reply, but his Royal Highness has since informed Melbourne that he shall withdraw his support from the Government, and the Duke of Cleveland has likewise given notice that the conduct of Government to the Duke "makes the whole difference" in his disposition to support them. The Duke's friends generally have expressed so much dissatisfaction that it is matter of considerable embarrassment and annoyance to the Government, and if this was to be carried to the length of opposition, or even neutrality, it might be productive of serious consequences, weak as they are. But as this session is about to close, means will probably be found of pacifying them before the opening of the next. Much of the mischief has arisen from the want of communication and understanding between the parties. . . .

. . . The Duke has some sort of claim, under all the circumstances. When King William came to the throne, he told him he was anxious to do what he could for him, and would therefore give him the best thing at his disposal, the Rangership of Windsor Park, 4,000l. a year; but immediately after came Lord Grey's economical reforms, which swept this away. The King then gave him Bushey; but it was found necessary to settle a jointure house on the Queen Dowager, and Bushey was taken from him for this purpose. At last they gave him the Rangership of Hyde Park, and he had actually drawn for the first quarter's salary, when the salary was done away with, so that he has been three times disappointed, and he really is over head and ears in debt. It is now more difficult than ever to do anything for him, because all parties are committed, and there is a vote of the House of Commons recorded against the grant. In his dudgeon, he talks of withdrawing from politics, and of selling by public auction all his personal property, library included.

The Duke of Sussex "fancies (it seems) that *he made* Lord Grey's Administration." And naturally:

July 18, 1838: . . . He had buoyed himself up with the notion that his popularity was so great that there would be a Parliamentary demonstration in his favour sufficient to compel the Ministers to yield, and he now sees how much he overrated it, and miscalculated the support he fancied he had secured. What he complains of with the greatest bitterness is the conduct of Lord Howick in having asked Mr. Hawes to oppose this grant: "that the son of the man whose administration I made only a few years ago should have canvassed others to oppose me is the deepest wound that ever was inflicted on me."

What particularly disturbed the Duke was his heraldic prestige:

March 18, 1840: . . . He is dissatisfied on account of the banners of the Knights of the Garter having been moved in St. George's Chapel, to make room for Prince Albert's, I suppose; but I could not quite make out what it was he complained of, only he said when such a disposition had been shown in all quarters to meet her Majesty's wishes, and render to the Prince all honour, they ought not to push matters farther than they can properly do, &c. . . . something to this effect. He is not altogether pleased with the Court; that is evident.

The situation was complicated by the marriage of the aged Prince to Lady Cecilia Underwood, without the Queen's formal consent under the Royal Marriage Act. The marriage was recognized but only on condition that the lady's title be Duchess of Inverness and not Sussex:

March 18, 1840: . . . I dined yesterday at Devonshire House, a dinner of forty people to feast the Royalties of Sussex and Capua with their quasi-Consorts, for I know not whether the Princess of Capua is according to Neapolitan law a real Princess any more than our Cecilia is a real Duchess, which she certainly is not, nor takes the title, though every now and then somebody gives it her. However, there they were yesterday in full possession of all the dignities of their husbands. The Duke [of Devonshire] made a mystery of the order in which he meant them to go out to dinner, and would let nobody know how it was all to be till the moment came. He then made the Duke of Sussex go out first with the Princess of Capua, next the Prince

with Lady Cecilia, and he himself followed with the Duchess of Somerset, and so on.

The last act of the Duke of Sussex was to renounce whatever of his "precedence" was left:

April 23, 1843: The Duke of Sussex died yesterday, and his memory has been very handsomely treated by the press of different shades of politics. He placed the Court in great embarrassment by leaving directions that he should be buried at the Cemetery in the Harrow Road; and there was a grand consultation yesterday, whether this arrangement should be carried into effect, or whether the Queen should take on herself to have him buried with the rest of the Royal Family at Windsor.

May 7, 1843: . . . It is unnecessary to say that the discussion about the Duke of Sussex's funeral ended by his being buried with Royal honours at Kensal Green. It all went off very decently and in an orderly manner. Peel and the Duke, in both Houses, spoke of him very properly and feelingly. He seems to have been a kind-hearted man, and was beloved by his household. On his deathbed he caused all his servants to be introduced to his room, took leave of them all, and shook hands with some.

The Queen was married, not in Westminster Abbey, but in the Chapel of St. James's Palace, a very small edifice. Over invitations other than Wellington's therefore, difficulties were reported:

February 13, 1840: She [the Queen] had been as wilful, obstinate, and wrong-headed as usual about her invitations, and some of her foolish and mischievous Courtiers were boasting that out of above 300 people in the Chapel there would only be five Tories; of these five, two were the joint Great Chamberlains Willoughby and Cholmondeley, whom they could hardly omit, and one Ashley, the husband of Melbourne's niece, the other two were Lord Liverpool her own old friend, and the Duke, but there was a hesitation about inviting them. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were not there, and she did worse than not invite them, for though the day of the ceremony had been fixed a month before, and it was well known that they were at Alnwick, the invitation was sent to them so

late that they could not have got it in time to come, and the truth is that it was intended not to invite them at all. Nothing could be more improper and foolish than to make this a mere Whig party, and if she was to make a selection she might with great propriety have invited all those, such as the Dukes of Rutland and Exeter, who had formerly received and entertained her at their houses, but she would not, and stuffed in a parcel of Whigs, taken apparently at haphazard, in preference to any of these.

The Queen was, in fact, as nervous and as unaccountable as other brides:

February 15, 1840: . . . It is a very curious fact, but perfectly true, that a few days before her marriage, she felt considerable misgivings about the step she was going to take. She was very nervous and feverish, so much so that they fancied she was going to have the measles. In this state she got alarmed for the result of her matrimonial venture, and she said:

"After all, it is a very hazardous experiment, and how unhappy I shall be if it does not answer. I have always had my own way, and particularly for the last two years, and suppose he should endeavour to thwart me, and oppose me in what I like, what a dreadful thing it would be."

I dare say the words are incorrectly reported, but the fact and the substance are correct and true, and this, though they say she is in love with him. It is her dread of being thwarted, and her love of power, stronger than love, which stirred up these doubts and this emotion. The best thing for her will be, that he should have some firmness and resolution, and should show it, for her guidance and restraint.

February 13, 1840: . . . The wedding on Monday went off tolerably well. The week before was fine, and Albert drove about the town with a mob shouting at his heels. Tuesday, Wednesday, and to-day, all beautiful days; but Monday, as if by a malignant influence, was a dreadful day—torrents of rain, and violent gusts of wind. Nevertheless, a countless multitude thronged the park and was scattered over the town. I never beheld such a congregation as there was, in spite of the weather. The Queen proceeded in state from Buckingham House to St.

James's without any cheering, but then it was raining enough to damp warmer loyalty than that of a London mob. The procession in the Palace was pretty enough by all accounts, and she went through the ceremony with much grace and propriety, not without emotion, though sufficiently subdued, and her manner to her family was very pretty and becoming. Upon leaving the Palace for Windsor she and her young husband were pretty well received; but they went off in a very poor and shabby style. Instead of the new chariot in which most married people are accustomed to dash along, they were in one of the old travelling coaches, the postillions in undress liveries, and with a small escort, three other coaches with post horses following. The crowds on the road were so great that they did not reach the Castle till eight o'clock.

February 13, 1840: . . . Her honeymoon seems to be a very curious affair, more strange than delicate, and even her best friends are shocked and hurt at her not conforming more than she is doing to English customs and at not continuing for a short space in that retirement, which modesty and native delicacy generally prescribe, and which few Englishwomen would be content to avoid, but she does not think any such restraint necessary. Married on Monday, she collected an immense party on Wednesday, and she sent off in a hurry for Clarence Paget, to go down and assist at a ball or rather dance, which she chose to have at the Castle last night. This is a proceeding quite unparalleled, and Lady Palmerston said to me last night that she was much vexed that she had nobody about her who could venture to tell her that this was not becoming and would appear indelicate; but she has nobody who dares tell her, or she will not endure to hear such truth. Normanby said to me the same thing. It is a pity Melbourne, when she desired him to go there on Wednesday, did not tell her she had better not have him, nor anybody except perhaps her own family. He probably did not think about it. It was much remarked too that she and Prince Albert were up very early on Tuesday morning, walking about, which is very contrary to her former habits. Strange that a bridal night should be so short, and I told Lady Palmerston that this was not the way to provide us with a Prince of Wales.

February 26, 1840: Called on the Duke of Bedford yesterday morning, and had a long talk about the Court, when he told me

several little things (in great confidence) about Prince Albert's position, how little to be envied, and possibly hereafter to be pitied. Taken from his family, who adored him, and from his country and habits, and put down in the midst of a grandeur which is so very heavy and dull, and which unless something is done to improve the social gaiety of the Court must end by fatiguing and disgusting him. The Duchess of Bedford's impression is that the Queen is excessively in love with him, but he not a bit with her. All the courtiers point with admiration to their walking together arm in arm in the garden, and say how charming it is to see such signs of mutual passion, but the Duchess does not think it is mutual, and he gives her the impression of not being happy. The Duchess of Saxe Coburg told her (or some of them) that there never were such heartbreaking scenes as his leave-taking of his family, eternal as it must be.

CHAPTER LIX

STROLLING IN EXILE

MELBOURNE now "seemed to hold office for no other purpose than that of dining at Buckingham Palace." In other words, "his great object seemed to be to keep a rickety concern together, less from political ambition than from his personal feelings for the Queen." He was (February 27, 1841) "only Prime Minister in name and has no authority. He is all in all at Buckingham Palace but very little in Downing Street."

January 9, 1841: The other day at Windsor, when Clarendon was sitting talking with Melbourne, the latter in his lounging way, as if thinking aloud, said, "In all my experience, I never remember such a state of things as the present; I never remember, in the course of my political life, anything at all like it; it can't last—it's impossible this government can go on; Palmerston in communication with the Tories—Palmerston and Ashley —" and then he stopped. Clarendon said, "What! you think Palmerston and the Tories will come together?" To which Melbourne nodded assent. "And which," Clarendon persevered, "will come to the other: will Palmerston go to Ashley, or will Ashley come to Palmerston?" To which Melbourne chuckled and grunted, laughed and rubbed his hands, and only said, "Oh, I don't know." These are the sentiments of the Prime Minister about his own government—a strange state of things.

August 15, 1839: Those who watch the course of events, and who occasionally peep behind the curtain, have but a sorry spectacle to contemplate: a government miserably weak, dragging on a sickly existence, now endeavouring to curry a little favour with one party, now with another, so unused to stand, and so incapable of standing, on any great principles, that at last they have, or appear to have, none to stand on; buffeted by their antagonists, and often by their supporters in Parliament; despised by the country at large; clinging to office merely to gratify the whim and the fancy of a young Queen, who has

herself become an object of indifference or of odium, while they are just sufficiently supported in the House of Commons to keep their places, and not to carry their measures.

"These are statesmen," cries Greville, "and this is government, and here we have a beginning of the evils that the caprice and folly of the Queen, backed as they were by the wickedness of the Whigs, were certain to entail."

August 24, 1840: . . . Our Cabinet is a complete republic, and Melbourne, their ostensible head, has no overruling authority, and is too indolent and too averse to energetic measures to think of having any, or to desire it. Any man of resolution and obstinacy does what he will with Melbourne.

November 29, 1848: . . . He abhorred disputes and quarrels of every description, and he was constantly temporizing and patching them up when they occurred in his Cabinet (as they often did) by all sorts of expedients, seldom asserting either the dignity or the authority of his position as head of the Government. Such weak and unworthy misrule brought his Cabinet, his party, and himself into contempt, and it was unquestionably in great measure owing to his want of judgment and firmness that they became so unpopular, and at last fell with so little credit and dignity as they did in 1841.

Melbourne used to say (June 3, 1833), "now that we are much hated as they [the Tories] were, we shall stay in forever." But the Government began at last to sustain defeats:

May 2, 1841: . . . After the first division, Clarendon wrote to me as follows: "The defeat last night was a signal one. We have had a Cabinet about it, and I went there fully expecting that resignation would be the order of the day—*the word never crossed the lips of anyone!*"

In 1839, the Whigs began to depend on the Irish:

September 23, 1839: Lady Holland asked me the other night what I thought of their prospects, and I told her I thought them very bad. She said, "The fact is, we have nothing to rely upon but the Queen and Paddy." This has since struck me as being an epigrammatic but very correct description of their position.

The extent to which the Whigs bargained for the Irish Vote had always been a matter of controversy:

March 12, 1836: The celebrated meeting at Lichfield House, which was afterward described as the Lichfield House Compact, was held on this day, the 12th March. It was supposed to have cemented the union between the leader of the Whig party and O'Connell. But in fact there was no compact at all, and the whole proceedings at the meeting consisted in attempts, made for a long time in vain, to induce Mr. Hume to abandon his motion for limiting the supplies.

In the meantime [February 28, 1838] "the Tory geese may cackle" and "men like Jemmy Bradshaw and Sir John Tyrrell (with the gout) may wear their hats and crutches in triumph."

September 5, 1839: Among other bad signs of these times, one is the decay of *loyalty* in the Tory party; the Tory principle is completely destroyed by party rage. No Opposition was ever more rabid than this is, no people ever treated or spoke of the Sovereign with such marked disrespect. They seem not to care one straw for the Crown, its dignity, or its authority, because the head on which it is placed does not nod with benignity to them. An example of this took place the other day, when at a dinner at Shrewsbury the company refused to drink the health of the new Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Sutherland (a man not personally obnoxious), because the Duchess of Sutherland is at the head of the Queen's female household. This reproach does not apply to the leaders of the party, who are too wise and too decorous to hold such language or to approve such conduct; but this is the *animus* which distinguishes the tail and the body, and they take no pains to conceal it.

London, November 8, 1839: . . . Next to this episode, Jemmy Bradshaw's speech at Canterbury has attracted the greatest attention, and he has been for many days the hero of newspaper discussion. This speech, which was a tissue of folly and impertinence, but principally remarkable for a personal attack of the most violent and indecent kind upon the Queen, was received with shouts of applause at a Conservative dinner, and reported with many compliments, and some gentle reprehension, by the Tory press. His example has since been followed in a less offensive style by two others calling themselves Tories—a Mr. Roby and a Mr. Escott. Of these rabid and disloyal ef-

fusions, the Government papers have not failed to make the most, by pointing out the disaffected and almost treasonable character of modern Toryism when embittered by exclusion from office; and there is no doubt that, contemptible as the authors are, their senseless and disgusting exhibitions are calculated to do great mischief; for, if no other evil ensued, it is one of no small consequence to sour the mind of the Queen still more against the whole Tory party, and fasten upon her an impression which it will be difficult to efface, that she is odious and her authority contemptible in their eyes, so long as she is unfavourable to them, and commits herself to other hands than theirs. Peel is to be pitied for having to lead such an unruly and unprincipled faction.

Horsman, the Whig member for Cockermouth, declared that (January 17, 1840) "Bradshaw had the tongue of a traitor and the heart of a coward." In a duel, therefore, "they exchanged shots":

January 18, 1840: . . . Bradshaw behaved very well. After the shots, Gurwood [his second] asked if Horsman would retract. Anson [Horsman's second] said, "No, not till Bradshaw did or apologized." Gurwood then said to Anson, "Will you propose to him to do so? I cannot." So he did. Bradshaw was deeply affected; owned he had been miserable ever since; said he could not live without honour, but would say anything that Anson and Gurwood (and he felt his honour as safe with the former as the latter) would agree that he could and ought to say; and George Anson drew up his apology, and did not make it stronger, because he would not press him hard. The fact is, he is much indebted to Horsman for getting him out, in some measure, of a very bad scrape.

Gurwood was the editor of the Duke's despatches, for which service he had just been appointed Governor of the Tower. According to Greville, he was thus "a silly fellow . . . to meddle" in the affair.

That the Queen on her part was embittered against the Tories, could not be denied:

January 22, 1840: . . . Yesterday morning the Duke of Bedford came to me, to beg I would suggest some Lord for the

situation of Chief of Prince Albert's establishment, for they can get none who is eligible. They want a Peer, a Whig, and a man of good sense, character and education, something rather better than common, and such an one willing to put on Court trappings they find not easily to be had. We made out a list, to be shown to Melbourne, who had consulted the Duke of Bedford, and asked him for a man. We talked over the bitter hostility between the Queen and the Tories, and he said that Melbourne did everything he could to mitigate her feelings, and to make her understand that she must not involve the whole party in the reproach which justly attaches to a few foolish or mischievous zealots, so much so that lately, when the Queen was inveighing against the Tories to somebody (he would not say to whom), and complaining of their behaviour to her, she added, "It is very odd, but I cannot get Lord Melbourne to see it in that light."

June 18, 1841: . . . The Queen went to Nuneham last week for Prince Albert's visit to Oxford, when he was made a Doctor. Her name was very well received, and so was the Prince himself in the theatre; but her Ministers, individually and collectively, were hissed and hooted with all the vehemence of Oxonian Toryism. Her Majesty said she thought it very disrespectful to the Prince to hiss her Ministers in his presence; but she must learn to bear with such manifestations of sentiment and not fancy that these Academici will refrain from expressing their political opinions in any presence, even in her own. They will think it quite sufficient to be civil and respectful to her name and her Consort's person, and will treat her obnoxious Ministers just as they think fit.

Downham, October 24, 1840: . . . If the Queen was not a spoiled child, only intent upon the gratification of her social predilections, if she was sensible of the great duty she owes to the country, and of the peril in which it is placed, instead of thinking by what contrivings and patchings up she can keep in the men, or rather *the man* (for she is probably indifferent to all the rest) she likes, and keep out those she detests, instead of being thus influenced by personal feelings, she would see the necessity of meeting the dangers and difficulties of our position by firmness, capacity, and union. But this is too much to expect from her. She is blinded by her partialities, and she does not perceive

the magnitude of the evils which must flow from the mistrust, disunion, and weakness, which prevail in her government and above all from the deplorable but mischievous imbecility of her Prime Minister.

Confident in the reformed electorate, "the Whig masses" (May 7, 1841) began to be "clamorous for a dissolution," to which "desperate plunge," however, Melbourne was "exceedingly averse." The Queen, too, was "very unhappy."

May 7, 1841: From what Lady Palmerston told me last night, her Majesty is prepared in the last necessity to resign herself to her fate, but it will be with a sort of sulky acquiescence, which will render the change very disagreeable to all the parties concerned, and which indicates the imperfect conception she has of the duties her station imposes on her. All this she must learn, and the sooner she begins the lesson the better.

May 9, 1841: . . . Meanwhile the Queen is behaving very well. She is very unhappy at the situation of affairs, and at the change with which she is menaced, but she is acting with dignity and propriety. She says she will express no wish and no opinion; whatever she is advised to do she will do, but she remains perfectly passive, and makes no attempts to urge Melbourne to take any course which his own judgment does not approve. This the Duke of Bedford told me yesterday, and it is to her credit.

May 11, 1841: . . . Melbourne is in a state of great agitation and disquietude, labouring under a sense of the enormous responsibility which rests upon him, embarrassed on one side by the importunities of his friends, and, on the other, alarmed at the danger of taking so desperate a step; and he says very truly and sensibly that in his opinion the Queen should never make an appeal to the people which was not likely to be successful.

However, "Melbourne's weak vacillating mind" (May 19, 1841) is "overpersuaded and he consents to what he so highly disapproves."

What brought matters to a head was the defeat of the Government on the sugar duties by thirty-six votes and on a direct motion of confidence by one vote:

June 6, 1841: . . . They left no stone unturned to procure a majority, and brought down a lord (Douglas Haliburton) who

is in a state of drivelling idiotcy, and quite incapable of comprehending what he was about. This poor wretch was brought in a chair; they got him into the House, and then wheeled him past the tellers. Charles Howard, Melbourne's private secretary, told me he thought it was a monstrous and indecent proceeding.

For the Whigs (July 11th) the election was "irretrievably lost."

July 11, 1841: . . . They have done their utmost to make the Queen the ostensible head of their party, to identify her with them and their measures, and they have caused the Crown to be placed in that humiliating condition which Melbourne so justly deprecated when the question was first mooted.

On a test division (August 28th), the Government was defeated in the new House of Commons by ninety-one votes.

In the House of Lords (August 25th) "Melbourne was miserable; he never made so bad a speech, mere buffoonery." But the Duke [Wellington] "complimented [him] handsomely on the judicious advice and good instruction he had given the Queen."

August 4, 1841: . . . The next thing from which the Whigs hope to derive benefit is the hostile disposition of the Queen toward the Tory Government, and this they do their utmost to foster and keep up as far as writings and speeches go; but I do not believe that Melbourne does any such thing, and he alone has access to the Queen's ear and to her secret thoughts. With him alone she communicates without reserve, and to none of his colleagues, not even to John Russell, does he impart *all* that passes between them. The best thing she can possibly do is to continue in her confidential habits with him as far as possible, for I am persuaded he will give her sound and honest advice; he will mitigate instead of exasperating her angry feelings, and instruct her in the duties and obligations of her position, and try at least to persuade her that her dignity, her happiness, and her interest are all concerned in her properly discharging them. He has faults enough of various kinds, but he is a man of honour and of sense, and he is deeply attached to the Queen. He will prefer her honour and repose to any interests of party, and it is my firm conviction that he will labour

to inspire her with just notions and sound principles, and as far as in him lies will smooth the difficulties which would be apt to clog her intercourse with his successors . . . every one of whom she cordially detests. She has been evidently spoilt; the adulation to which she has been accustomed since she came to the throne, and her own lofty ideas (however imbibed) of her own pretensions, have made her look upon the contradiction to her will and pleasure in the necessity of accepting men she dislikes, and parting with those she likes, as an injury and insult. She dislikes the whole Tory Cabinet *en masse*, because they are to be the Cabinet; she hates Peel from old recollections, and she never can forgive him, because she is conscious that she behaved ill to him; she hates Stanley as a renegade from the party she prefers, and her childish and capricious fancy is exhibited in her hatred of Graham, to whom she has taken an aversion *because he is so like Conroy*.

August 24, 1841: On Saturday at Windsor for a Council, for the Speech: the last Council, I presume, which these Ministers will hold. Nothing particular occurred. I believe that the Queen is extremely annoyed at what is about to take place, and would do anything to avert it; but as that is impossible, she has made up her mind to it. She seemed to me to be in her usual state of spirits. The truth is, when it comes to the point, that it is very disagreeable to have a complete change of decoration, to part with all the faces she has been accustomed to, and see herself surrounded with new ones, as she never takes any notice of them, and never addresses her household but to give her orders. That, however, is a very immaterial matter in comparison with the loss of Melbourne's society, and of those confidential habits which have become such an essential part of her existence.

September 4, 1841: Went yesterday to Claremont for the Council, at which the new Ministers were appointed—a day of severe trial for the Queen, who conducted herself in a manner which excited my greatest admiration and was really touching to see. All the members of the Old Government who had Seals or Wands to surrender were there (not Melbourne), and in one room; the new Cabinet and Privy Councillors were assembled in another, all in full dress. The Household were in the Hall. The Queen saw the people one after another, having already given audience to Peel. After this was over she sent for me to

inform her in what way the Seals were to be transferred to the new men. I found her with the Prince, and the table covered with bags and boxes. She desired I would tell her what was to be done, and if she must receive them in the Closet, or give them their Seals in the Council. I told her the latter was the usual form, and it was of course that which she preferred. Having explained the whole course of the proceeding to her, she begged I would take the Seals away, which I accordingly did, and had them put upon the Council table. She looked very much flushed, and her heart was evidently brim full, but she was composed, and throughout the whole of the proceedings, when her emotion might very well have overpowered her, she preserved complete self-possession, composure, and dignity. This struck me as a great effort of self-control, and remarkable in so young a woman. Taking leave is always a melancholy ceremony, and to take leave of those who have been about her for four years, whom she likes, and whom she thinks are attached to her, together with all the reminiscences and reflections which the occasion was calculated to excite, might well have elicited uncontrollable emotions. But though her feelings were quite evident, she succeeded in mastering them, and she sat at the Council Board with a complete presence of mind, and when she declared the President and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland her voice did not falter. Though no courtier and not disposed to be particularly indulgent to her, I did feel a strong mixture of pity and admiration at such a display of firmness. The Household almost all came to resign, but as Peel had not got their successors ready, she would not accept their resignations, and she was right. They came to me to know what was to be done. I went to Peel, who wrote down the only people he had to name—Master of the Horse, Steward, and Vice Chamberlain. I gave the paper to the Queen, and it was settled that Erroll and Belfast should alone resign. Lord Jersey kissed hands as Master of the Horse, and the rest continued to discharge their functions as before. Peel told me that she had behaved perfectly to him, and that he had said to her that he considered it his first and greatest duty to consult her happiness and comfort; that no person should be proposed to her who could be disagreeable to her, and that whatever claims or pretensions might be put forward on the score of parliamentary or political in-

fluence, nothing should induce him to listen to them, and he would take upon himself the whole responsibility of putting an extinguisher on such claims in any case in which they were inconsistent with her comfort or opposed to her inclination. I asked him if she had taken this well, and met it in a corresponding spirit, and he said, "Perfectly." In short, he was more than satisfied; he was charmed with her. She sent to know if any of the new Ministers wished to see her, but the only one who did so was the Duke of Wellington, who had an audience of a few minutes. He told me afterward that she reproached him for not taking office, and had been very kind to him. He told her that she might rely on it he had but one object, and that was to serve her in every way that he possibly could; but he thought he could be more useful to her without an office than with one; that there were younger men coming on whom it was better to put in place; and, in or out, she would find him always devoted to her person in any way in which he could render himself useful to her. So that everything went off very well, plenty of civilities, and nothing unpleasant; but, for all these honeyed words, affable resignation on her part, and humble expressions of duty and devotion on theirs, her heart is very sore, and her thoughts will long linger on the recollections of the past.

"Strangely enough," Greville was "established as the medium of communication between the present and the past Prime Ministers" and had "got the office of smoothing away the asperities of royal and official intercourse."

September 4, 1841: . . . I told him [Melbourne] how well she had behaved in the morning, and all Peel had said to me, and that he might rely on it Peel wished and intended to consult her comfort in every way, and that he had spoken to me with great feeling of the painful situation in which he was placed, and how impossible it was for any man with the commonest feelings of a gentleman not to be annoyed to the greatest degree at being the instrument, however unavoidably, of giving her so much pain. I told him that I knew Peel, so far from taking umbrage at the continuance of his social relations with her, was desirous that they should not be broken off. Melbourne said, "That was a very difficult matter, not on Peel's account,

for he had never imagined he would feel otherwise, but from other considerations."

As for Peel:

September 4, 1841: . . . He said that "it was ridiculous to suppose he could have any jealousy of the kind, that he had full reliance on the Queen's fairness toward him, and besides he knew very well how useless it would be to interfere, if there were any disposition to act unfairly toward him, as he was sure there would not be. Nothing he could do could prove effectual to prevent any mischief, and therefore implicit confidence was the wisest course. . . ."

He then talked of his communications with the Queen. He said that he had told her that if any other Ministerial arrangement had been possible, if any other individual could have been substituted for him, as far as his personal inclinations were concerned, he should have been most ready to give way to such person; but it was impossible for him not to be aware that no man but himself could form the Government, and that he had taken on himself responsibilities, and owed obligations to his party, which compelled him to accept the task. The Queen had agreed upon this necessity, and upon the impossibility of anybody else being substituted for him. He said a great deal to me of his own indifference to office, of the enormous sacrifices which it entailed upon him; and as to power, that he possessed enough of power out of office to satisfy him, if power was his object. He had told the Queen that his present position enabled him to make concessions to her which it was impossible for him to do in '39, when he was so weak and in a minority in the House of Commons; that now he could consult her wishes in a manner that was then out of his power, and with regard to her Household she should have no one forced upon her contrary to her own inclination. As to her ladies, he hoped, under the circumstances, she would take Conservatives, but he had no desire to suggest any particular individuals. Those who were most agreeable to her would be most acceptable to him, and he begged her to make her own selection. As to the men, she had said she did not care who they were, provided they were of good character; but every appointment had been made in concert with her, and it so happened that they were all exactly such as he had wished to

make, as well as such as she liked to have. He then repeated that he would not suffer her to be annoyed with the pretensions of any people who would be disagreeable to her. He knew that there were many expectations, and would be many disappointments, but he could not help that, and if Conservatives were not ready to make some personal sacrifices—if for the advantage of having their party placed in power they would not postpone their claims—he could not help it, and must take the consequences whatever they might be.

September 17, 1841: . . . Peel told me that nobody could form an idea of what he had had to go through in the disposal of places, the adjustment of conflicting claims, and in answering particular applications, everybody thinking their own case the strongest in the world, and that they alone ought to be excepted from any general rule. I take it the examples of selfishness and self-sufficiency have been beyond all conception. A few I heard of: old Maryborough at seventy-nine years old is not content with passing the few years he may have to live in repose, and is indignant that nothing was offered to him.

The Queen's Whig ladies were again in a delicate situation:

May 11, 1841: . . . To do them justice, they seem only anxious to put matters in train for averting any repetition of the embarrassment which proved fatal to Peel two years ago, and which might again be productive of a good deal of difficulty and some unpleasant feeling. They want to make things go on smoothly, and to reconcile the dignity of the Queen with the consistency of Peel. Their own feelings, and those of the ladies themselves, would suggest resignation, but then they shrink from the idea of deserting the Queen.

Enough that the three Whig ladies—Sutherland, Bedford, and Normanby—disappeared.

Things were beginning to be dull. On a visit to Chiswick, "it rained half the time and it was very formal":

June 20, 1841: The Queen cannot, and will not, encourage conversation; nothing of the kind is ever attempted and as Melbourne was not there [at Chiswick] she had nobody to talk to.

June 12, 1841: . . . Dined at the Castle on Thursday; one

hundred people in St. George's Hall; very magnificent, blazing with gold plate and light, and very tiresome. In the evening Mdlle. Rachel came to recite, which she did *à trois reprises* on a sort of stage made in the embrasure of the window, from *Bajazet*, *Marie Stuart*, and *Andromaque*. It is so much less effective than her acting (besides my unfortunate inability to follow and comprehend French declamation) that it was fatiguing, but it served to occupy the evening, which is always the great difficulty in Royal society. The Queen was pretty well received on the course, and her party consisted in great measure of Tory guests.

It was idle to deny that the Queen felt keenly the loss of Melbourne:

September 1, 1841: On Monday morning Peel went down to Windsor. He was well enough satisfied with his reception. The Queen was civil, but dejected; she repeated (what she said two years ago) the expression of her regret at parting with her Ministers. Peel, with very good taste, told her that, as he had never presumed to anticipate his being sent for, he had had no communications with anybody, and was quite unprepared with any list to submit to her, and must therefore crave for time. It was settled that he should have another audience this morning.

September 6, 1841: . . . She said Peel was so shy that it made her shy, and this renders their intercourse difficult and embarrassing, but Melbourne thinks this may wear off in time. I said it might be eased by his cultivating the Prince, with whom he could discuss art, literature, and the tastes they had in common.

We must realize that it was only because of Melbourne that she had been partial to the Whigs. She had "no notion of a Whig Government" except with him as Prime Minister (September, 1841) and she "cares for nobody else." She "loved to have Melbourne domesticated at Windsor Castle," and if she favoured his party, it was only because "she could not have him there on any other terms."

She began thus to be fond of the Tories:

August 12, 1841: . . . He [the Duke of Bedford] told me that Melbourne had worked hard to reconcile the Queen's mind to

the impending change, and to tranquillize her and induce her to do properly what she will have to do; and the Prince has done the same, and that their efforts have been successful.

September 17, 1841: A Council at Windsor on Wednesday, the first since the change. It went off very well, all the new Ministers being satisfied with their reception. The Queen was very gracious and good-humoured.

December 9, 1841: . . . I asked Graham how they were going on with the Queen. He said, "Very well. They sought for no favour and were better without it. She was very civil, very gracious, and even, on two or three little occasions, she had granted favours in a way that was indicative of good will." He said that they treated her with profound respect and the greatest attention. He made it a rule to address her as he would a sensible *man*, laying all matters before her, with the reasons for the advice he tendered, and he thought this was the most legitimate as well as judicious flattery that could be offered to her, and such as must gratify her, and the more because there was no appearance of flattery in it, and nothing but what was fit and proper.

September 1, 1842: . . . The Queen, too, is to all appearance on just as good terms with the present Government as she was with the last. There is no such intimacy with anybody as there was with Melbourne, but she is very civil to all her Ministers, invites them constantly to her house, and, what is curious, hardly ever takes any notice of those members of the late Government and Household whom she appeared not to be able to live without; even Melbourne is very rarely a guest either at Windsor or at Buckingham House.

September 24, 1842: . . . We had a Council at Windsor yesterday, where I met Peel for the first time since his return from Scotland. We now go to the Council and return to town after it, instead of being invited to remain there, which is a very great improvement. This custom has gradually superseded the other without the appearance of anything offensive or uncivil, and is no doubt much more agreeable to the Queen, who has no mind to have more of the society of her present Ministers than she can help.

August 6, 1843: . . . The Court is entirely on their [the Tory] side. The Queen never cared for any individual of her old

government but Melbourne, and she knows that his political life is closed; she feels that her own personal comfort is much greater with Peel's Government and large majority, than it ever was, or is likely to be again with the Whigs. She remembers what a state of continual agitation she was kept in, when they never knew from day to day whether they should not be beaten and turned out, and she infinitely prefers her present state of security and repose, especially as the present Ministers do all they can to please her, and her husband is their strenuous and avowed friend.

Melbourne, on his side, felt the change. He "never can speak of the Queen (August 21, 1845) without tears coming into his eyes; he is, however, in a very nervous lachrymose state."

November 29, 1848: . . . At the time Melbourne left office he was only an occasional guest at Court, but the Queen continued to correspond with him constantly, and gave him frequent proofs that her regard for him was undiminished. He took very little part in politics after 1841, and it was not long before his health began to give way. He had been so completely absorbed by the Court that for many years he had been almost lost to society; but as soon as he was out of office, he resumed his old habits, and was continually to be found at Holland House, at Lady Palmerston's, and with a few other intimate friends. There he loved to lounge and sprawl at his ease, pouring out a rough but original stream of talk, shrewd, playful, and instructive. His distinctive qualities were strong sound sense, and an innate taste for what was great and good, either in action or sentiment. His mind kindled, his eye brightened, and his tongue grew eloquent when noble examples or sublime conceptions presented themselves before him. He would not have passed "unmoved by any scene that was consecrated by virtue, by valour, or by wisdom." But while he pursued truth, as a philosopher, his love of paradox made him often appear a strange mass of contradiction and inconsistency.

October 29, 1842: Lord Melbourne has had an attack of palsy, very slight, and he is recovering, but it is of course alarming. He is not himself aware of the nature of the seizure, and asks if it was lumbago. This shows how slight it was.

December 13, 1843: . . . I dined with Lady Holland the other

day, and met Melbourne for the second time only since his illness. He looked tolerably well in the face, but was feeble and out of spirits. He had been at the Queen's party at Chatsworth, which excited him, and was bad for him. At first he attempted to talk in his old strain; but it was evidently an effort, he soon relapsed into silence, and was in a hurry to get away the moment dinner was over. I have no doubt he chafes and frets under the consciousness of his decay.

Broadlands, December 29, 1843: I came here to-day, having passed the previous week at Brighton with the Granvilles; found nobody but Melbourne and the Beauvales; the former in pretty good force, more grave, more silent than formerly, but with intervals of talkativeness in his usual tone and manner. Things drop from him now and then, curious or interesting.

January 26, 1848: Came back from Brocket on Monday. Melbourne not much inclined to talk; he dines at a quarter-past seven, and he went to bed, or at least to his room, at half-past eight.

Victoria herself knew that it was a vain mirage:

January 16, 1843: . . . The public had not returned to them [the Whigs], and the Queen, their great supporter, has certainly fallen away from them. She has found, after a year's experience, that she can go on very happily and comfortably with the objects of her former detestation. She never cared a farthing for any of the late Cabinet but Melbourne, and besides having apparently ceased to care very much about him, now that his recent attack has made his restoration to office impossible, she will have no motive whatever for desiring all the trouble and risk attending a change of Government, and I have no sort of doubt she would infinitely prefer that matters should remain as they are.

After leaving office, Melbourne's correspondence with the Queen certainly did continue. Granville was to tell Greville the view of it, communicated to him by Baron Stockmar:

London, October 30, 1854: . . . I had always imagined that Melbourne had played throughout a very honourable part toward the Queen and to the Government that succeeded his own, and in the sketch of his character that I drew up, I gave

him credit for so doing, and I was naturally confirmed in the view by the communication of which I was myself the bearer from him to Peel. I was therefore much surprised to hear that after his retirement he continued constantly to correspond with the Queen on political subjects, and that not only Stockmar but Prince Albert himself had not been able to persuade her to give up this dangerous and unconstitutional intercourse. At length, on one occasion, Melbourne wrote to her that she had now an opportunity of delivering herself from Sir Robert Peel, and that he was ready to inform her how she might accomplish it. Stockmar saw this letter and told the Prince (and I think the Queen too) that this was too bad, and that the correspondence *must* be stopped, and he undertook to put an end to it. He accordingly wrote to Melbourne and told him he had seen this letter, remonstrated with him on its contents in the strongest terms, and proposed an interview with him. Melbourne wrote him back word (without appearing at all offended) that as soon as he went to town he would see him and send for him for the purpose. When Stockmar said he would put an end to it, the Prince asked him *how*, and he replied he would write to him and ask to see him, that the interview would never take place, but that Melbourne would leave off writing, and exactly as he had said, it took place. The Queen and Melbourne continued to correspond till the end of his life, but never again about politics. This anecdote explains why she was so excessively anxious to get back her letters to Melbourne, and all the stir she made about it when he died, and her annoyance at not getting them at all. It is also curious as showing how gradually the Prince's influence increased, and that at first he was by no means so powerful as he afterward became.

December 9, 1848: Melbourne's conduct in respect to the Queen's correspondence has been unpardonable and considering his fondness of her inconceivable. From the moment of her accession she corresponded with him, whenever they were apart, with the greatest unreserve. Accordingly, after his paralytic attack she got alarmed about her letters and wrote to him to say so, not however asking to have them returned. He ought then to have returned them, but he did not, and seems to have made hardly any reply. At all events if he did not send her

her letters, he ought to have taken measures to secure their immediate restoration to her upon his death, but he did nothing of the kind. He left them with the mass of his papers, and gave no directions about them either in his will or in the letter which he left for Beauvale.

November 29, 1848: . . . His influence and authority at Court were not diminished, nor his position there altered by her marriage; but the Prince, though always living on very friendly terms with him, was secretly rejoiced when the political power of this great favourite was brought to a close; for, so long as Melbourne was there, he undoubtedly played but an obscure and secondary part. . . .

It would be rendering imperfect justice to Melbourne's character to look upon him rather as a courtier than as a statesman, and to fancy that he made his political principles subordinate to his personal predilections. He was deeply attached to the Queen, but he had all the patriotism of an English gentleman, and was jealous of the honour and proud of the greatness of his country. He held office with a profound sense of its responsibilities; there never was a Minister more conscientious in the distribution of patronage, more especially of his ecclesiastical patronage. He was perfectly disinterested, without nepotism, and without vanity; he sought no emoluments for his connections, and steadily declined all honours for himself. The Queen often pressed him to accept the Garter, but he never would consent, and it was remarked that the Prime Minister of England was conspicuous at Court for being alone undecorated amidst the stars and ribands which glittered around him.

CHAPTER LX

BOOKS IN BREECHES

Greville came upon a giant unawares:

February 6, 1832: Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came very late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common-looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbour, I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be, and as he did not for some time open his lips except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or of medicine, perhaps a cholera doctor. In a short time the conversation turned upon early and late education, and Lord Holland said he had always remarked that self-educated men were peculiarly conceited and arrogant, and apt to look down upon the generality of mankind, from their being ignorant of how much other people knew; not having been at public schools, they are uninformed of the course of general education. My neighbour observed that he thought the most remarkable example of self-education was that of Alfieri, who had reached the age of thirty without having acquired any accomplishment save that of driving, and who was so ignorant of his own language that he had to learn it like a child, beginning with elementary books. Lord Holland quoted Julius Cæsar and Scaliger as examples of late education, said that the latter had been wounded and that he had been married and commenced learning Greek the same day, when my neighbour remarked "that he supposed his learning Greek was not an instantaneous act like his marriage." This remark, and the manner of it, gave me the notion that he was a dull fellow, for it came out in a way which bordered on the ridiculous, so as to excite something like a sneer. I was a little surprised to hear him continue the thread of conversation (from Scaliger's wound) and talk of Loyola having been wounded at Pampeluna. I wondered how he happened to know anything about Loyola's

wound. Having thus settled my opinion, I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbour, "Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?" I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was MACAULAY, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge, and diversified talents have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore of my face, and yet it was impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungainliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never enclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming, unembarrassed, yet not easy, unpolished, yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic. Primogeniture in this country, in others, and particularly in ancient Rome was the principal topic, I think, but Macaulay was not certain what was the law of Rome, except that when a man died intestate his estate was divided between his children. After dinner Talleyrand and Madame de Dino came in. He was introduced to Talleyrand, who told him that he meant to go to the House of Commons on Tuesday, and that he hoped he would speak, "*qu'il avait entendu tous les grands orateurs, et il désirait à présent entendre Monsieur Macaulay.*"

London, September 27, 1835: . . . I have heard of Southey, who would read a book through as he stood in a bookseller's shop; that is, his eye would glance down the page, and by a process partly mechanical, partly intellectual, formed by long habit, he would extract in his synoptical passage all that he required

to know. (Macaulay was, and George Lewis is, just as wonderful in this respect.)

February 9, 1836: I was talking yesterday with Stephen about Brougham and Macaulay. He said he had known Brougham about thirty years, and well remembers walking with him down to Clapham, to dine with Zachary Macaulay, and telling him he would find a prodigy of a boy there of whom he must take notice. This was Tom Macaulay. Brougham afterward put himself forward as the monitor and director of the education of Macaulay, and I remember hearing of a letter he wrote to the father on the subject, which made a great noise at the time; but he was like the man who brought up a young lion, which finished by biting his head off. Brougham and Macaulay disliked each other. Brougham could not forgive his great superiority in many of those accomplishments in which he thought himself unrivalled; and being at no pains to disguise his jealousy and dislike, the other was not behind him in corresponding feelings of aversion. It was unworthy of both, but most of Brougham, who was the aggressor, and who might have considered the world large enough for both of them, and that a sufficiency of fame was attainable by each. Stephen said that if ever Macaulay's life was written by a competent biographer it would appear that he had displayed feats of memory which he believed to be unequalled by any human being. He can repeat all Demosthenes by heart, and all Milton, a great part of the Bible, both in English and (the New Testament) in Greek; besides this his memory retains passages innumerable of every description of books, which in discussion he pours forth with incredible facility. He is passionately fond of Greek literature; has not much taste for Latin or French. Old Mill (one of the best Greek scholars of the day) thinks Macaulay has a more extensive and accurate acquaintance with the Greek writers than any man living, and there is no Greek book of any note which he has not read over and over again. In the Bible he takes great delight, and there are few better Biblical scholars. In law he made no proficiency, and mathematics he abominates; but his great forte is history, especially English history. Here his superhuman memory, which appears to have the faculty of digesting and arranging as well as of retaining, has converted his mind into a mighty magazine of

knowledge, from which, with the precision and correctness of a kind of intellectual machine, he pours forth stores of learning, information, precept, example, anecdote, and illustration with a familiarity and facility not less astonishing than delightful. He writes as if he had lived in the times and among the people whose actions and characters he records and delineates. A little reading, too, is enough for Macaulay, for by some process impossible to other men he contrives to transfer as it were, by an impression rapid and indelible, the contents of the books he reads to his own mind, where they are deposited, always accessible, and never either forgotten or confused. Far superior to Brougham in general knowledge, in fancy, imagination, and in the art of composition, he is greatly inferior to him in those qualities which raise men to social and political eminence. Brougham, tall, thin, and commanding in figure, with a face which, however ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power, variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness, is an orator in every sense of the word. Macaulay, short, fat, and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with rather a lisp, though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high style of eloquence in point of composition, has no pretensions to be put in competition with Brougham in the House of Commons. Nor is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and pours forth floods of knowledge on all subjects; but the gracefulness, lightness, and variety are wanting in his talk which are so conspicuous in his writings; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and not sufficiently flexible, plastic, and diversified for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit, and gaiety—"from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

To this comparison Greville added a note:

February 9, 1836: . . . *Quantum mutatus!* All this has long ceased to be true of Brougham. Macaulay, without having either the wit or the *charm* which constitutes the highest kind of colloquial excellence or success, is a marvellous, and unrivalled (in his way), and a delightful talker.

August 12, 1832: . . . Dined yesterday at Holland House; the

Chancellor, Lord Grey, Luttrell, Palmerston, and Macaulay. The Chancellor [Brougham] was sleepy and would not talk; he uttered nothing but yawns and grunts. Macaulay and Allen disputed history, particularly the character of Emperor Frederick II, and Allen declared himself a Guelf and Macaulay a Ghibelline. Macaulay is a most extraordinary man, and his astonishing knowledge is every moment exhibited, but (as far as I have yet seen of him, which is not sufficient to judge) he is not *agreeable*. His propositions and his allusions are rather too abrupt; he starts topics not altogether naturally; then he has none of the graces of conversation, none of that exquisite tact and refinement which are the result of a felicitous intuition or a long acquaintance with good society, or more probably a mixture of both. The mighty mass of his knowledge is not animated by that subtle spirit of taste and discretion which alone can give it the qualities of lightness and elasticity, and without which, though he may have the power of instructing and astonishing, he never will attain that of delighting and captivating his hearers. The dinner was agreeable, and enlivened by a squabble between Lady Holland and Allen, at which we were all ready to die of laughing. He jeered at something she said as brutal and chuckled at his own wit.

London, November 13, 1833: . . . On Sunday dined with Rogers, Moore, Sydney Smith, Macaulay. Sydney less vivacious than usual, and somewhat overpowered and talked down by what Moore called the "*flumen sermonis*" of Macaulay. Sydney calls Macaulay "a book in breeches." . . . I believe we would all of us have been glad to exchange some of his sense for some of Sydney Smith's nonsense. He told me that he had read Sir Charles Grandison fifteen times!

August 8, 1838: James Stephen yesterday was talking to me about Macaulay. He came to him soon after his return from India, and told him that when there he used to get up at five every morning (as everybody else did), and till nine or ten he read Greek and Latin, and went through the whole range of classical literature of every sort and kind; that one day in the Government library he had met with the works of Chrysostom, fourteen Greek folios, and that he had taken home first one volume and then another, till he had read the whole through, that is, he had not read every word, because he had found that

it contained a great deal of stuff not worth reading, but he had carefully looked at every page, and had actually read the greater part. His object now is to devote himself to literature, and his present project, to write a History of England for the last 150 years, in which Stephen says he would give scope to his fine imagination in the delineation of character, and bring his vast stores of knowledge to the composition of the narrative, and would, without doubt, produce a work of astonishing power and interest. Macaulay says that if he had the power of recalling everything he has ever written and published and of destroying it all, he would do so, for he thinks that his time has been thrown away upon *opuscula* unworthy of his talents. This is, however, a very preposterous squeamishness and piece of pride or humility, whichever it may be called, for no man need be ashamed of producing anything perfect in its kind, however the kind may not be the highest, and his reviews are perfect in their way. I asked Stephen by what mental process Macaulay had contrived to accumulate such boundless stores of information, and how it was all so sorted and arranged in his head that it was always producible at will. He said that he had first of all the power of abstraction, of giving his undivided attention to the book and the subject on which he was occupied; then, as other men read by syllables or by words, he had the faculty, acquired by use, of reading by whole sentences, of swallowing, as it were, whole paragraphs at once, and thus he infinitely abbreviated the mere mechanical part of study; that as an educated man would read any number of pages much more quickly than an uneducated man, so much more quickly would Macaulay read than any ordinary man. . . .

. . . There is no more comparison between his brain and such a one as mine than between a hurdy-gurdy in the street and the great organ at Haarlem.

January 21, 1841: . . . What Henry Taylor said of him is epigrammatic and true, "that his memory has swamped his mind"; and though I do not think, as some people say, that his own opinions are completely suppressed by the load of his learning so that you know nothing of his mind, it appears to me true that there is less of originality in him, less exhibition of his own character, than there probably would be if he was less abundantly stored with the riches of the minds of others. We had

yesterday a party well composed for talk, for there were listeners of intelligence and a good specimen of the sort of society of this house—Macaulay, Melbourne, Morpeth, Duncannon, Baron Rolfe, Allen and Lady Holland, and John Russell came in the evening. I wish that a shorthand writer could have been there to take down all the conversation or that I could have carried it away in my head; because it was curious in itself, and curiously illustrative of the characters of the performers. Before dinner some mention was made of the portraits of the Speakers in the Speaker's House, and I asked how far they went back. Macaulay said he was not sure, but certainly as far as Sir Thomas More. "Sir Thomas More," said Lady Holland. "I did not know he had been Speaker." "Oh, yes," said Macaulay, "don't you remember when Cardinal Wolsey came down to the House of Commons and More was in the chair?" and then he told the whole of that well-known transaction, and all More had said. At dinner, amongst a variety of persons and subjects, principally ecclesiastical, which were discussed—for Melbourne loves all sorts of theological talk—we got upon India and Indian men of eminence, proceeding from Gleig's *Life of Warren Hastings*, which Macaulay said was the worst book that ever was written; and then the name of Sir Thomas Munro came uppermost. Lady Holland did not know why Sir Thomas Munro was so distinguished; when Macaulay explained all that he had ever said, done, written, or thought, and vindicated his claim to the title of a great man, till Lady Holland got bored with Sir Thomas, told Macaulay she had had enough of him, and would have no more. This would have dashed and silenced an ordinary talker, but to Macaulay it was no more than replacing a book on its shelf, and he was as ready as ever to open on any other topic. It would be impossible to follow and describe the various mazes of conversation, all of which he threaded with an ease that was always astonishing and instructive, and generally interesting and amusing. When we went upstairs we got upon the Fathers of the Church. Allen asked Macaulay if he had read much of the Fathers. He said, not a great deal. He had read Chrysostom when he was in India; that is, he had turned over the leaves and for a few months had read him for two or three hours every morning before breakfast; and he had read some of Athanasius. "I re-

member a sermon," he said, "of Chrysostom's in praise of the Bishop of Antioch"; and then he proceeded to give us the substance of this sermon till Lady Holland got tired of the Fathers, again put her extinguisher on Chrysostom as she had done on Munro, and with a sort of derision, and as if to have the pleasure of puzzling Macaulay, she turned to him and said, "Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a *doll?* when were dolls first mentioned in history?" Macaulay was, however, just as much up to the dolls as he was to the Fathers, and instantly replied that the Roman children had their dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they grew older; and quoted Persius for

Veneri donatæ a virgine puppæ,

and I have not the least doubt, if he had been allowed to proceed, he would have told us who was the Chenevix of ancient Rome, and the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll.

The conversation then ran upon Milman's *History of Christianity*, which Melbourne praised, the religious opinions of Locke, of Milman himself, the opinion of the world thereupon, and so on to Strauss's book and his mythical system, and what he meant by mythical. Macaulay began illustrating and explaining the meaning of a *myth* by examples from remote antiquity, when I observed that in order to explain the meaning of "mythical" it was not necessary to go so far back; that, for instance, we might take the case of Wm. Huntington, S. S.: that the account of his life was historical, but the story of his praying to God for a new pair of leather breeches and finding them under a hedge was mythical. Now, I had just a general superficial recollection of this story in Huntington's *Life*, but my farthing rush-light was instantly extinguished by the blaze of Macaulay's all-grasping and all-retaining memory, for he at once came in with the whole minute account of this transaction: how Huntington had prayed, what he had found, and where, and all he had said to the tailor by whom this miraculous nether garment was made.

November 27, 1841: On Thursday I dined with Milman, to meet Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Babbage. Pretty equal partition of talk between Sydney and Macaulay. The latter has been employing his busy mind in gathering all the ballads

he can pick up, buying strings of them in the streets, and he gave us an amusing account of the character of this species of literature, repeating lines and stanzas without end. The ballad writers, who may be supposed to represent the opinions and feelings of the masses for whose delectation they compose, do not, according to Macaulay, exhibit very high moral sentiments, as they evince a great partiality for criminals, and are the strenuous opposers of humanity to animals.

December 23, 1841: . . . Another night, Moore sang some of his own Melodies, and Macaulay has been always talking. Never certainly was anything heard like him. . . . The drollest thing is to see the effect upon Rogers, who is nearly extinguished, and can neither make himself heard, nor find an interval to get in a word. He is exceedingly provoked, though he can't help admiring, and he will revive to-morrow when Macaulay goes. . . . We walked together for a long time the day before yesterday, when he talked of the History he is writing. I asked him if he was still collecting materials, or had begun to write. He said he was writing while collecting, going on upon the fund of his already acquired knowledge, and he added, that it was very mortifying to find how much there was of which he was wholly ignorant. I said if he felt that, with his superhuman memory and wonderful scope of knowledge, what must ordinary men feel? He said that it was a mistake to impute to him either such a memory or so much knowledge; that Whewell [Master of Trinity College, Cambridge] and Brougham had more universal knowledge than he had, but that what he did possess was the ready, perhaps too ready, use of all he knew. I said what surprised me most was, his having had time to read certain books over and over again; e.g., he said he had read *Don Quixote* in Spanish, five or six times; and I am afraid to say how often he told me he had read *Clarissa*. He said that he read no modern books, none of the novels or travels that come out day after day. He had read *Tom Jones* repeatedly, but *Cecil a Peer* not at all; and as to *Clarissa*, he had read it so often that, if the work were lost, he could give a very tolerable idea of it, could narrate the story completely, and many of the most remarkable passages and expressions.

December 26, 1842: Macaulay went away the day before Christmas Day, and it was wonderful how quiet the house

seemed after he was gone, and it was not less agreeable. Rogers was all alive again, Austin and Dundas talked much more than they would have done, and Lord Lansdowne too, and on the whole we were as well without him.

February 19, 1842: . . . I went on Wednesday with Lord and Lady John, Charles Howard and Macaulay, to the Battersea schools, Robert Eden's and Dr. Kay's. We put forward Macaulay to examine the boys in history and geography, and Lord John asked them a few questions, and I still fewer. They answered in a way that would have put to shame most of the fine people's children. . . . There is one striking contrast between the boys at Eden's school, and the aristocratic schoolboys: while the latter consider learning as an irksome employment, going to school an event full of misery and woe, and never think of anything but how to shirk their lessons, and find time for play and idleness, the poor boys rejoice in their school, love the instruction they receive, and no punishment is so great to them as exclusion from the schoolroom.

October 29, 1842: . . . Macaulay's book, which he calls *Lays of Ancient Rome*, came out yesterday, and admirable his ballads are. They were composed in India and on the voyage home. He showed them to Dr. Arnold, who advised him to publish them, but probably while he was in office he had not time to think about them, and the publication is the result of his leisure. He has long been addicted to ballad-writing, for there is one in the American edition of his works, and there is a much longer one written when he was at Cambridge (or soon after), upon the League, and one of Henry IV's battles, which is very good indeed. He is a wonderful fellow altogether.

October 16, 1843: . . . Before I was attacked (gout) I went to breakfast with George Lewis to meet Ranke, the author of *The Popes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century*. He had got Macaulay, who had reviewed his book, to meet him, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon and his wife (daughter of Mrs. Austin, his translator), and Sir Edmund Head. I went prepared to listen to some first-rate literary talk between such luminaries as Ranke and Macaulay, but there never was a greater failure. The professor, a vivacious little man, not distinguished in appearance, could talk no English, and his French, though spoken fluently, was quite unintelligible. On the other hand,

Macaulay could not speak German, and he spoke French without any facility and with a very vile accent. It was comical to see the abundance of his matter struggling with his embarrassment in giving utterance to it, to hear the torrent of knowledge trying to force its way through the impediment of a limited acquaintance with the French language and the want of habit of conversing in it. But the struggle was of short duration. He began in French, but very soon could bear the restraint no longer, and broke into English, pouring forth his stores to the utterly unconscious and uncomprehending professor. This babel of a breakfast, at which it was impossible for seven people to converse in any common language, soon came to an end, and Ranke was evidently glad to go off to the State Paper Office, where he was working every day. After he was gone, Macaulay held forth, and was as usual very well worth listening to.

December 17, 1855: This morning the two new volumes of Macaulay's History came forth. The circumstances of this publication are, I believe, unprecedented in literary history; 25,000 copies are given out, and the weight of the books is fifty-six tons. The interest and curiosity which it excites are prodigious, and they afford the most complete testimony to his excessive popularity and the opinion entertained by the world of his works already published. His profits will be very great, and he will receive them in various shapes. But there is too much reason to apprehend that these may be the last volumes of his History that the world will see, still more that they are the last that will be read by me and people of my standing. Six years have elapsed since the appearance of the first volumes, and these two only advance about ten years. He announced at the outset that he meant to bring down the history of England to a period within the memory of persons still living, but his work has already so much expanded, and of course will do so still more from the accumulation of materials as he advances, that at his present rate of progress he must live much beyond the ordinary duration of human life, and retain all his faculties as long, to have any chance of accomplishing his original design; and he is now in such a precarious state of health that in all human probability he will not live many years. It is melancholy to think that so gifted an intellect

should be arrested by premature decay, and such a magnificent undertaking should be overthrown by physical infirmities, and be limited to the proportions of a splendid fragment. He is going to quit Parliament and to reside in the neighbourhood of London.

December 9, 1848: I dined on Tuesday with Milman, Guizot, Macaulay, and Hallam; Macaulay receiving felicitations with great modesty and compliments on his book, of which the whole impression was sold off, and not a copy was to be got, though it had only been out three days. Macaulay and Hallam talked of a branch of our literature of which Guizot, well informed as he is, could know nothing. Macaulay's French is detestable, the most barbarous accent that ever has *écorché les oreilles* of a Parisian.

Hallam was Tennyson's friend whose death inspired "In Memoriam." Apparently, Greville was unconscious of Tennyson's existence.

It is in the pages of Greville that the mystery attending the authorship of the *Letters of Junius* was cleared up.

December 26, 1845: . . . The other day Mr. Woodfall, grandson of the original publisher of *Junius' Letters*, came to me to ask me if I would edit a new edition of *Junius*. He said he had nothing new to furnish, and the only scrap that never has been published is one which never could be, a copy of very indecent verses upon the Duke of Grafton and Nancy Parsons in Junius' handwriting, and sent to Woodfall. He told me that his father never had an idea who Junius was, but never would believe that Francis was the man.

Macaulay, on the other hand, said (September 7, 1846), "he had not the shadow of doubt that Francis was Junius."

A curious coincidence seems to settle the matter:

September 23, 1829: . . . Giles told me about the letter to his sister written by [Sir Philip] Francis, and which was supposed to have afforded another proof that he was Junius. Many years ago Francis was in love with his sister, Mrs. King (at Bath), and one day she received an anonymous letter, enclosing a copy of verses. The letter said that the writer had found the verses, and being sure they were meant for her, had sent them

to her. The verses were in Francis' handwriting, the envelope in a feigned hand. When the discussion arose about Francis being Junius, Giles said to his sister one day, "If you have kept those verses which Francis wrote to you many years ago at Bath, it would be curious to examine the handwriting and see if it corresponds with that of Junius." She found the envelope and verses, and, on comparing them, the writing of the envelope was identical with that of Junius as published in Woodfall's book.

Macaulay fortified this conclusion thus:

The Grove, September 7, 1846: . . . He told me this morning that when he was in the War Office he found what he considers a piece of corroborative evidence to prove that Francis was Junius, or rather he found a difficulty done away with. In one of his letters to Draper he [Junius] asks him if he did not swear that he received no other pension before he could take his other appointments. Draper replied that he took no such oath. As Francis was a chief clerk in the War Office he must have had official knowledge of the practice, and it seemed strange he should charge Draper with what he must (or might) know to be untrue. But it turned out that Draper received his pension from the Irish establishment, where no oath was required. Francis might very well suppose that the custom was the same in Ireland, and knowing very well what it was in England, he would naturally think that he had caught Sir W. Draper tripping.

A possible explanation of the Satirist's anonymity (September 27, 1841) was the fact that he had been "an habitual guest" at Woburn where his host had been the Duke of Bedford whom he represents as a "monster."

In the House of Commons, Macaulay was a set speaker rather than a debater:

January 31, 1840: Macaulay's speech, which was said to be a failure, reads better than Sir George Grey's, which met with the greatest success—the one fell flat upon the audience, while the other was singularly effective. So great is the difference between good manner and bad, and between the effect produced by a dashing, vivacious, light, and active style, and a

ponderous didactic eloquence, full of matter, but not suited in arrangement or delivery, and in all its accessory parts, to the taste of the House.

London, July 23, 1852: . . . The only really creditable election is that of Edinburgh, where Macaulay was elected without solicitation, or his being a candidate, although he did not appear at the election, and the constituency were well aware that his opinions were not in conformity with theirs on many subjects, especially on the religious ones, upon which they are particularly hot and eager.

September 24, 1831: . . . He [Peel] cut Macaulay to ribands. Macaulay is very brilliant, but his speeches are harangues and never replies; whereas Peel's long experience and real talent for debate give him a great advantage in the power of reply, which he very eminently possesses. Macaulay, however, will probably be a very distinguished man.

October 12, 1831: . . . Macaulay's speech was as usual very eloquent, but as inflammatory as possible. Such men as these three can care nothing into what state of confusion the country is thrown, for all they want is a market to which they may bring their talents; but how the Miltons, Tavistocks, Althorps and all who have a great stake in the country can run the same course is more than I can conceive or comprehend. Party is indeed, as Swift says, "the madness of many," when carried to its present pitch.

September 17, 1839: He told me what Brougham had said of Macaulay (whom he hates with much cordiality), when somebody asked if he was to be Secretary of War.

"No, Melbourne would not consent to it, he would not have him in the Cabinet, and could not endure to sit with ten parrots, a chime of bells and Lady Westmorland."

On one occasion, Macaulay's intervention had the effect of changing the opinion of the House, "an unusual occurrence."

January 26, 1856: . . . Macaulay has retired from Parliament, where he had done nothing since his last election; he hardly ever attended and never spoke, or certainly not more than once. It is to be hoped his life will be spared to bring down his history to the end of Queen Anne's reign, which is all that can possibly be expected.

September 6, 1857: . . . They have made some Peers, of whom the most conspicuous is Macaulay, and I have not seen or heard any complaints of his elevation.

January 2, 1860: The death of Macaulay is the extinction of a great light, and although every expectation of the completion of his great work had long ago vanished, the sudden close of his career, and the certainty that we shall have no more of his History, or at most only the remaining portion of King William's reign (which it is understood he had nearly prepared for publication), is a serious disappointment to the world. . . . He used frequently to invite me to those breakfasts in the Albany at which he used to collect small miscellaneous parties, generally including some remarkable people, and at which he loved to pour forth all those stores of his mind and accumulations of his memory to which his humbler guests, like myself, used to listen with delighted admiration, and enjoy as the choicest of intellectual feasts. I don't think he was ever so entirely agreeable as at his own breakfast table, though I shall remember as long as I live the pleasant days I have spent in his society at Bowood, Holland House, and elsewhere. . . . "Don't you remember?" he was in the habit of saying when he quoted some book or alluded to some fact to listeners who could not remember, because in nineteen cases out of twenty they had never known or heard of whatever it was he alluded to. I do not believe anybody ever left his society with any feeling of mortification, except that which an involuntary comparison between his knowledge and their own ignorance could not fail to engender. . . . Above all he was no hero worshipper, who felt it incumbent on him to minister to vulgar prejudices or predilections, to exalt the merits and palliate the defects of great reputations, and to consider the commission of great crimes, or the detection of mean and base motives, as atoned for and neutralized by the possession of shining abilities and the performances of great actions. Macaulay excited much indignation in some quarters by the severity with which he criticized the conduct and character of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Quakers bitterly resented his attacks upon Penn. He was seldom disposed to admit that he had been mistaken or misinformed, and I thought he was to blame in clinging so tenaciously to his severe estimate of Penn's conduct after the

vindication of it which was brought forward, and the production of evidence in Penn's favour, which might have satisfied him that he had been in error, and which probably would have done so in any case in which his judgment had been really unbiassed. . . . But the case of the Duke of Marlborough is very different, and reflects the highest honour on his literary integrity and independence. Undazzled by the splendour of that great man's career and the halo of admiration which had long surrounded his name, he demonstrated to the whole world of what base clay the idol was made and how he had abused for unworthy ends the choice gifts which Nature had bestowed upon him. Macaulay no doubt held that in proportion to the excellence of his natural endowments was his moral responsibility for the use or abuse of them, and he would not allow Blenheim and Ramillies to be taken as a set-off against his hypocrisy, perfidy, and treason. Macaulay's History is the best ethical study for forming the mind and character of a young man, for it is replete with maxims of the highest practical value.

CHAPTER LXI

BREAD FOR POTATOES

As Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel was now not in office merely but in power:

July 6, 1850: . . . He considered himself the Minister of the Nation, whose mission it was to redress the balance which mistaken maxims or partial legislation had deranged, and to confine the interest of all classes in one homogeneous system, by which the prosperity and happiness of the whole commonwealth would be promoted. . . . If his party were disgusted with him, he was no less disgusted with them, and it is easy to conceive that he must have been sickened by their ignorance and presumption, their obstinacy and ingratitude. He turned to the nation for that justice which his old associates denied him.

According to Wharncliffe, "no man was ever more easy to act with, more candid and conciliatory, and less assuming than Peel in the Cabinet."

November 2, 1842: At Windsor yesterday for a Council; almost all the Cabinet went together in a special train. A Whig engineer might have produced an instantaneous and complete change of Government. The Royal consent was given to the marriage of the Princess Augusta with the Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The Chancellor [Lyndhurst] was there, looking very ill and broken, but evidently wishing to be thought strong and capable. He not only affected to be very merry, but very active, and actually began a sort of dancing movement in the drawing room, which reminded me of Queen Elizabeth and the Scotch ambassador; seventy years of age, ten years of idleness, and a young wife will not do for the labour of the Great Seal.

Peel had now "a grand career open to him and the means of rendering himself truly great."

September 1, 1841: . . . Those liberal views, which terrified or

exasperated High Tories, High Churchmen, and bigots of various persuasions, those expressed or supposed opinions and intentions which elicited the invectives of the "British Critic", or the impertinences of "Catholicus," were to me a satisfactory earnest that, whenever he might arrive at the height of power, he was resolved to stretch his wings out and fly in the right direction. . . . It is not worth his while, with his immense fortune, high position, and great reputation, to be a mere commonplace Minister, struggling with the embarrassments and the prejudices of his own party.

May 18, 1838: . . . Peel said to him [Morpeth], when they were going out to divide, "I can appreciate a good speech when made against me as well as when it is for me, and I must tell you that yours was the best speech of the debate." This was becoming and judicious, and such courtesies soften the asperities of Parliamentary warfare.

Peel was a stickler for political etiquette. When Lord John Russell sent him a letter (January 29, 1840) beginning "My dear Sir" and asking about the Speakership:

January 29, 1840: . . . He replied in the coldest and driest terms. "Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Lord John Russell," expressing his surprise at his letter, saying he had no right to call upon him for any explanation of his intentions.

July 22, 1847: . . . It seems that after some of his [Croker's] former attacks he tried to put himself on his former footing of intimacy with Peel, and wrote to him "My dear Peel." Peel would not hear of it, wrote to him a dry, formal answer, and told him in so many words that their intimacy was at an end. Croker was furious, and has been overflowing with gall and bitterness ever since.

February 22, 1834: . . . Peel is the first, and, except Stanley, almost the only real orator in it. He speaks with great energy, great dexterity—his language is powerful and easy; he reasons well, hits hard, and replies with remarkable promptitude and effect; but he is at an immense distance below the great models of eloquence, Pitt, Fox, and Canning; his voice is not melodious, and it is a little monotonous; his action is very ungraceful, his person and manner are vulgar, and he has certain tricks in

his motions which exhibit that vulgarity in a manner almost offensive, and which is only redeemed by the real power of his speeches. His great merit consists in his judgment, tact and discretion, his facility, promptitude, thorough knowledge of the assembly he addresses, familiarity with the details of every sort of Parliamentary business, and the great command he has over himself.

Peel, too, would stand no nonsense from minorities who "obstruct" business in the House of Commons:

April 6, 1848: . . . If they find themselves thwarted by a minority moving successive adjournments, to sit there for any number of hours; to divide twenty or thirty times; and at last, when they had sufficiently proved to the country that their efforts were vain, and that they had exhausted all legitimate means, to give up the contest, instantly hold a Cabinet, and then a Council, by which they should do by Order in Council what they wished to do by Act of Parliament, and trust to public opinion and Parliament to support and sanction their proceedings.

Peel (August 10, 1831) was thus expected "to act upon liberal and popular principles, and upon them to govern or not at all." The Whigs suggested that the parties coöperate over the Poor Law:

August 28, 1841: . . . Lord John also sent to Peel and offered to bring in the Poor Law Bill for a year, if he liked it. Peel sent him word he was much obliged to him for the offer, but that he must exercise his own discretion in the matter. They thought this very *Peelish* and overcautious, but I don't know that he could do otherwise. It is creditable and satisfactory to observe the good tone and liberal feeling mutually evinced between the leaders.

There was (September 22d) "skirmishing in the House of Commons where a Whig or a Radical every now and then fires a little shot at the new Government."

August 28, 1841: . . . Peel seems to have spoken out, and to have announced to friend and foe that he will resolutely follow

his own course. If he adheres to this and takes a bold flight, he may be a great man.

August 10, 1841: . . . Peel's mind is not made of noble material, but he has an enlarged capacity and has had a vast experience of things, though from his peculiar disposition a much more limited one of men. If he takes a correct and a lofty view of his own situation—and to be correct it must be lofty—he will succeed.

September 4, 1841: . . . I thought to myself, "You are a very clever man; you are not a bad man; but you are not great." He may become as great a Minister as abilities can make any man; but to achieve real greatness, elevation of mind must be intermingled with intellectual capacity, and this I doubt his having. There is a something which will confine his genius to the earth instead of letting it soar on high.

What Peel had to face was the transformation of England from agriculture to industry:

May 10, 1845: . . . It certainly is a very astonishing creation, and most interesting to see the growing and youthful state of a town [Birkenhead], which in a few years will probably be a vast city. The present managers of this thriving concern are projecting establishments and expending vast sums of money on various works, with an undoubting confidence that the town will go on in an increase corresponding to the magnitude of their plans. Not many years ago the ground was an unprofitable marsh. They showed us a small white house, which was the first that was built, and which stood alone for some time. The property belonged to a Mr. Price, and when first the notion of speculating in building there occurred to the late Mr. Laird (I think it was), and a negotiation took place for the purchase of land, £50,000 was the sum offered Mr. Price for his property. Not long after he was offered £100,000, and this time a bargain was nearly completed, and the only difference between the parties was whether it should be pounds or guineas. Luckily for Mr. Price it went off upon this, and such was the rapid increase in the value of the land, that he has since sold it for considerably above a million. We went to see the pier and the place where the docks are to be; then to Mr. Laird's shipbuilding establishment, and saw the iron steam frigate they are

building; then to the park, and then to the new market-place. Everything is well done, and no expense spared. The present population is 16,000, but they are building in every direction.

Worsley, November 22, 1845: I came here, for the first time, on Monday last, to see the fine new house Francis Egerton has built. . . . The house stands on an eminence, and commands a very extensive prospect of a rich flat country, the canal running beneath, not a quarter of a mile off, while a little further off the railroad crosses Chat Moss, and all day long the barges are visible on the one, and continual trains snort and smoke along the other, presenting a lively exhibition of activity and progress. But it is a miserable country to live in; so wet and deep that the roads all about are paved, and the air is eternally murky with the fire and smoke vomited forth from hundreds of chimneys and furnaces in every direction; no resources, such as hunting and shooting, and no society but the rare visitants from distant parts. In such a place as this they have expended £100,000 in a fine house, with all the appendages of gardens, etc., and they have done this and much more from a sense of duty, from fully recognizing the authority of the maxim that "property has its duties as well as its rights." The Duke of Bridgewater created this vast property, and his enterprise and perseverance were crowned with a prodigious success. He called into activity and gave employment to an immense population, and he occasionally resided at Worsley, to have the satisfaction of witnessing the astonishing results which he had obtained; but with this he was contented. He bequeathed the canal and the collieries to his agent Bradshaw, with unlimited power of management, in trust for the late Duke of Sutherland, and after him to Francis Egerton. During the long reign of Bradshaw and the Duke the property continued to increase in value. Bradshaw was a profligate old dog, who feathered his own nest and lived a dissolute life. The Duke touched the proceeds, and never troubled himself about the source from which he derived them. . . .

. . . I have passed these few days in seeing this place and some of the manufacturing wonders at Manchester. On Tuesday I went over the house and place; and then to Francis' yard, a sort of small dockyard and manufactory; then on the canal in the Trust boat—a luxurious barge fitted up with every convenience

and comfort, with a fireplace, and where one may write, read, and live just as in the house; a kitchen behind. The boat is drawn by two horses with postillions in livery, and they trot along at a merry pace, all the craft (except, by compact, "the Swift boats," as they are called) giving way to the Trust boat. On Wednesday I went through the subterraneous canal, about a mile and a half long, into the coalpit, saw the working in the mine and came up by the shaft; a black and dirty expedition, scarcely worth the trouble, but which I am glad to have made. The colliers seem a very coarse set, but they are not hard worked, and, in fact, do no more than they choose. There are many miles of this underground canal. On Thursday I went to Manchester, and saw one of the great cotton and one of the great silk manufactories; very curious even to me, who am ignorant of mechanics, and could only stare and wonder without being able to understand the niceties of the beautiful and complicated machinery by which all the operations of these trades are performed. The heat of the rooms in the former of them was intense, but the man who showed them to us told us it was caused by the prodigious friction, and the room might be much cooler, but the people liked the heat. Yesterday I went to the infant school, admirably managed; then to the recreation ground of the colliers and working hands—a recent establishment. It is a large piece of ground, planted and levelled round about what is called the paying-house, where the men are paid their wages once a fortnight. The object is to encourage sports and occupations in the open air, and induce them not to go to the alehouse. There are cricket, quoits, and football, and ginger-beer and coffee are sold to the people, but no beer or spirits. This has only a partial success. Afterward to Patricroft, to see Messrs. Nasmyth's great establishment for making locomotive engines every part of which I went over. I asked at all the places about the wages and habits of the workpeople. In Birley's cotton factory 1,200 are employed, the majority girls, who earn from ten to fourteen shillings a week. At Nasmyth's the men make from twenty to thirty-two shillings a week. They love to change about, and seldom stay very long at one place; some will go away in a week, and some after a day. In the hot factory room, the women look very wan, very dirty, and one should guess very miserable. They work eleven

hours generally, but though it might be thought that domestic service must be preferable, there is the greatest difficulty in procuring women servants here. All the girls go to the factory in spite of the confinement, labour, close atmosphere, dirt, and moral danger which await them. The parents make them go, because they earn money which they bring home, and they like the independence and the hours every evening, and the days from Saturday to Monday, of which they can dispose.

Worsley, November 24, 1845: . . . then to Messrs. Hoyle's calico-printing establishment; extremely well worth seeing, interesting, and the more so because intelligible. People know very little how many processes the calico they wear so cheaply goes through, and what a mighty business its preparation is. They told us 800 men were employed here, the highest wages two guineas a week. The room containing the copper cylinders has in it a capital of £100,000, the cost of these cylinders. I was surprised to hear that the price of labour (the wages) is not affected by the more or less irksome nature of the employment. The workman at the calico printing, which is much more agreeable than the cotton-weaving business, is as highly paid as the latter, perhaps more highly; indeed the lowest rate of wages seems to be at the mill.

Lord Ashley (afterward Earl of Shaftesbury) struck straight at hours of labour:

March 31, 1844: I never remember so much excitement as has been caused by Ashley's Ten Hours Bill, nor a more curious political state of things, such intermingling of parties, such a confusion of opposition; a question so much more open than any question ever was before, and yet not made so or acknowledged to be so with the Government; so much zeal, asperity, and animosity, so many reproaches hurled backwards and forwards. . . . John Russell voting for "ten hours," against all he professed last year, has filled the world with amazement, and many of his own friends with indignation. It has, I think, not redounded to his credit, but, on the contrary, done him considerable harm. . . . Melbourne is all against Ashley; all the political economists of course; Lord Spencer strong against him. Then Graham gave the greatest offence by taking up a word of the *Examiner's* last Sunday, and calling it a *Jack Cade*

legislation, this stirring them to fury, and they flew upon him like tigers. Ashley made a speech as violent and factious as any of O'Connell's, and old Inglis was overflowing with wrath. . . . Lyndhurst rubbed his hands with great glee, and said, "Well, we shall hear no more of 'aliens' now, people will only talk of Jack Cade for the future," too happy to shift the odium, if he could, from his own to his colleague's back. . . . Ashley . . . will go on agitating session after session; and a philanthropic agitator is more dangerous than a repealer, either of the Union or the Corn Laws. We are just now overrun with philanthropy, and God knows where it will stop, or whither it will lead us.

With the great cities clamouring for food, the ports were closed to imports by high tariffs. Cobden and Bright declared, therefore, for Free Trade:

July 11, 1841: . . . The Whigs complain bitterly of the apathy and indifference that have prevailed, and cannot recover from their surprise that their promises of cheap bread and cheap sugar have not proved more attractive.

Over the Corn Laws, the Whigs themselves were divided. Lord Spencer (December 15, 1841) "had always been persuaded, and was still, that the present Corn Laws could not be maintained." On the other hand (January 1, 1846), the "opinions" of Palmerston and Melbourne were "strong and decided" against Repeal.

Yet there had been a Commission (November 28, 1841) sent to Paris "to treat with the French Government about a Commercial treaty on the principles of Free Trade."

For years, the issue had been developing in urgency:

July 6, 1850: . . . He [Peel] had been the vigorous and ingenious advocate of the protective system, not, however, without some qualifications and reservations, which, though they were enough to excite the jealousy and mistrust of the most suspicious, were still insufficient to neutralize the effect of his general professions. It is almost impossible to discover what the process was by which he was gradually led to embrace the whole doctrine of Free Trade. We cannot distinguish what effect was made upon his mind by the reasoning, and what

by the organization and agitation, of the Anti-Corn Law League.

Charles Villiers, as an Anti-Corn Law Leaguer, impressed Greville into a prophecy:

August 25, 1837: . . . He predicts, however, with greater appearance of reason, that the question of the Corn Laws will, before long, become of paramount interest and importance, and I am induced to think that the next great struggle that takes place will be for their repeal.

After five more years of short rations:

November 2, 1842: . . . The Ministers are all come to hold Cabinets and lay their heads together with, God knows, plenty to occupy them. Lord Wharncliffe and Kay Shuttleworth, who are both come from the north, have given me an account of the state of the country and of the people which is perfectly appalling. There is an immense and continually increasing population, deep distress and privation, no adequate demand for labour, no demand for anything, no confidence, but a universal alarm, disquietude, and discontent. Nobody can sell anything. Somebody said, speaking of some part of Yorkshire, "This is certainly the happiest country in the world, for *nobody wants anything*." . . . Certainly I have never seen, in the course of my life, so serious a state of things as that which now stares us in the face; and this, after thirty years of uninterrupted peace, and the most ample scope afforded for the development of all our resources; . . . those who clamour for the repeal of the Corn Laws, at least those who know anything of the matter, do not really believe that repeal would supply a cure for our distempers.

January 16, 1843: . . . It is curious to look at the sort of subjects which now nearly monopolize general interest and attention. First and foremost there is the Corn Law and the League; the Corn Law, which Charles Villiers (I must do him the justice to say) long ago predicted to me would supersede every other topic of interest, and so it undoubtedly has. Then the condition of the people, moral and physical, is uppermost in everybody's mind, the state and management of workhouses and prisons, and the great question of education. The news-

papers are full of letters and complaints on these subjects, and people think, talk, and care about them very much.

The real question, however, was whether Peel could carry, not the Whigs, but a party so Protectionist as the Tories. The Duke of Buckingham, representing the "landed interest" (February 1, 1842), quietly resigned. And a day or two later, the reason was obvious:

February 5, 1842: . . . The Queen's speech was much like all others, but derived an interest from the notice about Corn. The secret of the measure has been so well kept that up to this time nobody knows what they are going to propose. The Opposition people affect to consider it a great triumph for them, and that the Government are disgraced by the adoption of measures so similar to those by which their predecessors fell. . . . It must be owned, however, that what is now going to happen is another exemplification of what I have long seen to be an established fact in politics—viz., that the Tories only can carry Liberal measures. The Whigs work, prepare, but cannot accomplish them; the Tories directly or indirectly thwart, discourage, and oppose them till public opinion compels them to submit, and then they are obliged to take them up.

The Duke of Buckingham had gone bankrupt even under Protection:

August 16, 1848: Went on Saturday with Lord Lansdowne and Granville to Stowe: it was worth seeing, but a sorry sight; a dull, undesirable place, not without magnificence. The garden front is very stately and palatial; the house full of trash mixed with some fine things; altogether a painful monument of human vanity, folly, and, it may be added, wickedness, for wickedness it is thus recklessly to ruin a great house and wife and children.

Peel's first proposal (February 11th) was "a sliding scale of corn duties descending from 20s. to 1s. as the price rose":

February 11, 1842: On Wednesday night Peel produced his modification of the Corn Law in an elaborate speech (which bored everybody very much) of nearly three hours long. . . . His plan was received with coldness and indifference by his

own people, and derision by the Opposition, and they all cried out that it was altogether useless, and would in reality effect no change at all. . . . Wharncliffe owned to me that it was a mountain producing a mouse. . . . Charles Villiers said it was worthless and not so good as Canning's in 1827. Brougham said it was worth something as an instalment.

"The question," wrote Greville on February 19, 1842, "is now considered by everybody to be settled for a few years." Peel introduced an income tax:

March 13, 1842: On Friday night, in the midst of the most intense and general interest and curiosity, heightened by the closeness and fidelity with which the Government measures had been kept secret, Peel brought forward his financial plans in a speech of three hours and forty minutes, acknowledged by everybody to have been a masterpiece of financial statement. The success was complete; he took the House by storm; and his opponents, though of course differing and objecting on particular points, did him ample justice. A few people expected an income tax, but the majority did not. . . . His own party, *nolentes aut volentes*, have surrendered at discretion, and he has got them as well disciplined and as obedient as the crew of a man-of-war. . . . Only a few weeks ago I heard from my Whig friends of nothing but his weakness and embarrassments, and of all the difficulties his own supporters would cause him, what a poor figure he cut, etc.; but now they have not a word to say, and one of them who had been loudest in that strain brought to the Travellers', where I was dining, an account of Peel's speech, and said, "One felt, all the time he was speaking, 'Thank God, Peel is Minister!'" There can be no doubt that he is now a very great man.

March 20, 1842: . . . Various objections are raised in different quarters with more or less reason, the principal one with regard to the income tax being the unfairness of taxing incomes derived from temporary to the same extent as those which are derived from permanent sources.

March 23, 1842: . . . Melbourne, to do him justice, is destitute of humbug, does not see things through the medium of his wishes or prejudices, but thinks impartially, and says what he thinks. He said Peel would carry all his points, and that there

would be no serious opposition in the country, for if any public meetings were called, the Chartists would be sure to outvote any resolution against the income tax. Then he thought the regular war which the Opposition had declared was very useful to him, as it was the very thing which would keep his own party together, silence their objections, and make them come down and vote steadily with him.

Yet there was trouble:

September 1, 1842: . . . Parliament was no sooner up than the riots broke out, sufficiently alarming but for the railroads, which enabled the Government to pour troops into the disturbed districts, and extinguish the conflagration at once. . . . It is remarkable that whilst England and Scotland have been thus disturbed, Ireland has been in the profoundest tranquillity, and when everybody, themselves included, feared that Ireland would be hardly governable under Tory rule, they have not had the slightest difficulty in that quarter.

The placidity of Ireland depended on the potato. And the hunger of the 'Forties, still a tradition in the British Isles, rose to "a gigantic height" owing to—

London, November 16, 1845: . . . the evil of the potato failure, affecting in its expected consequences the speculations, and filling with fear and doubt every interest. That the mischief in Ireland is great and increasing is beyond a doubt, and the Government are full of alarm, while every man is watching with intense anxiety the progress of events, and enquiring whether the Corn Laws will break down under this pressure or not.

Wellington had been difficult:

November 30, 1841: . . . A correspondence has just appeared in the papers between the Duke of Wellington and the Paisley deputation, which is exceedingly painful to read, calculated to be very injurious to the Government, whom their enemies are always accusing of indifference to the public distress, and which, in my opinion, exhibits a state of mind in the Duke closely bordering on insanity. This deputation is come up to represent the distress prevailing at Paisley, and they ask for

an interview to lay the case before the Duke. He refuses to see them, and writes a letter much in the style of his printed circulars, alleging that he has no time, and that he holds no office, and has no influence. They remonstrate temperately and respectfully, still press for the interview, and then he makes no reply whatever. All this is lamentable; it is a complete delusion he is under; he has nothing to do, and he has boundless influence.

But even the Duke had later to take the situation seriously:

January 13, 1846: . . . Pierrepoint considers this to be the cause of the unapproachable state of irritation in which he has been during the autumn. The Duke says, "rotten potatoes have done it all; they put Peel in his d——d fright"; and both for the cause and the effect he seems to feel equal contempt. When he found that Peel was determined to meddle with the Corn Laws, he wrote a long paper against it, but said that he should defer to Peel, and certainly not leave the Government, if the majority of the Cabinet were in favour of the measure.

As late as February 8, 1844, Peel took up "a decided attitude" and "declared that he did not mean to make any alteration at all in the present Corn Law, either as to duty or scale." And this was "an agreeable announcement to his friends." After all, as Lord Bessborough put it (January 4, 1846), "none of the potatoes are entirely spoilt." Like the curate's egg, they were good in parts. Also we have this:

March 23, 1847: . . . There is no doubt whatever that, while English charity and commiseration have been so loudly invoked, and we have been harrowed with stories of Irish starvation, in many parts of Ireland the people have been suffered to die for want of food, when there was all the time plenty of food to give them, but which was hoarded on speculation. But what is still more extraordinary, people have died of starvation with money enough to buy food in their pockets. I was told the night before last that Lord de Vesci had written to his son that, since the Government had positively declared they would not furnish seed, abundance of seed had come forth, and, what was more extraordinary, plenty of potatoes; and Labouchere told me there had been three coroner's inquests, with verdicts "star-

vation," and in each case the sufferers had been found to have considerable sums of money in their possession, and in one (if not more) still more considerable sums in the savings bank: yet they died rather than spend their money in the purchase of food.

But it became more evident daily that the sliding scale on corn had failed. Ireland "was in a flame." And (June 15, 1843) the "Corn Law quarrels" continued. Indeed, "the cauldron is surely bubbling and fizzing as merrily as need be." Peel, "having shown himself unequal to a great emergency," had "become very unpopular." Indeed, "the political world is out of joint."

What Peel himself realized was (December 13, 1846) "that the state of Ireland is so awful, with famine and complete disorganization, and a social war probable, that money and coercive laws must have been called for." Yet, as he thought, "these they could not demand of Parliament and leave the Corn Laws as they are."

But while Peel was "panic-struck" over "the supposed deficiency of food" and therefore "resolved to repeal the Corn Laws," he had decided "only to attempt it provided he could do so with a unanimous Cabinet." His colleagues "begged him not to be in a hurry" and "he said he would not and would take twenty-four hours to consider it."

Suddenly, Lord John Russell, "without concert with or the knowledge of anybody," wrote a letter which "fell like a spark on a barrel of gunpowder." It pledged the Whig party to "total repeal" (February 18, 1846) and "struck despair into the hearts of the Protectionists." And "though it appeared to put him [Peel] in fresh difficulty," as events were to show, "it really was of service." It forced a willing hand.

Peel's chief supporter in the new policy was Lord Aberdeen. He it was who went to see Delane, editor of the *Times:*

London, December 5, 1845: I came to town yesterday, and find political affairs in a state of the greatest interest and excitement. The whole town had been electrified in the morning by an article in the *Times*, announcing, with an air of certainty and authority, that the discussions and disputes in the Cabinet had terminated by a resolution to call Parliament together early in January, and propose a total repeal of the Corn Laws,

and that the Duke had not only consented, but was to bring forward the measure in the House of Lords.

December 9, 1845, Tuesday: . . . The agitation, excitement, and curiosity are universal and intense. The rising wrath of the Tories and landlords is already muttering at the bare suspicion of the intended act, and it will be awful when all the truth breaks upon them.

The *Standard* appeared "with a contradiction of the *Times* in large letters."

December 6, 1845: . . . Wharncliffe came into my room from the Cabinet much excited, but apparently rather hilarious. I asked him if he had seen the *Standard*. He said no, he wanted to see it. He read it, and then said, "What do you say to that?" I said, I laughed at it, and had not a doubt that the *Times* was right. "Very well," he replied, "it will soon be seen who is right; but I tell you the *Times* has been mystified, and neither you nor Reeve know anything of what is going on."

December 9, 1845, Tuesday: On Saturday afternoon Wharncliffe came to the office and sent for me. I found him walking about the room, when he immediately broke out, "Well, I must say the impudence of the *Times* exceeds all I ever knew." "What's the matter?" I asked, "what have they done?" "Why, notwithstanding the contradiction in the *Standard* last night, they have not only neither qualified nor withdrawn their assertion, but have repeated the statement more positively than before. I must say this beats every other impudence." "Well," I said, "don't you see the reason? Namely, that the *Times* does not care for the denial of the *Standard*, and thinks its own authority for the statement better than any the *Standard* can have for denying it." . . . He said, "Well, I do mean to say that all this is untrue, it is not the fact; I positively tell you so, and I mean it without any quibbling whatever." "Very well, of course you know and I cannot, and I am bound to believe you. May I then contradict it on your authority?" "No, I will not have my name used. I tell you not to believe it, and you may say what you please as from yourself, but I will not have my authority mentioned, and events will contradict it soon enough." We had a great deal more talk. He complained of the mischief that the report had done, and the speculation

it had set afloat. After this contradiction, so positive, specific, and peremptory, I knew not what to believe.

Here then were Lords Wharncliffe and Aberdeen, both in the Cabinet and each contradicting—so it seemed—the other.

Yet what each man said was a part of the truth:

Thursday, December 11, 1845: On Tuesday afternoon Lord Wharncliffe sent for me, and told me Parliament was to be prorogued, but not called for despatch of business. This was enough: it satisfied me that the Ministers were out; there was no other solution of so strange a fact. Yesterday morning we went down to the Council at Osborne; the Duke joined us at Basingstoke. Nothing was said. I never saw the Cabinet in such a state of hilarity. Peel was full of jokes and stories, and they all were as merry (apparently and probably really) as men could be. Peel and Aberdeen alone had long audiences of the Queen; nothing transpired there. . . . Not one of them hinted to me what was going on, and the only thing said about it was a joke of Stanley's, who said to a Bishop, who was of the party, that the right reverend prelate had probably often seen as much patience, but never could have seen so much resignation.

The Cabinet had split.

CHAPTER LXII

AN HOUR OF IMMORTALITY

The Tories were out and the Whigs were in again. And with Melbourne still a Whig, did not that matter to the Queen? Alas, for Melbourne, things had changed. There was now a Prince Albert and, in any event, Melbourne was older.

Sometimes visions of office flitted across his wayward imagination:

Sunday, February 25, 1844: . . . I dined at Palmerston's yesterday; . . . Melbourne said an odd thing which showed that he has not abandoned all idea of taking office again, though I hardly think he would if it came to the point. It was this, "There is not much chance of the House of Commons coming to a vote against Government; but still such a thing is possible, and I was kept awake half the night thinking, suppose such a thing did occur, and I was sent for to Windsor, what advice I should give the Queen"— "it kept me long awake," he repeated, "and I determined that I would advise her not to let Mr. O'Connell be brought up for judgment." It was very strange, and everybody looked amazed.

But the Queen had now no illusions:

December 13, 1845, Saturday: . . . She wrote to Melbourne, and told him she had sent for Lord John [Russell], knowing that the state of his health would not admit of his assisting her. He wrote back word that a voyage from Southampton to Cowes would be as bad for him as to cross the Atlantic.

November 29, 1848: . . . On the promotion of Lord John Russell's government, he [Melbourne] was mortified at not being invited to take a share in it. It was evident that he was conscious of, and bitterly felt, the decay of his own powers, and the insignificance to which he was reduced. He would, if he could, have disguised this from himself and others, but it preyed on his mind, and made him very unhappy, and often

apparently morose. Sometimes his feelings would find vent in these lines from the "Samson Agonistes," which he would repeat with a sad memory of the past, and sense of the present:

> So much I feel my general spirit droop,
> My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems
> In all her functions weary of herself,
> My race of glory run, and race of shame,
> And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Broadlands, August 21, 1845: . . . Melbourne by way of being very well, but there are only gleams left of his former self. He seems to bear on his face a perpetual consciousness of his glory obscured, and looks grave and stern, while he sits for hours in silence. At times he talks in the way he used, but though in the same strain, more feebly, always candid as usual.

It was thus for Lord John Russell that the Queen sent. If he would form a government (December 13, 1845) so she told him, "Peel had given her every assurance of his support."

The question for the Whigs was upon what "support" from the Tories they could rely.

Saturday, December 13, 1845: . . . They will have no appearance of intrigue or underhand dealing, but an open, frank proceeding which may enable them to see the exact condition in which they stand.

"Confound the fellow, what a cold feeler and cautious stepper he is!"—this had been (April 24, 1839) one of Greville's explosions against Peel. In dealing with the Whigs, Peel (1839) once said to Stanley, "Why, I must go down to the House of Commons with two speeches."

The correspondence between the Whigs "meeting at Lord John's" and Peel, was conducted through the Queen. As the Whigs considered it:

December 19, 1845: . . . Lord John [Russell], who had stood with folded arms and let this go on for some time in silence, said, "If you wish to know my opinion, I think we ought to take the Government." He did not enter into any argument, but thus pronounced his opinion, and at last it was put to the vote. Ten were for taking, five were for declining: Lord Lans-

downe, the Duke of Bedford, Clarendon, and two others whom I do not yet know, were against; all the others for. On the whole, I think they did right.

December 20, 1845: No novel or play ever presented such vicissitudes and events as this political drama which has been for ten days acted before the public. . . . The Government is really like a halfpenny whirling in the air, with John Russell's head on one side and Peel's on the other.

The decisive question was whether that *enfant terrible* of diplomacy, Lord Palmerston, was again to be trusted at the Foreign Office:

Saturday, December 13, 1845: . . . The Queen spoke to Lord John immediately about Lord Palmerston, and expressed great alarm at the idea of his returning to the Foreign Office, and her earnest desire that he would take the Colonial Office instead, and that Lord John would propose it to him. She had already talked to Aberdeen about it, who told her she must make up her mind to Palmerston's returning to the Foreign Office, as he would certainly take nothing else.

In her misgivings, the Queen did not stand alone. The heir to Earl Grey was Lord Howick and he also wanted to know "particularly who was to have the Foreign Office." Lord John Russell (December 20, 1845) "told him 'Palmerston.'" And "then said Howick, 'I will not be in the Cabinet.'" And after "forty minutes" with Lord John Russell "he stalked (or rather limped) out."

It is curious that both Greville and the Queen, though suspicious of Palmerston, were even more critical just then of Howick:

December 20, 1845: . . . It seems to me pusillanimous and discreditable to suffer Howick to break up the Government they had consented to form, upon a purely personal question unmixed with any political one. So far from considering it a misfortune, and his secession a loss, it ought to be considered a great gain, for with such a temper and disposition as his, it is evident that if it would be difficult to go on without him, it would be much more difficult to go on with him.

December 21, 1845: . . . And she [the Queen] expressed her

indignation at Howick's conduct in the affair and said that she had felt sure it was Howick who had caused the difficulty the first moment she heard of it, for she had just been reading over all Melbourne's letters to her during his administration and she found in them repeated complaints of Howick's behaviour. While he was in office, every difficulty that occurred was attributable to him.

An inference is here possible. The Whigs had allowed Earl Grey to be ousted from office. Lord Howick as Early Grey's son is making the score even.

Some observers thought that Lord John Russell was suffering from "some domestic anxiety" which had "unstrung his nerves." Had he not "pulled out of his pocket a letter" and "burst into tears"?

December 23, 1845: . . . Le Marchant, wishing to extract sweet from bitter, said, "Well, after all, it may do us good. It will show that the Whigs are not so greedy after office, and it will wipe out the recollection of those two years when we stayed in too long." Macaulay replied, "I don't know that at all, it may only increase the blame. We stayed in when we ought to have gone out, and now we stay out when we ought to have gone in."

The question was whether the Tories would let Peel return to Downing Street. As Greville put it (December 16, 1845), Peel intended "to *betray* the country into good measures."

The Prime Minister was accused of "every sort of baseness, falsehood, and treachery." Melbourne himself joined the hue and cry:

January 13, 1846: . . . There has been a curious scene with Melbourne at Windsor, which was told me by Jocelyn, who was present. It was at dinner, when Melbourne was sitting next to the Queen. Some allusion was made to passing events and to the expected measure, when Melbourne suddenly broke out, "Ma'am, it is a damned dishonest act." The Queen laughed, and tried to quiet him, but he repeated, "I say again it is a very dishonest act," and then he continued a tirade against abolition of Corn Laws, the people not knowing how

to look, and the Queen only laughing. The Court is very strong in favour of Free Trade, and not less in favour of Peel.

January 26, 1848: . . . Lady Beauvale gave me an account of the scene at dinner at Windsor when Melbourne broke out against Peel (about the Corn Laws). She was sitting next Melbourne, who was between her and the Queen; he said pretty much what I have somewhere else stated, and he would go on though it was evidently disagreeable to the Queen, and embarrassing to everybody else. At last the Queen said to him, "Lord Melbourne, I must beg you not to say anything more on this subject now; I shall be very glad to discuss it with you at any other time," and then he held his tongue. It is however an amiable trait in her, that while she is austere to almost everybody else, she has never varied in her attachment to him, and to him everything has always been permitted; he might say and do what he liked. Now she constantly writes to him, never forgets his birthday.

After all, the end was approaching:

November 29, 1848: Lord Melbourne died on Friday night at Brocket, without suffering pain, but having had a succession of epileptic fits the whole day, most painful and distressing to his family collected about him.

Peel was now in a political pillory:

March 21, 1846: . . . George Bentinck made a speech of two hours and a quarter. From never having spoken, he never now does anything else, and he is completely overdoing it, and, like a beggar set on horseback, riding to the devil.

March 29, 1846: . . . No Prime Minister was ever treated as Peel was by them that night, when he rose to speak. The Marquis of Granby rose at the same time, and for five minutes they would not hear Peel, and tried to force their man on the House, and to make the Prime Minister sit down. The Speaker alone decided it, and called on Peel. When he said he knew they could turn him out, they all cheered *savagely*.

London, December 24, 1845: . . . The Duke of Wellington said that it was no longer a question of Corn Laws, but a question of government: whether the Queen should be without a government, or be placed in the alternative of a government of

Lord Grey and Mr. Cobden and a government of Sir Robert Peel; and the Duke of Buccleuch also said that in such circumstances he would not desert the Queen's service.

January 13, 1846: . . . When they all shuffled back to their places by the Queen's command, he looked on himself as one of the rank and file, ordered to *fall in*, and he set about doing his duty, and preparing for battle.

With Peel, a Tory Prime Minister, proposing Free Trade, parties were shattered. The agriculturists were, of course, "an unbroken phalanx" for the Corn Laws. But the Whigs swept over to Peel's side:

January 22, 1846: . . . During these last days the Whig and Peelite (for now there are Peelites, as contradistinguished from Tories) whippers-in have been making lists, and they concur in giving Peel a large majority. They reckon Protectionists 200, Peelites 180, and then there are the Whigs and Liberals 200 or 300; but Bessborough, who is very experienced, says these lists are very loose and not to be depended on at all.

January 23, 1846: Went to the House of Commons last night. . . . Peel rose and spoke for about two hours. A very fine speech in a very high tone. He owned to a change of opinion which had been going on for two years; was confirmed by the statistical result of his Free Trade experiment, and urged on to action by the potato failure in November, when he wanted to call Parliament together and open the ports, but was overruled in the Cabinet, where he had only three others with him. His statistical results were very curious. He declared himself indifferent to office, which was too much for him bodily and intellectually, but while he could be of use to the Queen and the country he would stay there. His peroration was fine, in a tone of great excitement, very determined, and full of defiance. He did not get a solitary cheer from the people behind him, except when he said that Stanley had always been against him and never admitted either the danger or the necessity, and then the whole of those benches rang with cheers. He made two mistakes. He went on too long upon his Conservative measures, in a strain calculated to offend those in conjunction with whom he must now fight this battle; and he talked of "a proud aristocracy," which was an unlucky phrase,

though clear from the context that he did not mean anything offensive in it. It certainly was not a speech calculated to lead to a reconciliation between him and the Tories.

January 28, 1846: Last night Peel brought forward his plan, amidst the greatest curiosity and excitement: the House was crammed, and Prince Albert there to mark the confidence of the Court. . . . The Protectionists were generally angry and discontented, none reconciled, and some who had cherished hopes of better things very indignant.

January 29, 1846: . . . The Liberals were full of praise, and Fonblanque said, "I don't hesitate to say it is the grandest scheme any Minister ever propounded to Parliament. I look upon it as greater than the Reform Bill."

February 8, 1846: It is thought that the violence of the Protectionists is somewhat abated, and giving way to despondence. The resignations of seats still continue, but Peel is in high spirits, not at all dejected or dismayed. . . . Meanwhile the Whigs have become perfectly reasonable, and mean to yield anything rather than risk the success of the measure.

At Repeal by stages, extending over three years, Cobden was (January 30th) "very bitter." He and his friends held that "the ports must be opened" and at once.

March 1, 1846: . . . Cobden made an extraordinary speech last night, but one of the ablest I ever read, and it was, I am told, more striking still to hear, because so admirably delivered.

Even among the agriculturalists, time was on the side of the Free Traders:

April 4, 1846: . . . The delay that the Protectionists have contrived to make in the Free Trade measures is proving fatal to their cause, for it is now past a doubt that a great change has been produced over all the country *among the farmers.* They do not care for, do not dread, the repeal of the Corn Laws, but they do most particularly wish to have the question settled. The evidences of this change are not to be mistaken, and many of the Protectionists admit it. They find to their astonishment that there is no depreciation in landed property, that there is no difficulty in letting farms, and that rents are generally rising rather than falling.

The Corn Bill was carried and Peel's work was done:

London, July 4, 1846: . . . Peel fell with great *éclat*, and amidst a sort of halo of popularity; but his speech on the occasion, and a great occasion it was, if he had made the most of it, gave inexpressible offence, and was, I think, very generally condemned. Almost every part of it offended somebody; but his unnecessary panegyric of Cobden, his allusion to the selfish monopolists, and his claptrap about cheap bread in the peroration, exasperated to the last degree his former friends and adherents, were unpalatable to those he has kept, were condemned by all parties indiscriminately, and above all deeply offended the Duke of Wellington. He might have wound up with something much more becoming, dignified, and conciliatory; but his taste, or his temper, or his judgment, were completely in fault, and he marred all the grace and dignity of his final address, and left a bad, when he might so easily have stamped a good, impression.

Some people have thought that Peel's final speech was rather good.

CHAPTER LXIII

A WHITED SEPULCHRE

PERHAPS the most startling disclosures in Greville's unpublished material concern his near cousin and intimate associate, Lord George Bentinck. When "the Tory Democracy, as the *Standard* calls them," had to choose a leader in succession to Peel, it was upon Bentinck that the choice fell. Bentinck was supposed to be an honourable sportsman. What follows would appear to reduce his many epitaphs to mockery.

Bentinck, like Greville, started life as a private secretary. His chief was his uncle, Canning, who, it was said, "predicted great things of him if he would apply himself seriously to politics." But, like Greville, Bentinck "addicted himself with extraordinary vivacity to the turf," and even "lost £11,000 at Doncaster which he could not pay." The Duke, his father, "was greatly annoyed, but paid the money for him, exacting a promise that he would not bet any more on the turf."

"Of course," continues Greville, "he [the Duke] never dreamt of his keeping race horses," and hence arose a curious incident:

September 28, 1848: . . . The Duke, his father (the most innocent of men), had his curiosity awakened by seeing a great number of horses running in the names of men whom he never saw or heard of. These were all his son's aliases. He asked a great many questions about these invisible personages, to the amusement of all the Newmarket world. At last it was evident he must find out the truth, and I urged George to tell it him at once. With reluctance and no small apprehension, he assented, and mustering up courage he told the Duke that all those horses were his. The intimation was very ill received; the Duke was indignant. He accused him of having violated his word; and he was so angry that he instantly quitted Newmarket and returned to Welbeck. For a long time he would not see George at all; at last the Duchess contrived to pacify him;

he resumed his usual habits with his son, and in the end he took an interest in the horses, tacitly acquiesced in the whole thing, and used to take pleasure in seeing them and hearing about them.

The most important of the "aliases" was Greville himself in whose name Bentinck ran his animals. We read, "at this time and for a great many years, we were most intimate friends and I was the depository of his most secret thoughts and feelings," while "not an unkind word had ever passed between us, nor had a single cloud darkened our habitual intercourse."

When, therefore, Bentinck "fell desperately in love," Greville was his confidant; and it was perhaps unfortunate that the lady, so adored, should have been the Duchess of Richmond:

September 28, 1848: . . . This passion, the only one he ever felt for any woman, betrayed him into great imprudence of manner and behaviour, so much so that I ventured to put him on his guard. I cannot now say when this occurred, it is so long ago, but I well recollect that as I was leaving Goodwood after the races I took him aside, told him it was not possible to be blind to his sentiments, that he was exposing himself and her likewise; that I did not mean to thrust myself into his confidence in so delicate a matter, but besought him to remember that all eyes were on him, all tongues ready to talk, and that it behoved him to be more guarded and reserved for her sake as well as his own. He made no reply, and I departed. I think I repeated the same thing to him in a letter; but whether I did or no, I received from him a very long one in which he confessed his sentiments without disguise, went at great length into his own case, declared his inability to sacrifice feelings which made the whole interest of his existence, but affirmed with the utmost solemnity that he had no reason to believe his feelings were reciprocated by her, and that not only did he not aspire to *success*, but that if it were in his power to obtain it (which he knew it was not), he would not purchase his own gratification at the expense of her honour and happiness; in short, his letter amounted to this—

> Let me but visit her, I'll ask no more;
> Guiltless I'll gaze, and innocent adore.

At the time, it was much believed that a liaison existed between them, and there were persons who pretended that they knew it. Stradbroke spoke to Richmond about it, and articles appeared in some of the low weekly papers, dealers in scandal, which he traced (as he believed) to George Lennox, Richmond's brother. Once and once only he [Bentinck] spoke to me on this subject. He then poured forth all his feelings, but he gave me to understand that something had occurred of a painful nature. I did not ask and never knew what it was, and we neither of us ever referred to the subject again. His intimacy with the whole family continued the same in appearance, but it was not without disagreeable drawbacks and occasional clouds.

Between Greville and Bentinck, the "first quarrel" was over a horse, Preserve, bought for him in 1833. The tiff "was made up in appearance, never in reality," and a fierce letter from Bentinck, full of "gross and unwarrantable insults," ended "the turf connection." Greville contemplated a duel but, he writes, "I could not challenge my uncle's son." And, by consent, the letter was "destroyed," so obviating an "ostensible quarrel." Indeed, when Bentinck won £14,000 on Greville's Mango, the cousins "became mutually cordial again."

Bentinck's "career of success on the turf" was "astounding"; he was "the leviathan"; and "his stud was enormous."

June 6, 1843: . . . George backed a horse of his called Gaper (and not a good one), to win about £120,000. On the morning of the race the people came to hedge with him, when he laid the odds against him to £7,000; 47,000 to 7,000, I believe in all. He had three bets with Kelburne of unexampled amount. He laid Kelburne 13,000 to 7,000 on Cotherstone (the winner) against the British Yeoman, and Kelburne laid him 16,000 to 2,000 against Gaper. The result I believe was, to these two noble lords, that George Bentinck won about £9,000, and the other lost £6,000 or £7,000.

But if Bentinck's "authority and reputation were prodigiously great," so was "his arrogance." And when, at a meeting of the Jockey Club, Greville "made a speech in opposition to him," the resulting estrangement was "complete and irreparable." Writes Greville, "the next time he met me, he cut me dead."

In the year 1845, continues Greville (writing on September 28, 1848): "There was a great explosion in consequence of certain malpractices (and suspicions of others), on the turf, and here again George Bentinck took a very leading part in the committees in Parliament, and in the Jockey Club. He had now proclaimed himself to the world as the stern and indignant vindicator of turf honour and integrity, and he announced his determination to hunt out all delinquencies, and punish inexorably the delinquents in whatever station of life they might move. Accordingly a great enquiry took place in October, 1845, into the conduct of certain jockeys and others, as well as into that of two gentlemen (Messrs. Crommelin and Ives) against whom he displayed the most determined and bitter hostilities. These men were frightened out of their wits, well knowing the vigilance, perseverance, and virulence of their enemy, and they came to me to help them out of their dilemma. Their conduct has been very questionable, but there was enough that was doubtful in it and it was in fact so very little worse (if proved) than that of many who carried their heads high up in the air that I could without any violent breach of conscience lend them my aid to extricate them from his clutches. I had been now so long pitted against him and we had had so many encounters that I will not deny that I took a personal pleasure and interest in baffling him, and I did so before I became acquainted with the disclosures which were elicited in the progress of this case."

Lord George Bentinck's trainer had been John Day—"Honest John," as he was called—of Danebury, who was not too pleased when his patron's stable was transferred to Goodwood. The Days knew the gentleman, Crommelin, whom Bentinck was subjecting to discipline; and—to let Greville tell the story in his own way—

September 28, 1848: . . . In the hour of his danger they came in a very extraordinary manner, but very effectively to his assistance. They told him that they could furnish him with weapons which in case of necessity he could wield against Lord George with terrible effect, and that if the latter persisted in pursuing him to his ruin, he might overwhelm his accuser in a destruction not less complete. They had preserved all his [Bentinck's] correspondence during the whole period of their

connection and the whole of it they now abandoned to Crommelin. He selected from the vast mass a number of important letters, which he brought to me. They were damning in their import, for they disclosed a systematic course of treachery, falsehood, and fraud which would have been far more than sufficient to destroy any reputation (Note: While I am writing this I read in the *Economist* as follows: "He was the open and avowed enemy of the tricks by which horse racing is contaminated, and had acquired reputation by exposing and putting some of them down.") but which would have fallen with tenfold force upon the great Purist, the supposed type and model of integrity and honour. (Note: Stanley has written a letter to Tom Baring about a testimonial which is to be got up in honour of George Bentinck in which is the following passage, "an innate love of truthfulness and honour, and an intense abhorrence of all that is false trickery and underhand were among the leading features of his character, and able as he was etc., etc. . . . what won for him the respect of his opponents and the admiration of his countrymen was the conviction felt by all that he was never acting a part." What dupes people are in this world, and how it does abound in humbug and delusion! The Duke of Bedford may well write me word, "the nauseum that is written and spoken about George Bentinck surpasses anything I ever recollect.")

By Greville's advice the letters were not published. But—

September 28, 1848: . . . an intimation was conveyed to George Bentinck that he was threatened with a retaliation of some sort, and that the Days had put Crommelin in possession of certain letters of his. He affected great indifference, but the notification had a very evident effect on his conduct during the remainder of the enquiry, and from that time he never molested Crommelin any more.

Having served this purpose, the letters "were afterward destroyed."

We have thus no more than Greville's word for what "the black budget" contained. Indeed, says he frankly, "I have now only a faint recollection of many of these revolting details." But his summary is emphatic:

September 28, 1848 . . . Besides this unparalleled tissue of

fraud, falsehood, and selfishness, the secret correspondence divulged many other things, plans and schemes of all sorts, horses who were to be made favourites in order to be betted against (Note: There was a horse called Meunier, against whom a great sum of money was laid which was divided between *the Duke of Richmond* and himself), not intended to win, then horses who were to run repeatedly in specified races and get beaten, till they were well handicapped in some great race which they were to run to win. (Note: One of his letters distinctly alluded to the bribery of jockeys who were to ride against him. He tells John Day he shall want to back some horse for so much for himself, so much for certain other people, and so much "for the jockeys who were to ride against him in the race." It would be unfair, however, to accuse him on this of direct bribery to the other jockeys not to win if they could. It was not this, but he thought it advisable as one of the means of success that the other jockeys should have some interest in his winning if they could not. However, such a letter, if it had appeared, would have had a very *ugly* and suspicious look, and one can easily imagine what he would have said of it in anybody else's case.) All these things were concocted with infinite care and explained in elaborate detail, the whole forming such a mass of roguery that any attempt at explanation, extenuation, or palliation would have been vain.

One specific incident was "indelibly impressed" on Greville's mind:

September 28, 1848: . . . The case of Crucifix is at once the strongest and the most personal to myself. She was an extraordinary animal and great was his anxiety to turn her to the best account. In October, just before she ran for the Criterion stake at Newmarket, she hit her leg while turning around in the stable and after the race it was very much swelled. When he went to the stable and saw this, he took fright, came down to the rooms and availing himself of the favour she was taken in, he laid a great sum of money against her for the Oaks by way of hedging. This was quite fair, but the important part is what follows. He sent for the veterinary surgeon, Barrow by name, who not knowing the cause of the swollen leg, gave an

opinion that it was a very bad case, that she probably would not stand sound, and at all events, must be blistered, fired, and thrown up for a long time. As soon, however, as she got home to Danebury, young John Day, who was himself a veterinary surgeon, ascertained that no mischief was done, and informed George Bentinck that she required none of the treatment that Barrow had prescribed but would be well again in ten days. On this he formed his scheme, his object being to get back all he had laid against Crucifix and as much more as he could, and in order to do this, to make everybody believe she was lame and would never run again. He began by writing to Barrow and desiring him to send in writing his opinion of the case, and having obtained this, he had a copy made of the letter, which he sent to John Day retaining the original in his own hands. Day was ordered to show this letter to everybody to whom he could find any pretext for showing it while he did the same with the other, amongst other people to *me* with whom he was then living on terms of amity and ostensibly of confidence. He knew that I had backed Crucifix, and he showed me this letter by way of friendly advice, that I might take an opportunity of hedging my money, while he took care to plant somebody to take the odds of me when I laid them, as I afterward did. This game he played with others who had backed Crucifix, showing them (as if by accident and while talking of other matters and complaining of his ill-luck) Barrow's letter and advising them to hedge. He spared nobody. One letter to John Day which I saw was to this effect. He told him that *George Byng* and *Mr. Greville* were going down to Mr. B. Walls and would probably go over to Danebury to see the horses, that he would naturally show them, and he must take care to make Crucifix look as bad and as "bedevilled" as he could, that at any rate *I* should go over and that if I did, he was to take care to show me Barrow's letter. In a subsequent letter he said that he need not show me Barrow's letter as he had already shown it me himself. The burthen of all his letters to John Day was to show Barrow's letter to as many people as he could. It completely answered, for he got a great sum of money upon her both for the 2000 gs. stake and the Oaks, both of which she won.

On Lord George Bentinck, then, Greville passes (July 5, 1844) this judgment:

"What a humbug it all is, and if everybody knew all that I know of his tricks and artifices what a rogue he would be thought! and yet strange to say, I am persuaded he would not commit for anything on earth a clear, undoubted act of dishonesty. He has made for himself a peculiar code of morality and honour, and what he has done, he thinks he has a right to do, that the game at which he plays warrants deceit and falsehood to a certain extent and in a certain manner. He cannot but know that if all the circumstances relating to Crucifix, by which he won so much money, were revealed, they would be considered disgraceful and dishonest, but he no doubt justifies them to himself. Then about betting against horses; nobody has ever been more unscrupulous than he in making money in this way. In short, while he is thundering away against poor low-lived rogues for the villainies they have committed, he has himself been doing the same things, which high-minded men (like his father, for instance), who do not split hairs and make nice distinctions in questions of honour, would think nearly if not quite as discreditable and reprehensible."

When Lord George Bentinck plunged into politics, he abandoned racing; and, writes Greville:

September 28, 1848: . . . I have always thought that his conduct in selling his stud all at one swoop, and at once giving up the turf, to which he had just before seemed so devoted, was never sufficiently appreciated and praised. It was a great sacrifice both of pleasure and profit, and it was made to what he had persuaded himself was a great public duty.

September 28, 1848: . . . His *début* in the House of Commons was a remarkable exhibition, and made a great impression at the time: not that it was a very good, still less an agreeable speech; quite the reverse. He chose the worst moment he possibly could have done to rise; the House was exhausted by several nights of debate and had no mind to hear more. He rose very late on the last night, and he spoke for above three hours; his speech was ill-delivered, marked with all those peculiar faults which he never got rid of; it was very tiresome; it contained much that was in very bad taste; but in spite of all de-

fects it was listened to, and it was considered a very extraordinary performance, giving indications of great ability and powers which nobody had any idea that he possessed.

June 25, 1848: . . . Everybody behaved ill; nothing could exceed the virulence and intemperance of George Bentinck's attack on Grey and Hawes, accusing them in terms not to be mistaken of wilful suppression of documents, and then the most disgraceful shuffling and lying to conceal what they had done and escape from the charges against them. On the other hand, John Russell lost his temper; and as gentlemen in that predicament usually do, at the same time lost his good taste and good sense. He twitted George Bentinck with his turf pursuits, and managed to make what he said appear more offensive than it really was intended to be. This brought Disraeli to the defence of his friend, and he poured forth a tide of eloquent invective and sarcasm which was received with frantic applause by his crew; they roared and hooted and converted the House of Commons into such a bear garden as no one ever saw before.

September 28, 1848: . . . Notwithstanding his arrogance and his violence, his constant quarrels and the intolerable language he indulged in, he was popular in the House of Commons, and was liked more or less wherever he went. He was extremely good-looking and particularly distinguished and high-bred; then he was gay, agreeable, obliging, and good-natured, charming with those he liked, and by whom he was not thwarted and opposed.

On September 21, 1848, he was walking in the grounds of Welbeck Abbey when he fell down dead, an event, writes Greville, "so strange and sudden that it could not fail to make a very great sensation in the world, and so it did."

September 28, 1848: . . . His memory has been kindly and generously dealt with; he was on the whole high in favour with the world; he had been recently rising in public estimation; and his sudden and untimely end has stifled all feelings but those of sympathy and regret, and silenced all voices but those of eulogy and lamentation. He has long been held up as the type and model of all that is most honourable and high-minded; "*iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,*" indeed, but the lofty and incorruptible scorner of everything mean and dishonourable,

and the stern exposer and scourger of every species of delinquency and fraud, public or private.

"For his own reputation and celebrity, he died at the most opportune period; his fame had probably reached its zenith." Nor did Greville fail to add his tribute:

September 28, 1848: . . . The world will and must form a very incorrect estimate of his character; more of what was good than of what was bad in it was known to the public; he had the credit of virtues which he did not possess.

Bentinck's biographer was none other than Disraeli himself and, naturally, Disraeli applied to Greville for personal details:

November 24, 1851: Yesterday morning Disraeli called on me to speak to me about his work, *The Life of George Bentinck*, which he has written and is just going to bring out. I read him a part of my sketch of his character. I found that he meant to confine it [the *Life*] to his political career of the last three years of his existence, and to keep clear of racing and all his antecedent life. He seems to have formed a very just conception of him, having, however, seen the best of him, and therefore taking a more favourable view of his character than I, who knew him longer and better, could do.

When, therefore, the *Life* appeared, no emphasis was laid on these intimacies:

London, December 19, 1851: Mr. Disraeli has sent me his book, *The Life of Lord George Bentinck*, which, though principally recording very dry Parliamentary debates, he has managed to make very readable. He does ample justice to his hero, but I think without exaggeration; and he certainly makes him out to have been a very remarkable man, with great ability and a superhuman power of work.

The details which Disraeli thought it advisable to ignore in 1851 are now disclosed.

CHAPTER LXIV

CRADLES AT COURT

Queen Victoria had now accepted all the obligations and liabilities incident to marriage. She was the wife of her husband and yet she was living every hour of every busy day in the fierce light that beats upon a throne. She visited the Duke of Devonshire:

December 13, 1843: . . . All the people who have been at the Royal progress say there never was anything so grand as Chatsworth; and the Duke, albeit he would have willingly dispensed with this visit, treated the Queen right royally. He met her at the station and brought her in his own coach and six, with a coach and four following, and eight outriders. The finest sight was the illumination of the garden and the fountains; and after seeing the whole place covered with innumerable lamps and all the material of the illuminations, the guests were astonished and delighted when they got up the following morning not to find a vestige of them left, and the whole garden as trim and neat as if nothing had occurred. This was accomplished by Paxton, who got 200 men, set them to work, and worked with them the whole night till they had cleared away everything belonging to the exhibition of the preceding night. This was a great exploit in its way and produced a great effect. At Belvoir the Prince went hunting, and to the surprise of everybody acquitted himself in the field very creditably. He was supposed to be a very poor performer in this line, and, as Englishmen love manliness and dexterity in field sports, it will have raised him considerably in public estimation to have rode well after the hounds in Leicestershire.

December 13, 1843: . . . I was told a thing the other day in reference to these junketings, which I never have heard a whisper of before, but whether there is anything in it or not, time will show. It was that the Queen has been in a restless state, always wanting to go somewhere, and do something,

and that it was thought advisable to let the excitement find a vent in these excursions. It is certainly remarkable that from the time Parliament broke up till now, she has been with only short intervals in a constant state of locomotion, first in France, then in Belgium, then at Cambridge (without any apparent reason), and now these recent visits.

January 14, 1844: Yesterday I heard that it is reported in the city that the Queen's mind is not in a right state. This is the same notion which Mrs. Drummond imparted to me, but which I have never heard of in any other quarter. It is curious, there are slight appearances, nothing in themselves very remarkable but which indicate restlessness, excitement, and nervousness.

February 26, 1840: . . . Adolphus Fitzclarence told me that at the Queen Dowager's party, when the Queen was going away, her shawl was not forthcoming and the Duchess of Bedford, her lady in waiting, could not find it. While she was looking, Lady Clinton did find it and went up with it, offering to put it on, but the Queen would not let her, and said it was for the Duchess of Bedford to do it, and when a moment later the latter returned, she said:

"Duchess of Bedford, I have been waiting some time for my shawl."

All this he saw and overheard. (Note: I rather doubt this being true, Adolphus Fitzclarence is rather a romancer.) . . . One day the Duchess was in the Queen's room with the Baroness, when the Queen said she knew that she was very wilful, when the Baroness (Lehzen) said:

"To know your faults is the first step toward correcting them."

This was honest, and it was well received, but her consciousness does not seem to produce amendment, and it was only the other day that Bedford says he is sure there was a battle between her and Melbourne. He overheard Melbourne say to her with great earnestness,

"No. For God's sake, don't do that."

Though he does not know what it was about; and he is sure there was one about the men's sitting after dinner, for he overheard her say to him rather angrily:

"It is a horrid custom."

But when the ladies left the room (he dined there) directions were given that the men should remain *five minutes* longer.

October 5, 1842: . . . The Baroness Lehzen has left Windsor Castle, and is gone abroad for her health (as she says), to stay five or six months, but it is supposed never to return. This lady, who is much beloved by the women and much esteemed and liked by all who frequent the Court, who is very intelligent, and has been a faithful and devoted servant to the Queen from her birth, has for some time been supposed to be obnoxious to the Prince, and as he is now all-powerful her retirement was not unexpected. I do not know the reason of it, nor how it has been brought about; Melbourne told me long ago that the Prince would acquire unbounded influence.

London, October 30, 1854: . . . Stockmar also told Granville a great deal about Conroy and the Baroness Lehzen. It was not without great difficulty that the Prince succeeded in getting rid of her. She was foolish enough to contest his influence and not to conform herself to the change in her position that the Queen's marriage necessarily occasioned. If she had done so, and conciliated the Prince, she might have remained in the Palace to the end of her life, for the Queen was attached to her and could not forget how she had assisted her in defending herself against the Duchess of Kent and Conroy.

There were signs that the Queen was responding to wise counsel:

March 12, 1840: . . . He [the Duke of Wellington] dined at the Palace on Monday, and was treated with the greatest civility by the Queen. Indeed, she has endeavoured to repair her former coldness by every sort of attention and graciousness, to which he is by no means insensible.

After all, the Queen was subject to sudden emergencies:

June 12, 1840: On Wednesday afternoon, as the Queen and Prince Albert were driving in a low carriage up Constitution Hill, about four or five in the afternoon, they were shot at by a lad of eighteen years old, who fired two pistols at them successively, neither shots taking effect. He was in the Green Park without the rails, and as he was only a few yards from the carriage, and, moreover, very cool and collected, it is marvellous

he should have missed his aim. In a few moments the young man was seized, without any attempt on his part to escape or to deny the deed, and was carried off to prison. The Queen, who appeared perfectly cool, and not the least alarmed, instantly drove to the Duchess of Kent's, to anticipate any report that might reach her mother, and, having done so, she continued her drive and went to the Park. By this time the attempt upon her life had become generally known, and she was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the immense crowd that was congregated in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. All the equestrians formed themselves into an escort and attended her back to the Palace, cheering vehemently, while she acknowledged, with great appearance of feeling, these loyal manifestations. She behaved on this occasion with perfect courage and self-possession, and exceeding propriety; and the assembled multitude, being a high-class mob, evinced a lively and spontaneous feeling for her—a depth of interest which, however natural under such circumstances, must be very gratifying to her, and was satisfactory to witness.

Yesterday morning the culprit was brought to the Home Office, when Normanby examined him, and a Council was summoned for a more personal examination at two o'clock. A question then arose as to the nature of the proceeding, and the conduct of the examination, whether it should be before the Privy Council or the Secretary of State. We search for precedents, and the result was this: The three last cases of high treason were those of Margaret Nicholson, in 1786; of Hatfield, in 1800 (both for attempts on the life of the Sovereign); and of Watson (the Cato Street affair), for an attempt on the Ministers in 1820. Margaret Nicholson was brought before the Privy Council, and the whole proceeding was set forth at great length in the Council Register. There appeared no entry of any sort or kind in the case of Hatfield; and in that of Watson there was a minute in the Home Office, setting forth that the examination had taken place *there* by Lord Sidmouth, assisted by certain Lords and others of the Privy Council. There was, therefore, no uniform course of precedents, and Ministers had to determine whether the culprit should be brought before the Privy Council, or whether he should be examined by the

Cabinet only—that is, by Normanby as Secretary of State, assisted by his colleagues, as had been done in Watson's case. After some discussion, they determined that the examination should be before the Cabinet only, and consequently I was not present at it, much to my disappointment, as I wished to hear what passed, and see the manner and bearing of the perpetrator of so strange and unaccountable an act. Up to the present time there is no appearance of insanity in the youth's behaviour, and he is said to have conducted himself during the examination with acuteness, and cross-examined the witnesses (a good many of whom were produced) with some talent. All this, however, is not incompatible with a lurking insanity. His answers to the questions put to him were mysterious, and calculated to produce the impression that he was instigated or employed by a society, with which the crime had originated, but I expect that it will turn out that he had no accomplices, and is only a crackbrained enthusiast, whose madness has taken the turn of vanity and desire for notoriety. No other conjecture presents any tolerable probability. However it may turn out—here is the strange fact—that a half-crazy potboy was on the point of influencing the destiny of the Empire, and of producing effects the magnitude and importance of which no human mind can guess at. It is remarkable how seldom attempts like these are successful, and yet the life of any individual is at the mercy of any other, provided this other is prepared to sacrifice his own life, which, in the present instance, the culprit evidently was.

August 13, 1840: . . . The danger, whether real or supposed, which the Queen ran from the attempt of the half-witted coxcomb who fired at her, elicited whatever there was of dormant loyalty in her lieges, and made her extremely popular. Nothing could be more enthusiastic than her reception at Ascot, where dense multitudes testified their attachment to her person, and their joy at her recent escape by more than usual demonstrations. Partly, perhaps from the universality of the interest evinced, and partly from a judicious influence or more impartial reflection, she began about this time to make her Court much less exclusive, and all these circumstances produced a better state of feeling between the Court and the Tories, and helped to soften the acrimony of political warfare.

It was not by any means the only attempt on the life of the Queen:

June 5, 1842: . . . Last week the Queen was shot at, very much in the same manner and in the same spot as two years ago. She was aware that the attempt had been meditated the day before, and that the perpetrator was at large, still she would go out, and without any additional precautions. This was very brave but imprudent. It would have been better to stay at home, or go to Claremont, and let the police look for the man, or to have taken some precautionary measures. It is certainly very extraordinary, for there is no semblance of insanity in the assassin, and no apparent motive or reason for the crime. This young Queen, who is an object of interest, and has made no enemies, has twice had attempts made on her life within two years. George III, a very popular King, was exposed to similar attempts, but in his case the perpetrators were really insane; while George IV, a man neither beloved nor respected, and at different times very odious and unpopular, was never attacked by anyone.

The courage of Queen Victoria, thus tested, was characteristic of her family. It added, if that be possible, to the increasing esteem and to the affection with which, year by year, her person was regarded by the nation. It was during these years that Queen Victoria laid the foundations of that deep regard which has been extended, not less deservedly, to her successors on the throne.

To cleanse the Court was no easy task. "Uxbridge and Erroll [February 11, 1842] would be much surprised to hear that she dislikes them both, their intemperance and ill behaviour having disgusted her."

September 6, 1841: Melbourne said he thought the Prince must be at the bottom of these (appointments and exclusions at the Court), that he was extremely strait-laced, and a great stickler for morality, whereas she was rather the other way, and did not much care about such niceties of moral choice. He said that she could not bear Lady Exeter (though they wish to have *him*), thinks her a bore, and no doubt dislikes her on account of her odour of sanctity.

September 7, 1841: . . . I had some talk with him about the applicants, when he [the Duke of Wellington] told me in confirmation of what Melbourne had said, that it was the Prince who insisted on spotless character (the Queen not caring a straw about it) and who had put his veto upon Beaufort, etc. He said it was impossible to explain all this, and he was aware how mortified and angry these people are.

September 17, 1841: . . . The Duke of Beaufort has now applied for the Embassy at Vienna by letter to Peel, having discovered (as he believes) that his exclusion from Court is attributable to the Queen Dowager, who has set Prince Albert against him, she being his enemy partly from prudery, and partly because he never would join in the senseless Tory manifestations toward her, in a sort of opposition to the Queen.

Brighton, July 18, 1846: . . . I saw the Duke of Bedford repeatedly before I left town, who told me all that was going on. He had been principally occupied in corresponding with G. E. Anson about the Court appointments, and was very much dissatisfied with the conduct of the Palace about them. These are such trifling matters that they are totally unworthy of attention except just for this, that in their details they exhibit a good deal of want of candour and sincerity on the part of the Queen and Prince. As for example, after insisting on the dismissal of Arbuthnot and exposing John Russell to all the odium thereof, they had him down to Osborne to finish his wiring and loaded him with civilities, thereby confirming his belief that it was John's doing and not theirs.

There was also something very uncandid and unfair in Peel's conduct in the matter. *Il jeta les hauts airs*, and told old Arbuthnot that it was the hardest and most unjust case that ever was. I advised the Duke of Bedford to call on Peel, and tell him that before he censured it so strongly he had better know the real truth. He then told it him, when Peel said that it was just what he had imagined it to be, for the Queen was always pressing him to remove Arbuthnot. Knowing what he did he ought not to have said what he did say to the father or the son, it was not what a true, straightforward man would have done.

March 31, 1848: . . . There has been a wrangle (or nearly one) between Spencer and the Court about the place of Sergeant at Arms. The Queen and Prince have taken to seize everything in

the way of patronage they can lay their hands on. The Chamberlain formerly used to have it all even to the appointment of domestic servants. First they took Hampton Court, and the distribution of the apartments there. Spencer found matters thus and acquiesced, but on the vacancy made by Gosset's death they wanted to seize his place also. Spencer resisted, or *half* asserted his right, he wrote to the Prince and said he proposed to appoint Charles Russell, and he told me he should resign if they refused their assent. On the course at Northampton a messenger arrived with the reply, which was an assent but not a very willing one, and giving him to understand that they considered the appointment their own.

The Royal Family was not yet inclined to be subservient to the young Sovereign:

February 21, 1840: . . . On Thursday morning I got a note from Arbuthnot, desiring I would call at Apsley House. When I got there, he told me that the Duke of Cambridge had sent for Lord Lyndhurst to consult him; that they were invited to meet the Queen on Friday at the Queen Dowager's, and he wanted to know what he was to do about giving precedence to Prince Albert. Lord Lyndhurst came to Apsley House and saw the Duke about it, and they agreed to report to the Duke of Cambridge their joint opinion that the Queen had an unquestionable right to give him any precedence she pleased, and that he had better concede it without making any difficulty. The Duke acquiesced, and accepted the invitation.

September 22, 1840: There has been a Court *tracasserie* and the Queen has been very angry with the Duke of Cambridge for what he said of her at the Mansion House the day Prince Albert received the freedom of the City. The day had long been fixed for his dining at the Mansion House, when in consequence of a bad account of Princess Augusta, Prince Albert wrote (on the day previous) and said he could not attend. The Lord Mayor posted down to Windsor and represented that after all the trouble and expense that had been incurred, it would be a grievous disappointment if he did not go, so (the account of the Princess being better) he agreed to attend. The Duke of Cambridge, who had been invited to meet him, wrote to him to say that if he liked it, he would meet him in the morning (wherever

it was he was to go) and that as he was not accustomed to these ceremonies he might be of some use to him. The Prince never answered his letter, but when they met, he said to the Duke that he had a favour to ask him which was that he would not stay and dine there, as he did not himself mean to do so. The Duke said he would do no such thing and asked why he did not.—On account of the Princess Augusta, he said, and he had promised the Queen to return. The Duke said the Princess Augusta was better than she had been for some time. He, Prince Albert, might do as he pleased, but that he, the Duke, could not now make an excuse to the Lord Mayor. When Prince Albert was gone, the Lord Mayor came to the Duke and said he really did not know what to do, but people were so indignant at his departure that if his health was proposed he was afraid they would turn down their glasses. On this the Duke said he would do the best he could to get him out of the scrape, and for this purpose he made the speech in which, in not very refined terms, and in somewhat too familiar phrase, he talked of his having married "a fine young girl," and that they were "very fond of each other's company." It took very well, and answered the purpose, but Her Majesty was very indignant at being called "a fine young girl," thought it very impertinent, and signified her displeasure in a letter to the Duchess of Gloucester which she desired her to show to the Duke. She is mighty tenacious of her dignity, and as she fancies everything is to bend her will, she was probably very angry that the Duke did not comply with Albert's request and go away when he did.

Queen Victoria did not approve of Prince George (afterward the Duke of Cambridge), who was her first cousin and then a young man:

February 26, 1840: . . . She had a dance at the Palace on Monday night (for they are always dancing or doing nothing) but did not ask Prince George of Cambridge to it. In the morning Prince George and Prince Ernest (Albert's brother) met at Uxbridge Heath and the latter said (about something they were to do together):

"I shall see you to-night, when we will settle it."

To which the other replied:

"Oh, no, I am not asked," to the great astonishment of

Ernest, who expressed it. These are all very trifling things, but they show the state and animus of the Court.

The Duke of Beaufort had a daughter:

November 7, 1842: . . . I have been engaged these last few days in devising the means of stifling the scandalous stories which have gone all over the world about Prince George of Cambridge and Lady Augusta Somerset. The story is that he got her with child, that he did not object, but that the Royal Marriage act stood in the way, and the Queen was indisposed to consent, and this story with many trifling variations has been in all the newspapers and been circulated with incredible success not only all over England, but over the Continent also. The whole is false from beginning to end, except that he did flirt with her and she with him last year at Kew, where she was staying while her father was abroad, flirtation such as is continually going on without any serious result between half the youths and girls in London. As soon as the parties became aware of the universal diffusion of the scandal they thought it necessary to take some measures for suppressing it and after a good deal of deliberation Adolphus Fitzclarence (on the part of Prince George) and I (on that of the Duke of Beaufort) went together to the *Times* office and asked them to put a formal contradiction into their paper, which they immediately consented to do, and did yesterday morning. If anything can correct the mischief which these reports have done, such a contradiction as this will do it, but the appetite for scandal is so general and insatiable, there is such a disposition to believe such stories, and such reluctance to renounce a belief once entertained, that it is very improbable that what has been done can be entirely undone, and this calumny will affect the lady more or less as long as she lives. Though it is totally false that she was ever with child, and Prince George certainly never thought of marrying her, it is probably true enough that she behaved with very little prudence, delicacy, or reserve, for she is a very ill-behaved girl, ready for anything that her caprice or passions excite her to do. Fortunately, he is a very timid, unenterprising youth, not unwilling to amuse himself, but by no means inclined to incur any serious risks, as he has abundantly shown on other occasions. His vanity prompts him to make love to the ladies whom he

meets in his country quarters, and as princes are scarce, his blood royal generally finds easy access to rural and provincial beauties, but when he finds these affairs growing serious and the objects of his admiration evince an embarrassing alacrity to meet his flame with corresponding ardour, I am told that he usually gets alarmed and backs out with much more prudence than gallantry.

The Duchess of Cambridge (mother of the indiscreet Prince) came to Windsor Castle with Lady Augusta Somerset:

February 7, 1843: . . . The visit passed off without anything remarkable, but shortly after, the Duchess of Gloucester went to the Castle, when the Queen broke out with great violence, said that she knew the stories about Lady Augusta were all true, and that she was only brought there for the purpose of getting rid of the scandal, and that it was very wrong of the Duchess of Cambridge to have brought her, with a great deal more in the same strain. The Duchess of Gloucester told her that this was a very serious charge, not only against the girl, but against the Duchess of Cambridge, herself, and asked her if she intended that she should tell the latter what the Queen had said. The Queen said she did, when she begged the Queen would write her a note, saying in it what she had already said verbally, in order that there might be no mistake. The Queen did so and the Duchess of Gloucester sent or gave the note to the Duchess of Cambridge. (Note: I made an alteration, because Lady Georgiana Bathurst corrected my statement so far, confirming its accuracy in every other particular. She told me besides, that when Lady Augusta Somerset was at Windsor none of the ladies would take the least notice of her, and evidently had been ordered not to do so.) Both the Duke and the Duchess of Cambridge immediately took the matter up in the warmest manner and one of them wrote to the Queen complaining of such an imputation having been cast on both the girl and on them, and that her Majesty could not suppose they would either bring her, if she had not been innocent, into her Majesty's presence, or allow her to continue at Kew as the associate of their own daughter. The Duke of Cambridge said that he considered himself bound to protect and defend her as much as if he were her father. To this expostulation a very unsatis-

factory answer came from Albert, in which he said that "as Prince George had given his word of honour that the story was untrue *he supposed* they *must* believe that *it was so.*" This letter by no means satisfied the Duke of Cambridge, and still less the Duke of Beaufort, who was by this time made acquainted with what had occurred and who was not at all disposed to submit to such an indignity. The Duke of Beaufort wrote to Sir Robert Peel on the subject, expressing what he felt, and announcing his determination to demand an audience of the Queen. Peel endeavoured to pacify him and represented to him that he would gain nothing by an audience, as the Queen would infallibly say nothing and bow him out, just as she formerly did Lord Hastings. The Duke, however, desired Peel to communicate with the Queen on the subject and to let her know what his feelings were. But the Duke of Wellington (who is always appealed to on these occasions) told the Beauforts, Peel was so afraid of the Queen he did not think he would venture to speak to her. Peel, however, had some communication with her, and after a great many pourparlers and much negotiation amongst them all, Peel wrote a letter to the Duke of Beaufort (or to the Duke of Cambridge, I forget which) in which he said that the Queen had desired him to say she was now entirely satisfied and she begged there might be no further discussion on the subject. This is a tolerably correct account of the incident, as the Duchess of Beaufort told it to me yesterday. They are, however, boiling with resentment and indignation, and anxious to show their sentiments, if they only knew how. It is not very creditable to the Queen or her husband, neither to their feelings nor to their sense, and it is really incredible that, after the Flora Hastings affair, and the deplorable catastrophe in which it ended, the Queen should not have shrunk instinctively from anything like another such scandal. Anybody would imagine that, after the grievous wrong she had done to one woman, she would have been especially cautious never to run the least risk of doing the same to another. But between the prudery of Albert, and her own love of gossip, and exceeding arrogance and heartlessness, this *tracasserie* arose.

August 6, 1843: Albert proposed to the Duke of Beaufort the other day to make Worcester his lord in waiting, but the Duke declined. The old affair of his daughter still rankles in his mind,

and he thinks besides that his boy had much better be aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington than a Lord in the Prince's Court. Indeed if the Prince was not infatuated with his own dignity, he would never have contemplated the possibility of a young soldier resigning his office of aide-de-camp to the Duke to go and wait upon him at his trumpery and tiresome court.

Lady Augusta Somerset was thus vindicated. But there was another Augusta, a Princess, and daughter of the Duke of Cambridge whose marriage to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz had to be adjusted:

June 14, 1843: The Royal Family, who always fancy any trumpery matter relating to their rank and dignity of greater importance than the gravest affairs, have been making an absurd splutter about the Princess Augusta of Cambridge's designation. When the Queen gave her consent to the marriage, she was so styled in the instrument, but the Cambridges did not like this, complained of her being called "of Cambridge," and appealed to the Queen that she might at the marriage have some other style. The Queen referred to Sir Robert Peel, and he called to Council the Chancellor and Lord President, and these three ministers were occupied for three hours the other day (during which all their more serious affairs stood still), in devising some style and designation for this young lady that might be at the same time proper and palatable. At last they agreed that she should be Princess Augusta, daughter of the Duke of Cambridge! A grave piece of folly indeed. The Cambridges are very angry at the poor provision (as they consider it) which Peel proposes for her, and the Duchess complained to my brother Henry of the audacity of the Duke of Wellington which she thinks is proved by his not procuring a larger allowance for her daughter.

It was amid all this that the Queen had herself to bring up a family. "At Windsor for Council on Saturday," writes Greville on December 14, 1842, adding on one occasion, "Queen beginning to show her *grossesse.*" Publicity was pitiless:

December 19, 1840: . . . I dined with Erroll yesterday who told me some gossiping details of the Queen's accouchement. Her health and strength through the operation seem to have been

marvellous. She desired that as few persons as possible should be present, and actually in the room there were only Locock (no other doctor) the Prince and Mrs. Lilly, the nurse. In the next room (with the door so open so that Erroll said he could see the Queen plainly the whole time and hear what she said) were the Cabinet ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of London. When the child was born, Locock said:

"Oh, Madam, it is a Princess."

She said, "Never mind, the next will be a Prince."

The baby was then brought stark naked into the room where the Councillors were and laid on a table (already prepared) for their inspection and having thus verified the birth, they went away. The Queen's delivery was so little expected that the wet nurse was at her own home on the Isle of Wight, and Whiting the Page (and formerly private valet de chambre of George IV) went off for her, brought her over in an open boat from Cowes to Southampton and had her at the Palace by two in the morning.

So entered this world the Princess Royal of England, the future Empress Frederick of Germany, and mother of a Kaiser who was to abdicate his throne.

The next was a Prince.

King Edward VII was also cradled in etiquette. "We are occupied," writes Greville, "with the approaching delivery of the Queen and the probable death of the Queen Dowager (Adelaide)."

November 11, 1841: The Queen was delivered of a son at forty-eight minutes after ten on Tuesday morning the ninth. From some crotchet of Prince Albert's, they put off sending intelligence of her Majesty being in labour till so late that several of the Dignitaries, whose duty it was to assist at the birth, arrived after the event had occurred, particularly the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord President of the Council. At two o'clock a Council was held, and the usual thanksgiving ordered. Last year the Prince took the chair, which was all wrong; and this time I placed him at the top of the table on the left, the Archbishop next him. None of the Royal Dukes were summoned. "God save the Queen" was sung with great enthusiasm at all the theatres, and great joy manifested generally. The event came very opportunely for the Lord Mayor's dinner.

It was odd enough that the same day Peel had been engaged with two or three more to dine at the Palace, and had been forced to send excuses to the Lord Mayor, though the Queen must have known it was the Lord Mayor's Day. Melbourne under similar circumstances would have gone to the Mansion House, but these people are forced to stand rather more on ceremony than he was.

A curious point has arisen, interesting to the Guards. It has been the custom for the officer on guard at St. James's Palace to be promoted to a majority when a Royal Child is born. The guard is relieved at forty-five minutes after ten. At that hour the new guard marched into the Palace Yard, and at forty-eight minutes after ten the child was born. The question arises which officer is entitled to the promotion. The officer of the fresh guard claims it because the relief marched in before the birth, and the keys were delivered over to him; but the other officer claims it because the sentries had not been changed when the child was actually born, his men were still on guard, and he disputes the fact of the delivery of the keys, arguing that in all probability this had not occurred at the moment of the birth. The case is before Lord Hill for his decision.

It is odd enough that there is a similar case involving civic honours at Chester. The Prince being Earl of Chester by birth, the Mayor of Chester claims a Baronetcy. The old Mayor went out and the new Mayor came into office the same day and about the same hour, and it is doubtful which functionary is entitled to the honour. The ex-Mayor was a Whig banker, and the new one is a Tory linen draper.

December 5, 1841: The difficulties and trouble that may be caused by trifles may be well illustrated by a matter which is now pending. Peel sent for me the day before yesterday, to talk to me about the armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales, a matter apparently very simple and insignificant, but not at all so in fact. The Queen and Prince are very anxious to allot to this baby his armorial bearings, and they wish that he should quarter the arms of Saxony with the Royal arms of England, because Prince Albert is alleged to be *Duke of Saxony*. The Queen gave the Princess Royal armorial bearings last year by warrant, but it is conceived that more formal proceedings are necessary in the case of the Heir Apparent. The last precedent is

that of 1714, when George the First referred to the Privy Council the question of the Prince of Wales's arms, who reported to his Majesty thereupon. On that occasion the initiative was taken by the Deputy Earl Marshal, who transmitted to the Council a draft, which was afterward approved. Then, however, the case admitted of no doubt; but now the heralds, and others who have considered the matter, think that the Saxon arms ought not to be foisted upon the Royal arms of England. It is Her Majesty's predilection for everything German which makes her insist on this being done, and she wants it to be done offhand at the next Council without going through the usual forms of a reference and report. Peel, however, is not disposed to let the thing be thus hurried over; he thinks that it is a matter in which the dignity of the Crown is concerned, and that whatever is done should be done with deliberation, and that if the Privy Council are to advise, they ought to advise what is right and becoming, and not merely what she and the Prince wish. The difficulty, therefore, is, how to set the matter going. The Earl Marshal will not stir without an order to do so. If the Home Office order him to submit a draft of the armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales, they can only order him to make out what is right according to the rules and laws of heraldry, and the Earl Marshal is of opinion that what the Queen and Prince wish to be done is inconsistent with those rules. The matter therefore remains in suspense. I have sent to Lord Wharncliffe, by Peel's desire, to come up from Wortley to meet Graham, in order that they may put their heads together and settle this delicate and knotty affair. Melbourne would have made very light of it; he would have thought it did not signify a straw, which, in fact, it does not, and that any fancy the Queen had should be gratified in the most summary way.

December 8, 1841: This foolish business of the coat of arms has cost more trouble than many matters a thousand times more important. Peel has had to write at least a dozen long letters about that and the alteration in the Liturgy, and whether *His Royal Highness* should be inserted before Prince of Wales. Yesterday Wharncliffe, Graham, and I had a conference at the Home Office, when Graham produced a letter from Peel, with one from the Queen to him, pressing for the speedy arrangement of the affair and treating it as a thing settled. Graham said it

was not worth while to squabble about it, and better to gratify her, and he proposed to take it on himself, and let the Council have nothing to do with it, but, on his own responsibility, order the Earl Marshal to draw out a coat of arms, with the achievement according to her wishes, no matter whether right or wrong. We agreed this was the best way. Peel had written to me about the Liturgy, and I wrote him word that when Prince Albert's name was inserted, the Archbishop particularly desired there might be no "Royal Highness," and so it was left out.

December 9, 1841: I saw Graham again yesterday about this business. They have gazetted the child "Duke of Saxony," which is very absurd, and at Lady Holland's last night, the precedence given to that title over the English titles was much criticized. It was amusing to hear Lady Palmerston finding fault, and when I told her it was a particular fancy of the Queen's, to which she clung very tenaciously, she said "that it was the duty of the Ministers to tell her it was wrong, but they had not the courage to do so."

September 17, 1855: He (Clarendon) told me a few things besides, of no great importance, and which I am not sure that I recollect: about Spain, that matters were going on better there, and the Government had contrived to get money. The Spaniards were very anxious to take part in the war, but he had discouraged it entirely; of Naples, that we were calling the Neapolitan Government to account for their recent impertinence to us, but that Palmerston and he had disagreed as to what should be done. Palmerston according to his old habit wanting to send ships of war to Naples, and to proceed to violence, while he was opposed to having another Pacifico affair on our hands, and proposed to proceed with caution and quietly. The Queen, he said, was going on better than formerly; not a bad-hearted woman, and kept in order by fear of her husband, who she thought would poison her, of which he is very capable.

CHAPTER LXV

"JOHN"

WHEN Sir Robert Peel forced Free Trade on his Protectionist party he plunged politics into chaos. His action "completely broke up" the Tory party. "The great Conservative schism in 1846," wrote Greville on August 14, 1854, "produced a final separation between the few able"—who believed in Free Trade—"and the numerous mediocrity"—who clung to Protection:

August 14, 1854: . . . Ever since that time the House of Commons has been in a state of disorganization and confusion: the great party ties had been severed.

Ten years later—that is, in 1856—there was "not one man in the House of Commons who has ten followers, neither Gladstone, nor Disraeli, nor Palmerston."

Broadly there were four parties, the Whigs, the Peelites or Free Trade Tories, the Protectionist Tories, and (May 12, 1852) "the 'Brigadiers,' as the Irish squadron were called."

August 14, 1854: . . . John Russell succeeded on the fall of Peel, but the Peelites warmly resented the conduct of the Whigs in Peel's last struggle, and, though they hated Derby and his crew much more, never gave Lord John's government a cordial support.

Lord John Russell, better known to-day as Earl Russell, was a younger son of the ducal house of Bedford:

September 27, 1841: . . . It is very pleasant to be at Woburn, with or without society, a house abounding in every sort of luxury and comfort, and with inexhaustible resources for every taste—a capital library, all the most curious and costly books, pictures, prints, interesting portraits, gallery of sculpture, garden with the rarest exotics, collected and maintained at a vast expense—in short, everything that wealth and refined taste can supply.

February 27, 1847: . . . A man (whose name and history I have now forgotten) who thought he had some claims on the Government for remuneration or employment made several applications to John Russell, who would not attend to them. The fellow turned savage, and was heard to utter threats of personal violence, which from his determined character gave great alarm to the friends and adherents who heard of them. Great uneasiness prevailed for a time, and many consultations were held, and the matter was deemed so serious that at last they resolved to get the man out of the country and to purchase his forbearance, though not with public money. In this emergency the Duke of Bedford came forward and agreed to pay him a pension of £300 a year, with which he was satisfied, and went abroad. . . . I do not believe Lord John himself has ever been informed of it.

King William IV had regarded Lord John Russell as a Radical. And Lord John had declined, frankly, to regard the Reform Bill as the last word of progress:

August 11, 1831: . . . Nothing remarkable in the House of Commons but Lord John Russell's declaration that "this Bill would not be final if it was not found to work as well as the people desired," which is sufficiently impudent considering that hitherto they have always pretended that it was to be final, and that it was made so comprehensive only that it might be so; this has been one of their grand arguments, and now we are never to sit down and rest, but go on changing till we get a good fit, and that for a country which will have been made so fidgetty that it won't stand still to be measured.

Russell's environment was surrounded by privilege. And even a necessity like copper was withheld from the nation by his family:

Endsleigh, July 14, 1848: . . . We have passed four days here pleasantly enough; it is exquisitely beautiful, so is the country round about it; a mass of comfort and luxury; house perfection, and everything kept as English houses alone are. This place was a creation of the Duke's. The house, which is a cottage, cost between £70,000 and £80,000, and the grounds, laid out with inimitable taste, must have cost thousands more. There are

sixty miles of grass rides and gravel walks. Yesterday we went to see a farmhouse, once one of the hunting seats of the Abbot of Tavistock, a great man whose ample domains were granted to the Earl of Bedford, who was gorged with ecclesiastical spoils here and at Woburn. We then went to see the great copper mine discovered three or four years ago, the best and most profitable in the West of England. The ground was leased three and a half years ago to certain adventurers, who covenanted to give the Duke one fifteenth of the *gross* produce; and as soon (if ever) as they made £30,000 a year from it, one twelfth. After some fruitless attempts, they came upon this lode very near the surface and found it of the best copper. A fortune was made *instanter*. The shares were at one time worth £700,000, i.e., £700 apiece; since that there has been a great fall, but they are now worth £200 apiece. The expense of working is, however, so much increased, that the Duke's agent told me he got nearly one half the *net* profits. All this country is full of copper, but the Duke told me he was resolved not to grant any more leases for mining, although he had applications every day and could make a great deal of money by giving them; and he is averse to promote the spirit of gambling, which money speculations very generally excite among the people, often greatly to their loss and always to the detriment of the agriculture of the country; the latter is neglected for the chances of the former; the farmers let their carts and horses to the miners instead of employing them on their own farms; and though mining is both a profitable and a popular employment, the Duke deems it so mischievous that he will not suffer any more of his ground to be broken up for the chance of the copper that may be found underneath it.

Lord John Russell rapidly swung to the Right:

June 27, 1836: . . . Tavistock talked to me a great deal yesterday about Lord John Russell, who, he declares, is by no means the Radical he is accused by his adversaries of being, that he is opposed tooth and nail to the reform of the House of Lords, much disagreeing with O'Connell, that he has constantly and firmly refused to comply with the demands of the Dissenters in the matter of Church rates, and that in the Ecclesiastical Commission he and the bishops are on the best terms, and they are abundantly satisfied with him that the greatest Reformer

there is Lord Harrowby, and John Russell has had to act as mediator between him and the bishops.

May 5, 1839: Lord John Russell's letter to the electors of Stroud came out late on Friday evening, and three editions were sold of it yesterday, and not a copy to be had. It is very sound and temperate, will be a bitter pill to the Radicals, and a source of vexation to his own people, but will be hailed with exceeding satisfaction by all moderate and really conservative men of whatever party.

To his brother, the Duke of Bedford (August 12, 1841), John wrote—

August 12, 1841: . . . that while he would be in his place to support what he considered the good cause (a somewhat vague phrase), he would adhere to a moderate course, and he was aware in so doing that he should run the risk of giving great offence to many of his party, and probably of determining his own exclusion from office.

Those were days when the Ballot was regarded as Bolshevism:

June 1, 1839: . . . Macaulay is gone to Edinburgh to be elected in the room of Abercromby, so he is again about to descend into the arena of politics. He made a very eloquent and, to my surprise, a very Radical speech, declaring himself for Ballot and short Parliaments. I was the more astonished at this, because I knew he had held very moderate language, and I remembered his telling me that he considered the Radical party to be reduced to "Grote and his wife," after which I did not expect to see him declare himself the advocate of Grote's favourite measure and the darling object of the Radicals.

July 14, 1838: . . . Macaulay saw that he was as great a Radical as anybody, that is, that if ever the voice of the nation should be as clearly and universally pronounced for reform of the House of Lords, or any other great change, as it had been for the Reform Bill, he should be for it too, but that now he did not think it worth while to give such projects a thought, and it no more occurred to him to entertain them in this country than it would to advocate the establishment of a representative government in Turkey, or a monarchy and hereditary peerage in America.

February 18, 1838: . . . Parke [the Judge], who is an alarmist, had just before said that he had never doubted when the Reform Bill had passed that England would become a republic, and when Brougham said that he gave the Ballot five years for its accomplishment, Parke said, "And in five years from that we shall have a republic," on which Brougham gave him a great cuff, and with a scornful laugh, said, "A republic! pooh, nonsense! Well, but what if there is? *There are judges* in a republic, and very well paid too." "Well paid!" said the other in the same tone, "and no." "Yes, they are; they have £350 a year. But, never mind, you shall be taken care of; I will speak to Grote about you." This is the way he goes on.

The Ballot was not conceded by Parliament until the year 1872.

And over this plank in the Chartist programme John Russell "threw the Radicals into a paroxysm of chagrin and disappointment."

June 7, 1839: . . . The Tories had heard he was going to give way, and Peel, who is naturally suspicious and distrustful, believed it; but when he found he would not give way, nor hold out any hopes for the future, Peel nailed him to that point and spoke with great force and effect. This debate was considered very damaging to Whigs and Radicals, and likely to lead to a dissolution—first of Parliament, and then of Government. But the Radicals are now adopting a whining, fawning tone, have dropped that of bluster and menace, and, having before rudely insisted on the mighty slice of the loaf, are now content to put their tails between their legs and swallow such crumbs as they can get.

A day or two later, there was a change:

June 10, 1839: Notwithstanding Lord John Russell's speech on Fleetwood's motion, and Melbourne's anti-movement declaration in the other House, they have to their eternal disgrace succumbed to the Radicals, and been squeezed into making Ballot an open question. For John Russell I am sorry. I thought he would have been stouter. . . . I asked him [Lord Howick] if he was not conscious that it was only like buying off the Picts and Scots, and that fresh demands would speedily follow with

redoubled confidence; and he owned he was. It may prolong for a brief period the sickly existence of the Government.

To a man like Richard Cobden, Reform had no terrors:

February 18, 1848: . . . Cobden's tone and spirit were bad, and, so far as can be judged of his intentions, he means to go to work in the line of pure democracy, and with the object of promoting the power of the middle classes over that of the aristocracy.

February 8, 1848: . . . Everybody was disgusted at Cobden's impertinence and (it may be added) folly. His head is turned by all the flattery he has received, and he has miserably exposed himself since his return to England, showing that he is a man of one idea and no statesman.

But to Greville's friends (March 16, 1849) "the Reform Bill had destroyed the machinery of rotten boroughs, and let in a flood of popular influence."

January 27, 1848: The Attorney General [Sir John Jervis] has got into a scrape about his son's election, but it remains to be seen if he will not get out of it; there was a petition against young Jervis and they gave the petitioners £1,500 to drop it.

London, January 2, 1849: . . . Universal suffrage is to pick out the men fit to frame new Constitutions, and when the delegates thus chosen have been brought together—no matter how ignorant, how stupid, how in every way unfit they may be—they expect to be allowed to have their own absurd and ruinous way, and to break up at their caprice and pleasure all the ancient foundations, and tear down the landmarks of society; and this havoc, and ruin, and madness are dignified with the fine names of constitutional reform.

June 3, 1848: . . . He [Sir James Graham] said they must dissolve; they had no other course, and that revolution would be the inevitable consequence of a dissolution and a fresh election at such a time as this; that such a Parliament would be returned as we had never seen; Hume's reform and the four points [of the Chartists] would be carried, and the Monarchy swept away.

As a leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons (February 26, 1835), Lord John Russell "surpassed all expectations

hitherto . . . which is matter of great exultation to his party." And "by universal admission even of his enemies," so we read, he "made an excellent speech."

December 24, 1837: . . . He is a marvellous little man, always equal to the occasion, afraid of nobody, fixed in his principles, clear in his ideas, collected in his manner, and bold and straightforward in his disposition. He invariably speaks well when a good speech is required from him, and this is upon every important question.

But, according to Greville:

Stud House, May 22 and 25, 1848: . . . John Russell was not fit to be the *head* of a government, was admirable in the House of Commons, but wanting in the qualities that a Prime Minister ought to have.

July 13, 1847: . . . Lord John does not make up by his personal qualities for his political mistakes or shortcomings; he is not conciliatory, and sometimes gives grievous offence. The other night in the House of Commons he was so savage with Hume, without any cause, that he enlisted all sympathies in Hume's favour, and was generally blamed for his tone and manner. He is miserably wanting in amenity, and in the small arts of acquiring popularity, which are of such incalculable value to the leader of a party, still more of a government; then, while he has the reputation of being obstinate, he is wanting in firmness.

January 30, 1846: . . . Since his speech the first night, which was very good, John Russell does not shine; but he is a very clever, ingenious, but *little* man, full of personal feelings and antipathies, and not, I suspect, without something of envy, which galls and provokes him and makes him lose his head and his temper together.

March 21, 1846: . . . The more I see and hear of him, the more unfit I think him for the office of Prime Minister. He has so many littlenesses, such obstinacy, and often is so unprudent, that I doubt any government going on long, of which he is the head. He would be a very good leader of the Commons, with a Prime Minister to whom he looked up. If Lord Spencer had lived and had taken the office, matters would very likely have gone on well.

Sometimes "John" (February 11, 1849) "made a fool of himself in the House of Commons." He was (April 6, 1849) "so feeble and infirm of purpose." And yet (March 2, 1851) "he is not a man to be flung aside as damaged and used up." He had "still great qualities."

During Lord Derby's Tory Administration Lord John enjoyed the quiet life:

London, November 11, 1852: . . . Lord John has been engaged in literary pursuits, as the executor of Moore and the depositary of Fox's papers, and he is about to bring out two volumes of Moore and one of Fox, but in neither is there to be much of his own composition; he has merely arranged the materials in each.

March 31, 1855: I am busy on the task of editing a volume of Moore's correspondence left to me by John Russell, to complete the whole publication of the Journal, etc.

Toward Lord John Russell, the Queen (February 18, 1846) had a "bad feeling":

Newmarket, October 21, 1859: . . . I gather from him [Clarendon] that neither Palmerston nor John are much in favour with the Queen, but that they cannot have everything their own way in Foreign Affairs, as the rest of the Cabinet are very vigilant and not at all passive, and the Queen likewise.

May 3, 1848: John is very much annoyed with the Queen on two accounts. First she has chosen (without consulting him) to issue an order for everybody's appearing at her drawing rooms in garments of British manufacture. This was done by herself and the Prince, and is taken up eagerly by the Protectionists, especially the ladies. It is so directly contrary to the principles of Free Trade, and such a miserable claptrap, that John is disgusted. Spencer sent to him to say there was an intended association of ladies to carry out this object, and asked if Lady John would be on it. He wrote back, No, No, very angrily, much to Spencer's surprise, who fancied he knew of it. The other thing is this: the Government have only two business days in the House of Commons, Tuesday and Friday, and have great difficulty in getting their business through. The Queen has increased the difficulty by fixing on Friday for her balls, which take people away, so John begged she would change the day and give her balls on Wednesdays, which are *dies non* (except in

the morning) in the Houses of Parliament. She refused. This is very selfish, very wrong, and very impertinent. It seems she is mighty despotic about her social arrangements, and hates any interference with them. John is very wrong if he does not make her give way.

"Of all men," wrote Greville in 1844, "he [the Czar, then visiting England] ought to have made acquaintance with the remarkable leader of the Whig party (Lord John Russell) but the Queen in very bad taste and very odiously had not asked him to her party the night before."

December 10, 1853: . . . Meanwhile John has got into a scrape with the Queen. He was to have been at Windsor the other day at the Council, but did not make his appearance, to the surprise and somewhat the displeasure of the Queen. She had asked Aberdeen to explain to her the provisions of the Reform Bill, and he referred her to John Russell, who he said was better able to explain them. Accordingly she desired John to attend her for the purpose and he was to have come to Windsor that day. He absented himself very cavalierly without making any excuse and she did not at all like it. The Duke spoke to him about it, and he said he was better employed at home in drawing up the Bill. The truth is the Queen and John dislike each other, and have their mutual complaints to make. She thinks he is neglectful and disrespectful to her, and he thinks she is wanting in graciousness and confidence to him, and no longer talks to him as she used to do. Of course, when he was her Prime Minister she was obliged to talk to him about everything and now she does so to Aberdeen instead, whom she infinitely prefers, and having no official obligation and no personal inclination to talk to John, she has very little communication with him, and this mortifies and offends him. He is very imprudent in letting his temper prevail and in giving her umbrage, because as he desires and expects in a few months to be Prime Minister again, it is very essential that he should keep on good terms with her.

CHAPTER LXVI

EQUALITY AS KING

We are now to enter the presence of the last of the Bourbons who has sat on the throne of France. The great King, Louis XIV, had a brother, Philippe, whom, according to custom, he created Duke of Orleans. His great-grandson was Philippe Égalité, that Prince whose democracy was rewarded by the guillotine. The son of Philippe Égalité was King Louis Philippe. And he reigned from the year 1830 to the year 1848. Let Greville proceed:

December 26, 1847: Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins* is the most successful book that has been published for many years. He is the Jenny Lind of literature; his book is on every table and in every mouth; it just suits the half informed and the idle, whom it dazzles, amuses, and interests; but his apparent partiality shocks the humanity of the age; and the generality of readers are unable to comprehend his philosophical analysis, and psychological theories of Robespierre's character. One of his [Lamartine's] most striking anecdotes is the conversation he gives between Louis Philippe and Danton, in which, according to Lamartine, Danton predicts to the young Duc de Chartres that he will one day be King, and tells him when that happens to remember the prophecy of Danton. I last night asked the Duc de Broglie if that anecdote is true. He said it was not true: the King indeed had had a conversation with Danton, when the latter said to him, "Young man, what do you do here? Your place is with the army." So much of it is true but the rest—the essential part, the prediction—is all false. The Duke told me he had read the King's own account of the conversation in his own journal, where it is recorded as he described. He said the King had kept a copious journal from a very early period. He afterward talked a great deal about him, of his great industry and activity, of the quantity he read and wrote, and that he read and commented upon all the documents submitted to him for his signature.

November 14, 1834: . . . Whatever may be the instability of this or any other administration, it is said that nothing can be more firm and secure than the King's tenure of his crown. He appears, in fact, to be the very man that France requires, and as he is in the vigour of life and has a reasonable prospect of a long reign, he will probably consolidate the interest of his family and extinguish whatever lingering chance there might be of the restoration of the old effete dynasty.

August 9, 1835: . . . My brother writes me from Paris very interesting details of the funeral of the victims of the assassination plot [the Fieschi Conspiracy] which was an imposing and magnificent ceremony, admirably arranged, and as it has produced a burst of enthusiasm for the King, and has brought round the clergy to him, it will serve to strengthen his throne. His undaunted courage ingratiates him with the French.

January 25, 1837: . . . The King is too civil; he has a fine head, and closely resembles the pictures of Louis XIV. The Queen is very gracious and dignified, Adelaide very good-humoured, and the Duke of Orleans extremely princely in his manners. This morning I went to the Tuileries by appointment, when he received me, kept me for a quarter of an hour talking about race horses, and invited me to breakfast on Saturday, and to go with him to Meudon to see his stud. . . .

I ended my day (the 25th)by going to a ball at the Tuileries, one of the great balls, and a magnificent spectacle indeed. The long line of light gleaming through the whole length of the palace is striking as it is approached, and the interior, with the whole suite of apartments brilliantly illuminated, and glittering from one end to the other with diamonds and feathers and uniforms, and dancing in all the several rooms, made a splendid display. The supper in the theatre was the finest thing I ever saw of its kind; all the women sup first, and afterward the men, the tables being renewed over and over again. There was an array of servants in gorgeous liveries, and the apartment was lit by thousands of candles (no lamps) and as light as day. The company amounted to between 3,000 and 4,000 from all the great people down to national guards, and even private soldiers. None of the Carlists were there, as they none of them choose to go to Court. The King retired before eleven; it was said that he had received anonymous letters warning him of some

intended attempt on his person, and extraordinary precautions were taken to guard against the entrance of any improper people.

January 26, 1837: Having seen all the high society the night before, I resolved to see all the low to-night, and went to Musard's ball—a most curious scene; two large rooms in the Rue St. Honoré almost thrown into one, a numerous and excellent orchestra, a prodigious crowd of people, most of them in costume, and all the women masked. There was every description of costume, but that which was the most general was the dress of a French post-boy, in which both males and females seemed to delight. It was well-regulated uproar and orderly confusion. When the music struck up they began dancing all over the rooms; the whole mass was in motion, but though with gestures the most vehement and grotesque, and a licence almost unbounded, the figure of the dance never seemed to be confused, and the dancers were both expert in their capers and perfect in their evolutions. Nothing could be more licentious than the movements of the dancers, and they only seemed to be restrained within limits of common decency by the cocked hats and burnished helmets of the police and gendarmes which towered in the midst of them. After quadrilling and waltzing away, at a signal given they began galloping round the room ; then they rushed pellmell, couple after couple like Bedlamites broke loose, but not the slightest accident occurred. I amused myself with this strange and grotesque sight for an hour or more and then came home.

February 2, 1837: . . . Went to Hope's ball; his house is a sumptuous palace in miniature, all furnished and decorated with inconceivable luxury and *recherche;* one room hung with cachemires. Last night to a small ball at Court. Supper in the gallery de Diane—round tables, all the ladies supping first; the whole thing as beautiful and magnificent as possible, and making all our fêtes look pitiful and mean after it.

In 1847, Greville saw Louis Philippe at the Tuileries. He was "very civil."

January 19, 1847: . . . The King looks very well, and is grossly caricatured by *Punch;* he is a very good-looking old gentleman, and seems to have many years of life in him still.

Despite these hospitalities, Greville would say of Paris (January 26, 1847) that he felt there like "a fish out of water." Compared with London, it was "there all fire—here all ice."

Still, he could meet Mme. de Lieven in Paris—she who as usual held "a very agreeable position."

Paris, January 19, 1837: . . . She receives every night, and opens her house to all comers. Being neutral ground, men of all parties meet there, and some of the most violent antagonists have occasionally joined in amicable and curious discussion.

After Lord Beauvale's death, writes Greville:

January 28, 1857: . . . She proposed to me to succeed him as her correspondent, and for the last two or three years our epistolary commerce was intimate and unbroken.

Thiers assumed a further intimacy. Said he:

January 10, 1847: . . . "*Vous l'avez beaucoup connue, vous avez été son amant, n'est-ce pas?*" I defended myself from the imputation, and assured him that though she had had lovers when first she came to England I never had had the honour of being one of them.

They would have "another furious set-to." Says he, "She is the most imprudent woman I ever saw, but we always part friends."

Lady Palmerston and Mme. de Lieven continued to be (December 14, 1842) "dear friends who hate one another cordially." There was a success in the East and the Palmerstonians, though Peel was in office, were "screaming themselves hoarse in their endeavours to get the credit." Mme. de Lieven quietly wrote Lady Palmerston "that she was sure, setting all party feelings aside, she must rejoice" at these achievements of the Ministry in power:

December 14, 1842: . . . The other lady replied that she did not know what she meant, and that all the merit of the success was due to Palmerston and the late Government. To this Madame de Lieven responded as follows: "*Je vous demande bien pardon de ma légèreté, mais je vous assure que moi et toutes les personnes que je vois, ont été assez niaises pour croire que les grands succès de l'Orient étaient dus à Sir Robert Peel et*

à son gouvernement. Apparemment nous nous sommes trompés et je vous demande mille excuses de notre légèreté."

With her many intimacies, Princess Lieven was ready to stake even her reputation in the game of intrigue. In Paris, "she was at one time very intimate with Thiers."

Of Thiers, Greville saw a good deal:

September 10, 1833: . . . Dined on Friday with Talleyrand, a great dinner to M. Thiers, the French Minister of Commerce, a little man, about as tall as Shiel, and as mean and vulgar looking, wearing spectacles, and with a squeaking voice. He was editor of the *National*, an able writer, and one of the principal instigators of the Revolution in July. It is said that he is a man of great ability and a good speaker, more in the familiar English than the bombastical French style. Talleyrand has a high opinion of him. He wrote a history of the Revolution, which he now regrets; it is well done, but the doctrine of fatalism which he puts forth in it he thinks calculated to injure his reputation as a statesman.

London, November 16, 1845: . . . He was extremely civil and disposed to talk to me, though unfortunately the extraordinary rapidity of his utterance and the thickness of his articulation, added to my deafness, rendered half of what he said unintelligible. He was very agreeable and very loquacious, talking with a great appearance of *abandon* on every subject, politics general and particular, and his own History, which he was ready to discuss, and to defend against all objections and criticisms with great good-humour.

Greville introduced Thiers to the Foreign Minister, Lord Aberdeen:

London, November 16, 1845: . . . He [Aberdeen] thought him very agreeable, but not so fair to Guizot as Guizot was to him, for the latter always spoke handsomely of Thiers, while Thiers spoke very disparagingly of him; in fact, Thiers speaks of Guizot with the greatest contempt. He says he is great in the tribune, but good for nothing elsewhere, neither a statesman nor a man of business, which is certainly doing his great antagonist much less than justice.

"With a self-delusion which is marvellous if sincere," Thiers was convinced that, in his History, he had dealt out "ample Justice to England." He attributed Napoleon's Spanish War —as Greville thought wrongly—to Talleyrand, of whom he spoke "with great bitterness." And as for England:

London, November 16, 1845: . . . Nothing would persuade him that our government had not been implicated in Georges' conspiracy and his plots of assassination, but he entertains the most vulgar and mistaken notions about us, our affairs, and our national character. I take it, however, that he was not more surprised than pleased at his reception here, so frank, cordial, and dignified, received and entertained at Whig and Tory houses with equal cordiality, with the attention due to his celebrity as a writer and a statesman, and without the slightest appearance of resentment (or anything but the most perfect indifference) at his anti-English prejudices and violence. All this must have struck him with no small respect as well as wonder. I have heard since that the Queen said she should have been glad to receive him if he had expressed any desire to be presented to her; that she was not in the habit of receiving foreigners (passing through) at Windsor, but would have made an exception in his favour.

Between Thiers and Guizot, there was—alas for Mme. de Lieven—"an intense hatred." And as "by far her first object" became Guizot, he had to put up with "a complete estrangement" from Thiers. After all, Guizot "called on her regularly three times a day," and "every moment" that he "could snatch from the Foreign Office and the Chamber" was "devoted" to her.

Inevitably, "some people" considered that "their liaison was mysterious." Greville was convinced, however, that it was "entirely social and political."

On one famous occasion Mme. de Lieven brought her favourite rivals into the same room:

London, August 7, 1845: . . . She sent for Thiers, to speak to him about some mention he had made of the Empress Dowager of Russia in his history, which was unfair and inexact. He came, and then she ordered her doors to be closed to everybody while he was there. He asked why she did so, and why Guizot, who

was always let in, should be excluded. She said it was on his account. He repeated, "Why, as he did not object." After some talk, she said, "If you really wish it, I will withdraw my order. He said he saw no reason why she should retain it. She then desired him to ring the bell, and said, "I am at home to nobody but M. Guizot." Presently Guizot came, not knowing Thiers was there. He started with amazement; she burst out laughing; Thiers laughed; Guizot laughed too. This hilarity ended, she told Guizot for what object she had sent for Thiers, and then they talked over the book, and the subject of the meeting. This ended, there was a pause, when she said to Thiers, "I have had a message to carry to you from M. Guizot. He says he has behaved better to you than you have done to him, for you threw M. Molé between his legs, and he has disembarrassed you of M. Molé, and now there are only two political possibilities left, You and Himself." Guizot said, "Yes, it is true; I begged the Princess to say so." They then began to talk politics, and discussed persons and things, external and internal policy, peace and war, all contingencies and probabilities. Thiers asked Guizot, "Are you determined to remain Minister?" He said, "Decidedly yes." Then they discussed everything, and on every point were agreed, except on that of peace and war; Guizot maintaining that peace might be preserved, and Thiers insisting that in the long run it could not, and that difference of opinion was what alone made them the representatives of opposite principles, and influenced their conduct accordingly. She says they talked over everything, very frankly, very civilly, and that it was impossible for anything to be more interesting and more curious than such a conversation between two such men, or more worth writing down, if there had been a possibility of reporting it. She told me Thiers' book was not thought much of in France, that the style was criticized, and it was such a continual panegyric of Napoleon as to be rather an apology than a history.

On her deathbed, it was Guizot that Mme. de Lieven remembered:

January 28, 1857: . . . She made her son Paul and Guizot leave her room a few hours before she died, that they might be spared the agony of witnessing her actual dissolution, and only three

or four hours before the supreme moment, she mustered strength to write a note in pencil to Guizot with these words: "*Merci pour vingt années d'amitié et de bonheur. Ne m'oubliez pas, adieu, adieu!*" It was given to him after her death.

Centuries of intermittent war between England and France had developed a certain mentality:

September 10, 1833: . . . He [King William IV] hates Louis Philippe and the French with a sort of Jack Tar animosity. The other day he gave a dinner to one of the regiments at Windsor, and as usual he made a parcel of foolish speeches, in one of which, after descanting upon their exploits in Spain against the French, he went on: "Talking of France, I must say that whether at peace or at war with that country, I shall always consider her as our natural enemy, and whoever may be her King or *ruler*, I shall keep a watchful eye for the purpose of repressing her ambitious encroachments." If he was not such an ass that nobody does anything but laugh at what he says, this would be very important. Such as he is, it is nothing. "What can you expect" (as I forget who said) "from a man with a head like a pineapple?" His head is just of that shape.

At Apsley House, one day, Greville found the Duke in "a talkative humour":

Bretby, September 8, 1844: . . . He has been for some time urging the Government to make themselves stronger; and very much in consequence of his advice, measures had been in rapid progress for equipping ships and preparing a formidable force at sea. The Duke said that the disposition of the French was to insult us whenever and wherever they thought they could do so with impunity, and that the only way to keep at peace with them was to be stronger in every quarter of the globe than they were; that he had told Lord Melbourne so when he was in office, and that this was his opinion now. Wherever they had ships we ought to have a naval force superior to theirs; and we might rely on it, that as long as that was the case we should find them perfectly civil and peaceable; and wherever it was not the case, we should find them insolent and troublesome.

Britons like Lord Grey did not entirely trust the placidity of the French people:

September 20, 1831: . . . He replied he did not think there would now be a *bouleversement*, but a Ministry of Lafayette, Lamarque, and all that party who were impatient to plunge France into war. I said I did not think France could look to a successful war, for the old alliance would be reformed against her.

Over an "outrage perpetrated on Pritchard at Tahiti" (September 8, 1844) "it was a toss-up whether we went to war or not." Peel used "very lofty language" and demanded "an ample reparation," while Guizot replied, "*Je ne rappellerai personne.*" For the British case—

Bretby, September 8, 1844: . . . was one of much perplexity and difficulty, for Pritchard had been turbulent and mischievous, and had, with the sectarian zeal of a missionary, given all the trouble and embarrassment he could to the French; they, therefore, had a case against him, though the French officers were by no means justified in the violence they exercised.

The Duke of Wellington (August 24, 1833) "talked of France as our 'natural enemy' and of the importance of maintaining our influence in Spain which so long as we did we should have nothing to fear from France."

Here then were neighbours whose love for one another was as the affection of flint for steel.

CHAPTER LXVII

THE COCKPIT

ATHWART the route to India and the Far East lay the Peninsula. And for eight years, the Peninsula had been a battlefield between Britain and France.

Spain and Portugal were the Mexico of Europe:

April 3, 1834: . . . George Villiers and Howard write equally bad accounts from their respective Courts, neither seeing any hope of the termination of the Peninsular contests, and each of them alike disgusted with the men they have to deal with.

The dissensions in both countries were dynastic. In 1826, King George VI of Portugal died. And his heir, Don Pedro I, was already Emperor of Brazil. He handed on the Crown, therefore, to his young daughter, Maria, and appointed his younger brother Miguel, her uncle, to be Regent.

In oaths of allegiance, Miguel was not greatly interested:

August 24, 1833: . . . Talking of Miguel, the Duke related that he was at Strathfieldsaye with Palmella [Miguel's Minister], where in the library they were settling the oath that Miguel should take. Miguel would pay no attention, and instead of going into the business and saying what oath he would consent to take (the question was whether he should swear fidelity to Pedro or to Maria) he sat flirting with the Princess Thérèse Esterhazy. The Duke said to Palmella, "This will never do, he must settle the terms of the oath, and if he is so careless in an affair of such moment, he will never do his duty." Palmella said, "Oh, leave him to us, we will manage him."

Miguel seized the Crown. According to the Duke of Wellington (August 25, 1833) Miguel "had no idea of overturning the Constitution and playing false when he went there, but was persuaded by his mother and terrified by the lengths to which the constitutional party was disposed to go."

Neutrality was not easy. In December, 1828, a party of 652 refugees, loyal to the Queen, sailed from England to Portugal under the leadership of Count Saldanha. Wellington ordered Captain Walpole of H. M. S. *Ranger* to stop the expedition, which he did by firing a gun:

February 9, 1829: . . . Saldanha got up a *coup de théâtre* on board his ship. When Walpole fired on him a man was killed, and when the English officer came on board he had the corpse stretched out and covered by a cloak, which was suddenly withdrawn, and Saldanha said, "*Voilà un fidèle sujet de la Reine, qui a toujours été loyal, assassiné,*" &c.

It did not seem quite right.

Pedro landed, then, at Oporto, and the British—that is, the Whig—Government, differing from the Duke, supported Tweedledum against Tweedledee:

July 25, 1832: . . . Nobody seems much to care whether he or Miguel succeed. The Tories are for the latter and the Whigs for the former.

Between the combatants (June 5, 1834) Portugal was reduced to "a dreadful state from frequent exactions and the depression of commerce and cultivation." Indeed, according to Howard, the British Minister, "we could put an end to the Portuguese affair whenever we chose," for "they would submit to British power without thinking it a degradation."

And "one *coquin* for another, the Portuguese think they may as well have Miguel" who was "the favourite." Pedro's expedition merely "hobbled along," and his cause seemed "hopeless":

London, October 7, 1832: . . . Miguel has attacked Oporto without success; but, as he nearly destroyed the English and French battalions, he will probably soon get possession of the city. It is clear that all Portugal is for him, which we may be sorry for, but so it is. The iniquity of his cause does not appear to affect it.

August 24, 1833: . . . Pedro has committed, since he was in Lisbon, every folly and atrocity he could squeeze into so small a space of time; imprisoning, confiscating, granting monopolies, attacking the Church, and putting forth the constitution in its

most offensive shape. I suspect we shall have made a sad mess of this business.

But the tide turned. The report was that:

April 3, 1834: . . . Miguel is not popular in Portugal, but that the priests have made a crusade against Pedro and Liberal principles, and that they drive the peasantry into the Miguelite ranks by the terrors of excommunication; that the only reason why Pedro's military operations are successful is that he has got an English corps, against which the Portuguese will not fight.

June 5, 1834: . . . He [Lord John Russell] said that nothing but an inconceivable succession of blunders and great want of spirit and enterprise on the part of Miguel could have prevented his success, as at one time he had 70,000 men, while the other had not above 8,000 or 10,000 cooped up in Oporto, which is not a defensible place; that Miguel might at any moment during the contest have put an end to it.

The man who helped Pedro was that darling of the ocean, Charles Napier, already known for his fighting on the Potomac and elsewhere:

July 15, 1833: . . . It was he who in 1803 (I believe) was the cause of the capture of a French squadron by Sir Alexander Cochrane. The English fell in with and cleared the French fleet, but Napier in a sloop outsailed the rest, and firing upon the stern of the French Admiral's flagship, so damaged her (contriving by skillful evolutions to avoid being hurt himself) that the rest of the ships were obliged to haul to, to save the Admiral's ship, which gave time to the British squadron to come up, when they took four out of the five sail.

July 15, 1833: Yesterday came the news of Captain Napier having captured the whole of Don Miguel's fleet, to the great delight of the Whigs, and equal mortification of the Tories. It appears to have been a dashing affair, and very cowardly on the part of the Miguelites. The day before the news came, Napier had been struck out of the British Navy.

Lord William Russell predicted "another revolution . . . whenever the foreign troops in his [Pedro's] pay were disbanded."

But in the meantime, Pedro depended on "the confiscated Church property which is very great." London, where money was plentiful, offered Portugal "a loan of a million at eighty which they have declined."

In Spain, too, there was trouble. On September 29, 1833, King Ferdinand VII had died. The Regent was his widow [Christina], a Princess of the Two Sicilies, and according to George Villiers (February 25, 1834) "the stories of the Queen's gallantries are true." Certainly, her morganatic yet otherwise regular marriage with Don Fernandez Munoz yielded ten children. According to Guizot, conversing with Greville:

January 12, 1847: . . . Queen Christina was a very extraordinary woman—"*très habile, avec un esprit très impartial*"—that she had no prejudices, and he had heard her talk of her greatest enemies, of Espartero even [the Regent], without rancour and with candour; that she had great courage, patience and perseverance, and never quitted a purpose she had once conceived; that royalty was irksome to her, and government and political power she did not care about except so far as they were instrumental to the real object of her life, which was to live easily, enjoy herself, and amass money for her children, who were numerous, and whom she was very anxious to enrich.

Against Queen Christina, the Carlists took the field:

February 25, 1834: . . . Carlos has a large party in the north, where the Queen's person is odious, the monks have persuaded the people that she is atheistical and republican, that she has not force enough to crush the rebellion, and what she has is scattered on different points, without being able to make any combined or vigorous efforts, that she has no money.

June 27, 1834: . . . Don Carlos is coming to town to Gloucester Lodge. When they told him the Spanish Ambassador [Miraflores] was come to wait upon him, he replied, "I have no Ambassador at the Court of London." He will not take any money, and he will neither relinquish his claims to the Spanish throne nor move hand or foot in prosecuting them. "If chance will have me king, why let chance crown me, without my stir." (He was meditating evasion at this time, and got away undiscovered soon after.) They say he can get all the money he wants from his partisans in Spain, and that there is no lack of

wealth in the country. Strange infatuation when men will spend their blood and their money for such a miserable object.

Villiers (February 1, 1834) thought "that the only chance of safety for the Queen is to make common cause with the Liberals." But the Duke disagreed. The Queen's "success," so he was convinced, depended on "her opposing Liberalism." It was Spanish oratory that Melbourne mistrusted.

September 25, 1834: . . . After dinner we talked of languages, and Lord Holland insisted that Spanish was the finest of all and the best adapted to eloquence. They said that George Villiers wrote word that nothing could be better than the speaking in the Cortes—great readiness and acuteness in reply—and that a more dexterous and skilful debater than Martinez de la Rosa could not be found in any assembly. "*That* speaking so well is the worst thing about them," said Melbourne. "Ah, that is one of your paradoxes," Lord Holland replied.

Indeed, the faith of Villiers himself wavered:

March 12, 1834: . . . George Villiers writes to his family from Spain, that nothing can be worse and more unpromising than the state of that country. Notwithstanding his Liberal opinions and desire to see a system of constitutional freedom established in the Peninsula, he is obliged to confess that Spain is not fit for such a boon, and that the materials do not exist out of which such a social edifice can be constructed.

Nobody really knew what would happen. The Duke held—

Belvoir Castle, January 7, 1834: . . . that the Spanish Government will be too happy to interfere in the Portuguese contest (as in fact I know that they have offered to do), but that we never can allow this, which besides the consequences of interference (as a principle) would necessarily make Portugal dependent on Spain.

But Villiers wondered whether Portugal might not have taken the initiative:

February 25, 1834: . . . If Miguel had resolved to give effectual aid to Carlos, and dashed into Spain, he might certainly have placed him on the throne, and then secured him as a powerful ally to himself in his own contest.

The seamen were sure that they could easily settle it:

September 10, 1833: . . . Palmerston showed him [George Villiers] a letter he had received from Charles Napier, in which, talking of the possible interference of Spain, he said, "Your Lordship knows that I have only to sail with my fleet" (enumerating a respectable squadron of different sizes) "to Cadiz, and I can create a revolution in five minutes throughout the whole South of Spain." Palmerston seems to have been a little amused and a little alarmed at this fanfaronade, in which there is, however, a great deal of truth. He said that of course they should not allow Napier to do any such thing, but as nothing else could prevent him if we did not, the Spaniards may be made to understand that we shall not be at the trouble of muzzling this bulldog if they do not behave with civility and moderation.

For Queen Christina, it was a busy time:

August 7, 1836: . . . He [Villiers] said that he had been stopped on his road to St. Ildefonso by intelligence that the Carlists were approaching the place, and that the Queen had taken flight. He found all the relays of mules ready for her Majesty, and he returned to Madrid. It turned out to be a false alarm, and the Queen stayed where she was; but he said that he could only compare the progress of the Carlists to water spreading over table-land.

September 7, 1836: . . . It [the narrative of Villiers] reminds one of the scenes enacted during the French Revolution. . . . It is remarkable how courageously and prudently the Queen seems to have behaved. What energies a difficult crisis called forth! How her spirit and self-possession bore up in the midst of danger and insult, and how she contrived to preserve her dignity even while compelled to make the most humiliating concessions! No romance was ever more interesting than this narrative.

France was ready to assist:

August 24, 1833: . . . I dined with Talleyrand yesterday, who is furious, laughing non-intervention to scorn; and he told me he had for the last ten days been endeavouring to get the Government to take a decided part.

February 25, 1834: . . . The Carlists of Spain being in the north, and those of France in the south, it is very likely they will endeavour to make common cause, in which case it will be difficult for France not to interfere, so he [Villiers] thinks; so do not I, and am more disposed to believe that Louis Philippe is too prudent to run his head into such a hornet's nest, and that he will content himself with keeping matters quiet in France without meddling with the Spanish disputes.

This being the situation, a Quadruple Alliance, as it was called, was signed by Britain and France, the aim of which was "the pacification of the Peninsular Kingdoms." The date of the Treaty was April 22, 1834.

The attitude of Louis Philippe toward his diplomatic obligations had an amusing side:

September 24, 1846: . . . He [Palmerston] said that when he proposed it to Talleyrand, the latter jumped at it. He said, "This is the very thing we most desire. What I want is to sign something, no matter what, with you, that our names should appear together in some public act demonstrative of our union." Accordingly the Quadruple treaty was signed. It answered the end. The other governments took alarm at the union between France and England, and began to make advances to France. Then Louis Philippe, having got all the good he expected out of this treaty, turned his thoughts to the object of improving his relations with the other powers who had hitherto treated him so coldly. Pozzo went to him and remonstrated with him on the Quadruple treaty, and he replied (so Palmerston says), "*Mon cher, je vous donne ma parole d'honneur que je n'ai signé le traité que pour ne pas l'exécuter.*" . . . It was nothing but the connivance of the French Government in the transport of stores from France to the Carlists which kept the war alive so long, and as soon as that connivance ceased, the war was brought to an end.

According to Villiers (August 7, 1836), "France, instead of coöperating according to the spirit of that treaty, has thrown every impediment in its way." In fact (November 29, 1835), "Louis Philippe . . . is playing false diabolically."

While Guizot (November 19, 1841) was "supposed to have

had no concern in these underhand dealings," Louis Philippe "in the Spanish business" was "intriguing up to the chin":

November 8, 1841: . . . Everybody knows this, and our press has let loose against him without reserve; but we must screen his delinquency as well as we can, and pretend not to see it. It is a marvellous thing that so wise a man can't be a little honest, and, as has been remarked, a striking fact that, notwithstanding his great reputation for sagacity, he is constantly engaged in underhand schemes, in which he is generally both baffled and detected.

CHAPTER LXVIII

A DIPLOMATIC SERENADE

In Spain and Portugal, there were thus queens on the throne, young queens, young and unmarried. Each of those queens had a kingdom for her dowry. Each was a factor, therefore, in the great game of Peace and War.

Of "the young Queen of Portugal," Greville tells us (September 10, 1833) that King Louis Philippe "wanted [her] to marry [his son] the Duc de Nemours and when he found that impossible (for we should have opposed it) he proposed Prince Charles of Naples," which "was likewise rejected."

King William IV, presumably favouring Miguel, the Tory "*coquin*," was "at first very angry" at the daughter of Pedro, the Whig "*coquin*," "coming to England." But hearing that Louis Philippe, in his chagrin, had "treated her with incivility," he "changed his mind and resolved to receive her with great honours." We have seen how the Princess Victoria attended the Ball.

The Queen ultimately married the Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Prince Eugène Beauharnais:

September 10, 1833: . . . This Duke went to Havre the other day, where the Préfet refused to admit him, though he went with (or to) his sister, pleading the law excluding Napoleon's family. He went to the Préfet to say that he protested against such application of the law, but, as he would not make any disturbance there, desired to have his passports *visé* for Munich, and off he went. At the same time he wrote a letter to Palmerston, which George Villiers, to whom Palmerston showed it, told me was exceedingly good. He said that though he did not know Palmerston he ventured to address him, as the Minister of the greatest and freest country in the world, for the purpose of explaining what had happened . . . that it was true that Don Pedro had wished him to marry his daughter, and that he had written him a letter, of which he enclosed a copy. This was a

very well-written letter, begging the Emperor to pause and consider of this projected match, and setting forth all the reasons why it might not be advantageous for her; in short, Villiers says, exhibiting a very remarkable degree of disinterestedness, and of long-sighted views with regard to the situation of Portugal and the general politics of Europe.

King Ferdinand VII of Spain had left not one daughter but two. And of these sisters, the elder, Isabella II, was Queen. By a coincidence, the King of France had two unmarried sons, the Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier.

Talk about the Treaty of Utrecht, signed in 1713, was declared by the Duke of Wellington (February 15, 1847) to be "all damned stuff." Still, by that treaty, it had been laid down that the Crowns of France and Spain were never to be united.

During the crisis that developed, Greville was "as completely in possession of the case on both sides as it is possible to be." He was shown all the papers by Jarnac, the French Ambassador with whom he spent three and a half hours. He saw Palmerston, and other British statesmen. He went to Paris on an unofficial mission of reconciliation and Guizot found him to be "the only Englishman he could speak to." And when Greville "appealed to the Treaty of Utrecht," Guizot said—

January 12, 1847: . . . great changes had taken place since that time. It was true France had acquired Algeria, and through it a certain power in the Mediterranean; but that we had acquired Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, which we had not been possessed of before, and which were quite sufficient to secure our power there.

Palmerston (January 10, 1847) was "determined to urge the point." And while Greville was not alone in considering that the insistence was "mischievous," it was in line with British tradition.

The first moves in the game were formal. Louis Philippe received a visit from Queen Victoria:

August 26, 1843: . . . On Wednesday I went with Adolphus Fitzclarence on board the new yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and steamed as far as Gravesend. It is luxuriously fitted up, but everything is sacrificed to the comfort of the Court, the whole

ship's company being crammed into wretched dog-holes, officers included. I breakfasted with one of the lieutenants, and he showed me their berths. They are packed two officers in one berth about seven feet by five at most, and, as he said, they have not room to move or dress themselves. The whole of the arrangements were submitted to the Queen and Prince, so that they were apprised of all this. What I heard on this matter exemplifies the selfishness and absence of all consideration for others engendered by unbroken habits of indulgence and eternal adulation. There is a large room, a sort of waiting room allotted to the pages, who are in fact footmen, and round this on both sides their berths, one to each. It was pointed out that the room for the officers was insufficient, and suggested that one half of these berths should be allotted to them and the other half to the pages; the other pages they proposed to put on board the attendant steamers. This proposal, which was only to put the officers and the royal footmen on the same level as to accommodation, was rejected, because they said, it might possibly be inconvenient not to have *all* their servants together and they preferred condemning the officers (all picked men and distinguished) to be thus disgracefully treated, rather than run the risk of sustaining even a momentary inconvenience. The Admiralty are much to blame for suffering the officers to be used with such indignity, but flattery seems to be the order of the day.

The sovereigns met at the Château d'Eu and the occasion was a "complete success—she left a good impression." Lord Aberdeen "had a great deal of conversation with Louis Philippe and with Guizot, mostly on the affairs of Spain."

September 15, 1843: . . . King Louis Philippe repudiated the idea of having any purpose of marrying one of his own sons to the Queen, and they came to a regular agreement that neither France nor England should interfere, or endeavour to influence the choice of a husband for her in any way.

Strictly, the agreement was that no son of Louis Philippe should marry the Spanish Queen in any event and that no such son should marry her sister until the Queen had been married and had borne children.

In the diary there is a suggestion that "they had agreed upon the person to whom she should be married"—namely Don Carlos. Enough (December, 1846) that Don Carlos was "out of the field." After all, as Lord Clarendon said, "the whole [Spanish] nation would oppose any such pretension" on the part of England and France "to dispose of her hand."

There was a curious incident which revealed the veracity of Louis Philippe. A kind of Primo di Rivera or dictator called Espartero had set up a Regency in Spain. For this statesman, Louis Philippe entertained "spite and hatred." Hence (January 13, 1842) "all Europe [was] thrown into a state of agitation and the gravest statesmen [were] occupied" with a matter of etiquette:

January 13, 1842: . . . This mighty and important question is neither more nor less than whether the French Minister shall deliver his credentials to the Regent at once, or whether he shall deliver them to the Infant Queen, by her to be placed in the hands of the Regent. On this momentous difference the political and diplomatic world is divided, a vast deal of irritation is produced, and, in consequence of it, very important negotiations are suspended and delayed. Aberdeen is vainly attempting to negotiate a compromise.

Yet, when another revolution drove Espartero to take refuge in a British vessel at Cadiz, Louis Philippe described his "fall" as "the greatest evil that could have happened," this despite the French attempts "to weaken his government and undermine his authority." Apparently, the Bourbon's admirers understood his moods:

September 19, 1843: . . . It is abundantly probable that Aberdeen was cajoled and deceived by the King and Guizot. It seems that Marliani, who was here the other day, saw Aberdeen, who told him what the King had said and how much he regretted the late revolution. Marliani replied, "*On joue bien la comédie à Paris, et je ne suppose pas qu'on la joue moins bien au château d'Eu.*"

In December, 1845, Henry Reeve happened to be in Paris. He reported that "the King's repugnance to Lord Palmerston is . . . insurmountable." He spoke of him as "*l'ennemi de la mai-*

son." Reeve said that "such a speech indicated a gross forgetfulness of the services rendered by Lord Palmerston" to Louis Philippe at the time of his accession. But:

24 Rue de la Paix, Paris, December 20, 1845: . . . When Lord Palmerston meant to come here, he employed the Cowleys through Madame de Lieven to enquire of the King how he would be received at the Tuileries. The King coldly replied that he would give him a dinner.

We have seen that, in 1845, Lord John Russell had tried to form a government with Palmerston as a Minister and had failed. The welcome news of the failure was "received abroad with transports of joy and here [in London] the funds and all securities have risen with extraordinary rapidity":

24 Rue de la Paix, Paris, December 20, 1845: . . . The apprehension . . . of Lord Palmerston's return to office . . . prevails in its fullest extent at the Bourse and in the country. Rothschild says: "*Lord Palmerston est un ami de la maison. Il dîne chez nous à Francfort. Mais il a l'inconvénient de faire baisser les fonds de toute l'Europe sans nous en avertir.*"

February 11, 1842: . . . Melbourne then talked to me about Palmerston, of the aversion he had inspired not only in France, but in all Germany, and said that his notion had been that everything was to be done by violence; that by never giving way or making any concession, and an obstinate insistence, every point was sure to be gained. This was *à propos* of the French refusal to ratify the Slave Treaty, and Guizot having delayed to sign it, because he would have nothing to do with Palmerston.

Lord Palmerston had not been at the Foreign Office for a fortnight before the Duke of Bedford (July 18, 1846) told Greville that "many disagreeable things are occurring." Palmerston had "already begun to disturb the harmony that subsisted in Aberdeen's time."

January 7, 1847, at night: . . . He [Guizot] was convinced that Palmerston came into office with a resolution to overturn French influence all over the world; that he fancied (as many others did) that Aberdeen had sacrificed the interests or the dignity of England to the French Government, while he him-

self had continually been charged with doing the same thing in France: charges which destroyed each other. But that this was Palmerston's idea, and that he was resolved to oppose France everywhere, to display his independence.

Palmerston's view was that, under Aberdeen:

London, January 2, 1847: . . . English agents everywhere *were* made subservient to the French, and to such an extent that they did not dare complain of any French misconduct, because they knew they should be reproved and run the risk of being humiliated in their public capacities, and he attributes to this *laissez faire* of Aberdeen's much of Louis Philippe's success in his intrigues, and the uncomfortable state of things in Europe.

As Greville was to explain to Guizot, Palmerston, on taking up his duties, was too much "encumbered with business" to think of the Spanish marriages. He was "occupied with questions of much more urgent importance in the House of Commons." At Broadlands (September 24, 1846), Palmerston, as Greville said, "was so engaged, messengers arriving all day long, that there was no possibility of conversing with him for some time." To all this, Guizot answered:

January 12, 1847: . . . "*Comment!*" he said, rather angrily, *il n'y pensait pas? Est-ce que vous nous prenez pour dupes que vous voulez nous faire croire cela?*"

To Sir Henry Bulwer, British Ambassador at Madrid, Palmerston sent a despatch, and "the substance of it was this":

December 25, 1846: . . . We had always considered the marriage as a Spanish question, in which no foreign power had any right to interfere. That there were three candidates left in the field . . . "Prince of Coburg and two sons of Don Francisco"; that we only desired that the Queen might take whichever of them would most conduce to her own happiness and the good of Spain. We neither supported nor objected to any of them.

"I must say," wrote Greville, as events developed, "that I begin to think no reliance is to be placed on him [Palmerston] and that he is really a very bad and dangerous Minister." The despatch to Sir Henry Bulwer was, in itself, "very able,

very sound," but Palmerston was so "extremely imprudent" as to "communicate" this despatch "to the French Government."

London, September 15, 1849: . . . In the course of our conversation, Lord John told me something about the famous despatch of July 19, curiously illustrative of his *laisser aller* way of doing business. After acknowledging it was very injudicious, he said, "I remember the despatch was brought to me on a Sunday morning, just as I was going to church. I read it over in a hurry; it did not strike me at the moment that there was anything objectionable in it, and I sent it back. If I had not gone to church, and had paid more attention to it, it would not have gone"; and upon this despatch, thus carelessly read, and permitted to go, hinged the quarrels with France and with Spain, the Montpensier marriage, and not impossibly, though indirectly, the French Revolution itself.

The mere allusion to the Prince of Coburg struck like a spark to gunpowder. Guizot said to Greville:

January 12, 1847: . . . This marriage it was impossible for France to tolerate. There was already a Coburg in England, another in Portugal, and to have had a third at Madrid would have been to make Spain a part of Portugal, and to have exhibited to all the world the triumph of English over French influence; that this combination which we wanted to bring about, they were bound to defeat, and then again assuming that *our Court* was bent on it, he said: "*Le fait est que vous êtes meilleurs courtisans que nous.*"

It was the language addressed by France to Prussia in 1870 when the candidate for the throne of Spain was a Hohenzollern.

The Queen's partiality for the Coburg family to which she and her husband belonged was indeed well known. When Portugal rebelled against the Lisbon Coburgs we have this:

February 22, 1847: . . . On Thursday Lord Beaumont asked a question about the Portuguese prisoners, whom the Queen of Portugal has so barbarously transported to the coast of Africa. Lansdowne made a very good and proper reply, after which Aberdeen rose, and in a speech of extreme bitterness and ill nature found fault with the Government, insinuated that they

had favoured the insurgents, and fomented the insurrection, and said everything that was most odious in the most odious manner. Ellenborough spoke out the other way like a man. It was bad enough of itself in Aberdeen but his speech has a more important source than his own ill-humour. The Queen, who is Coburgized from head to foot, has all along taken the part of these foolish Portuguese royalties with extraordinary zeal, and she is provoked to death with Palmerston for not consenting to an active interference in their behalf, and accuses him of having covertly encouraged her enemies. This accusation was put into her head by the Queen of Portugal, who never ceases writing over complaints and calumnies against Howard, Southern and the English Government.

Britain helped the Portuguese dynasty:

April 30, 1847: . . . In Portugal, the other Queen continues as obstinate as ever, yielding inch by inch as the danger approaches her more nearly, and is supported in her obstinacy by the security she is still able to find in foreign intervention. We have anchored our ships close to the town, and are prepared to land our Marines to protect her person, and, thus knowing she is personally safe, she is emboldened to refuse or demur to the terms of accommodation which Palmerston has suggested, and to try on the chances of war totally regardless, of course, of the misery of prolonging the contest. The natural course for us to take would be to offer our mediation, and if she refused it to withdraw our ships and leave her to her fate. But we cannot do this, because, if we were to desert her, the Spaniards and French would instantly step in and reconquer her kingdom for her.

But the suspicion in France that the Queen had favoured a Coburg marriage was not justified.

Greville assured Guizot that "the Court had never sought this alliance and that Prince Albert had long ago written to his cousin to say that he must not think of it, as it was impossible."

As French Ambassador, Jarnac spoke to the Duke of Bedford, to Clarendon, and to Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister (December 25, 1846), from all of whom "he admits, as well

as from Palmerston himself, he received the most positive assurances that we did not and would not support the pretensions of the Prince of Coburg."

Guizot's fixed idea was that, despite all assurances to the contrary, the Coburg marriages were "imminent." And Mme. de Lieven—

Paris, January 6, 1847: . . . repeated over and over that "we had departed from the agreement with Aberdeen"; and if not, "*pourquoi nommer le Coburg?*" She said all Europe was against us, that we had with little dignity knocked at the doors of the three powers [Russia, Prussia, and Austria] who turned their backs on us.

At night, January 7, 1847: . . . Much talk on the old subject, and the fire of my tongue extinguished the fire of hers, for, without the least convincing her, I reduced her to silence.

Guizot "insisted that it did not signify what he [Palmerston] meant [by his despatch]; that the question was what impression it was calculated to convey."

As Palmerston told Greville one Sunday morning after breakfast, the facts were (September 24, 1846) that "Christina wanted the Queen [her daughter] to marry the Coburg Prince" and "we refused."

The French Ambassador, Jarnac, asked that the British assurances be put "on paper." Palmerston omitted to do this which was "inexcusable." Owing to his "negligence and tardiness," he allowed five weeks to "pass away." The fact was that he "did not regard Spanish affairs with the deep interest" manifested by Paris. When Greville asked Guizot why he did not put a question plainly to the British Foreign Secretary, he answered "*Ce n'était pas à moi de faire l'éducation de Lord Palmerston.*"

The action of the French appeared to be entirely correct. Jarnac, in London was "instructed to go on offering to settle the matter with us" and to him Palmerston said:

September 24, 1846: . . . "Why don't you at once take one of the Spanish princes, Don Francisco's sons? Of the two, Don Enrique seems the least objectionable, and would be preferred by Queen Isabella to his brother, whom she dislikes. We are quite ready to concur with you in this settlement and to

communicate with the Spanish Government accordingly." Jarnac appeared to acquiesce.

Then, "early in September, the news came like a thunderclap that both marriages were settled and declared." As Guizot put it, "*J'ai agi.*" The Government were "all very much annoyed at . . . the way in which Louis Philippe has carried his point." They accused him of a "long course of diplomacy and intrigue":

Woburn Abbey, September 16, 1846: . . . Our government considers that they have been deceived and ill-used, and that the independence of Spain, in which we have an interest, is about to be completely sacrificed. . . . There is and must be an end of the intimacy between the two Governments, and probably between the two Courts, for the Queen and Prince Albert partake of the indignation and resentment of her Ministers.

September 24, 1846: . . . It has been a great damper to the Queen's *engouement* for the House of Orleans, for she fully enters into the feelings and sentiments of her Ministers upon the whole question. She wrote to the Queen of the French a letter, in which (though I suppose in very measured terms) she made known her thoughts. We have done all we can do with propriety and dignity in such a case. The long and short of it is that we have been tricked and deceived, but we cannot quarrel outright about it. We have remonstrated and given our opinion upon it, but the matter has now proceeded too far to be stopped, and Louis Philippe would not be such a fool as not to clutch the prize, when he has subjected himself to all the odium, nor could he now retract if he would.

Even Louis Philippe dared not marry his son the Duc de Montpensier to the Queen of Spain. Montpensier therefore was assigned to the Queen's sister, whom Greville (January 19, 1847) saw at the Tuileries, "a pretty plump little thing [who] looks three or four years older than she is." She would "soon be very fat" but, in the meantime, she was "decidedly the best" of the Princesses who were "a very scraggy set."

September 24, 1846: . . . Though policy would forbid the banns, she is well enough off. The Duc de Montpensier is probably a far better husband in all ways than she would have found elsewhere, and to be transplanted to Paris and made a

member of such a family as that of Louis Philippe, people who have brains and hearts, is a blessed lot for her in comparison with that of her elder sister.

In itself, then, the Montpensier marriage was not worse than many others. It was merely a breach of faith:

October 7, 1846: . . . I heard also a miserable subterfuge of Guizot's for which I feel quite sorry and ashamed. He gave (either to Normanby or to William Hervey) a positive assurance that there was no design of making the marriages simultaneous, of marrying the Infanta at the same time as the Queen. When he was subsequently called to account for this fresh piece of falsehood and deceit, he was not ashamed to descend to so paltry a subterfuge as to say that he never intended anything but that they were not to be married by *one ceremony*, that they were not to stand at the altar *together!*

"I have very little doubt," added Greville, of this conversation, "that this is not true." But the point involved is well enough established that until the Queen had children, there was to have been no French marriage for her sister.

The French argument for forcing a husband on the young Queen of Spain was simple:

According to Guizot:

January 12, 1847: . . . The young Queen was impatient to be married, and . . . if they had not found her a husband, she would infallibly have taken a lover. "*Vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que ces princesses Espagnoles et Siciliennes; elles ont le diable au corps, et on a toujours dit que si nous ne nous hâtions pas, l'héritier viendrait avant le mari.*"

Unless another husband had been provided, the Queen "infallibly would have concluded the marriage with the Prince of Coburg" and would have considered herself "secure of English support."

But, even in those days of cynicism, the selection of the husband aroused disgust. Don Francisco had two sons. Enrique was "so much *better a man*, better endowed morally and physically, than his brother" that Palmerston considered him to be "the better husband" also. But it was "quite clear that this did

not suit Louis Philippe." For the Queen, standing as she did between the Montpensiers and the throne, he wanted the worst husband possible:

September 24, 1846: . . . As soon as he found we were ready to join in settling such a marriage, he sent off orders to Madrid at once to clinch the affair with the Duke of Cadiz. All this was done without any intimation to us of his designs; on the contrary, Jarnac was deceiving Palmerston here, at the very time all this intrigue was working at Madrid. The nocturnal Council was held, and the young Queen compelled, much against her inclination, to accept as her husband a miserable creature, whom she dislikes and despises. They told her if she did not take him she should not be married at all. He is known to be imbecile, and supposed to be impotent; but it is possible in this latter respect the world may be mistaken, and that he may be the means, after all, of continuing a race of imbeciles, of which the Royal Family of Spain has generally consisted.

The sequel was what might have been anticipated:

April 30, 1847: . . . Every day exhibits more and more the infamy and disgrace of the marriage which the French Government forced upon the Queen. Her husband is a wretched imbecile sulky fanatic, who passes his life in trying to make embarrassments for the Queen, and in praying to the shade of his mother to forgive him for having married the usurper of his cousin's throne. They have been endeavouring to effect the semblance of a reconciliation between them, but he is incurably sulky, and will not make it up. Not long ago he sent for Pacheco, and told him it was his desire that a Council should be convened forthwith. Pacheco said very well, but begged his Majesty would be so good as to tell him for what purpose he wished for it. The King replied that his object was to lay before the Council proofs of the Queen's infidelity to him. Pacheco said if that was his object he must beg to decline to summon the Council. On this he announced that he had prepared a manifesto to the nation setting forth his wrongs, and that it should be immediately published. They persuaded him to desist from this scandalous intention, and as a sort of compromise they got Serrano to quit Madrid. It appears that the Queen mother seeing how matters were going on, intended to return; but her daughter had

no mind she should, and told her Ministers they had better look to it. It was their affair, but that if Mama came back matters would go ill. On this they sent Concha to Paris to stop her. Christina wrote to Isabella a lecture on her proceedings, and told her that she was too little educated to know how to conduct herself properly, to which she replied, "Mama knows that I did not educate myself."

January 22, 1848: [Sir Arthur] Aston [Secretary of Legation in Spain] called on me yesterday, and told me a great deal about Spain and Spanish affairs. He thinks it is the object of Queen Christina to destroy the Queen, her daughter, and that she will accomplish it; that she has always hated her, and prefers (without caring much for her) the Infanta; he thinks that by medical treatment the cutaneous disease with which the Queen has always been afflicted has been thrown in, and hence the epileptic fits by which she has been recently attacked; he says that they have lately put about her a French doctor, since which all her Spanish physicians have declined to attend her. I own I cannot believe anything so horrible as this implies, but it accords with suspicions from other quarters. He told me that Espartero before he left England showed him a letter he had received from the Queen's music master, a devoted adherent of his who had continued to correspond with him. This man was an eyewitness of the scene which took place when the Queen was forced by Serrano to take Narvaez for her Minister, having been by accident in the adjoining apartment. The details are revolting, and show, if true, that the Queen is nearly under duress and incapable of any freedom of action. She has, however, one chance of emancipation, and that is in the attachment to her of the people of Madrid, which is general and enthusiastic. She has all the Manolas to a woman, and through them their lovers, brothers, and friends; they would rise *en masse* for her if called upon. Christina is universally unpopular and yet remains there; she is gorged with riches and in possession of uncontrolled power. When she left Spain in 1843, she stripped the palace of all the plate and all the crown jewels of enormous value; of all the gold and silver services there were not six spoons left. Espartero appointed a committee to enquire into the disappearance of the crown jewels, but they begged leave not to report to avoid the scandalous exposure of the Queen's

mother, and she was left in possession of her spoil. The young Queen was found without clothes to her back; the Marchioness of Santa Cruz told Aston she had only six pairs of darned cotton stockings which hurt her legs, then sore with her cutaneous disease. Aston said that Bulwer was constantly intriguing, foiled, found out, and not trusted by any party or any individual.

The music master's story:

January 22, 1848: . . . He was waiting in the room next the Queen's to be called in to give her her lesson. Suddenly he heard violent screams and his impulse was to rush into the room. On opening the door he saw the Queen on the floor, and Serrano standing over her grasping her by the throat, and threatening her with uplifted arm. Serrano's back was turned to him and he did not see him; terrified at being the witness of such a scene and knowing it would cost him his life or his liberty if they were aware he had been, he took to his heels as fast as he could. The same evening the decree was signed. Serrano, the most infamous of creatures, of whom the Queen was really fond, had been bought over and fulfilled the contract by his violence. He said that the Queen was a prisoner and not allowed to communicate with anybody, a mere puppet in the hands of her abominable mother, all the grandees in the French interest, regretting the revolution, Carlists in heart, and only caring for a government of corruption and peculation; the Moderado party in power through the elections which had taken place under the election law by which the freedom of the Municipalities was destroyed.

According to a footnote, dated April 30, 1847, the King of Spain was odious to the Queen either from a natural incapacity to fulfil the duties of a husband, or perhaps from a dislike to them, and from unnatural inclinations. M. Bresson told L. Philippe that the Infant was supposed to be impuissant and have the appearance of it. These letters were found in the Tuileries after the sack of the palace in 1849 and were published.

CHAPTER LXIX

BLESSING THE BANNS

THE marriage of the Spanish Princesses was followed by a honeymoon, diplomatic and almost military. With the fatuity of a philosopher, De Tocqueville regarded the affair in asinine fashion as an amusing tit for tat:

January 24, 1847: . . . This morning I called on Tocqueville and sat some time with him and his wife, an Englishwoman. He looks as clever as he is, and is full of vivacity, and at the same time of simplicity, in his conversation. . . . Said the marriage question was most decidedly popular in France, because considered as having given us a check which had paid off old scores, and that the being now *quits* had rendered a future good understanding more easy.

Like grit on a boot, here was an irritation, however, the sparks from which were calculated to ignite those dumps of munitions that cannot explode without wrecking a continent.

The fear that France would annex Spain was hardly serious:

January 21, 1847: . . . The Infanta's marriage was unpopular, French influence on the wane, and . . . if the country is only left alone, the feeling of Spanish independence will be enough to provide an opposition to French influence.

September 24, 1846: . . . While the wily King [Louis Philippe] thinks to make the brutal Spaniard his tool, the Spaniard, not less wily, quite as unscrupulous, more passionate and vindictive, and swelling with an ambition of his own, is gone back with a resolution to play a very different part from what is expected of him—to throw over Louis Philippe and Christina, rouse the sentiment of national independence and hatred of France, and deliver his country from the yoke of French domination or influence. . . . The Government is sold to Christina; the Cabinet is nothing but a knot of her satellites; Munoz, Isturitz, Mon,

and Pidal are all leagued together with Bresson, the French Ambassador; the Cortes is packed, the Press is gagged; the people cannot make themselves heard. The elements of disorder are, however, scattered about.

What became really serious was the "war of notes" between England and France. Guizot was "amazed at the sharpness of their contents."

January 12, 1847: . . . If Spain, which had once been a military *champ de bataille*, was henceforward to be a political *champ de bataille* between the two countries, I did not see how any entente was possible. Must this last forever?

Bad faith was the air that men breathed. If a Salic law for Spain was proposed, it was not merely that (December 30, 1846) the idea was "utterly chimerical." It was not considered on merits. As Prime Minister, Lord John Russell thought that "nothing would come of it but some fresh falsehood and deceit."

The British Ambassador in Paris was Lord Normanby. Mme. de Lieven (January 6, 1847) talked much of "his *greenness* . . . and the follies he committed." Jarnac, the French Ambassador in London, complained that:

December 25, 1846: . . . Normanby had openly said that the two countries could never be on good terms again till Guizot was turned out and we had obtained a renunciation from the Duchess de Montpensier; . . . [Greville replied to Jarnac that] lies of this sort were always rife on such occasions, and I had just heard a story of Louis Philippe's abusing our Queen at the tea table at Neuilly, which I had no doubt was just as false as the one he had told me, and they might be set against one another.

The charge of treachery against Louis Philippe was direct. "It was the first time," said Palmerston "[that] a King of France had broken his word."

Paris, January 6, 1847: . . . She [Mme. de Lieven] said that the King was very angry with our Queen for having said that he had broken his word, and never would be reconciled to her till she had withdrawn that accusation, I said that between

his word and hers I could not for a moment doubt, and that I suspected he would have a long time to wait if he did so till she withdrew the charge she had made.

That Britain had been "jockeyed by France in a very shabby, uncandid, underhand way" was obvious:

Saturday, January, 1847: . . . At the clubs I learnt the confirmation of what I had been led to believe the day before, the extraordinary impression made here [in Paris] by the publication of our blue book.

Even Mme. de Lieven was at last convinced:

January 26, 1847: . . . When I did return I found the perusal of the papers had made a great impression on her. She said there were many curious things she did not know before. I said, "Certainly, so I told you."

Wednesday, January, 1847: . . . They now acknowledge that "*sans contestation vous n'avez jamais voulu ni rien fait pour le Coburg.*" I asked her whether this was Guizot's opinion, and she said, "*Parfaitement.*" This is incomparably cool. After having had the most reiterated assurances *before the fact*, which they utterly disregarded, and did not choose to believe, now that the fact is accomplished, and it suits their purpose to make it up, they acknowledge that they were in error, and acted on a mistaken notion.

Nor was Palmerston inclined to take it lying down:

February 25, 1847: . . . His fixed idea is to humble France, and to wage a diplomatic war with her on the Spanish marriages, and to this object to sacrifice every other. He is moving heaven and earth to conciliate the Northern Courts. Ponsonby is doing everything he can at Vienna, and holding the most *despotic* language.

In January, 1846, Palmerston was expecting a return to office. He paid a visit, therefore, to Paris "where his name has been held in terror and execration for some years":

April 23, 1846: . . . Nevertheless, his visit has been triumphantly successful. The Court, the Ministers, the Opposition, the political leaders of all shades, have vied with each other in

civilities and attentions. He has dined with the King, with Guizot, with Thiers, with Broglie, with Molé; he met with nothing but smiles, *prévenance* and *empressement.*

"The most curious incident" was "the flirtation struck up between Thiers and Palmerston." It was "a matter of notoriety and amusement." These old combatants, at that date "both out of office," would make common cause.

Paris was sensitive to opinion in London. On February 4, 1845, Greville tells us how Mme. de Lieven sent him a message begging that nothing be "said in the Queen's Speech or in Parliament to injure Guizot, whose fate depends materially on this."

Palmerston, therefore, "shocked" Greville by his intention "to supply Thiers with information to use against Guizot." As Greville said, "if it is done and Thiers exhibits good information, the French Government will know well enough how he came by it."

January 10, 1847, at night: . . . Normanby has shown Thiers several papers, and Molé *many more*, he tells me. I have begged him to be cautious.

January 12, 1847: I called on Guizot yesterday by appointment; found him more stiff and reserved than the first time, and not apparently in good sorts.

January 24, 1847: . . . With great imprudence and impropriety, in my opinion, Normanby, with Palmerston's concurrence, has been in confidential communication with Thiers for the purpose of enabling the latter to attack the Government in the Chamber, it being of course expected and understood that we were to make a strong case against Guizot at home. All the world here knows of this connection and blames it. Guizot is of course indignant at it, and it renders all communication between him and Normanby as cold and distant as possible. Thiers is as sulky as a bear; he knows that his alliance with the Embassy has done him no good, and now it seems unlikely to enable him to do anybody else any harm.

January 26, 1847: . . . "How," she [Mme. de Lieven] asked, "could M. Guizot open his mind to Normanby, or talk confidentially to him, when he knows he is intimately connected with the Opposition, and that what he says may be repeated the next

moment to Thiers and appear in the *Constitutionnel* on the following morning?"

Guizot did "not see how he can go on with Normanby in his notorious relations *avec tous ses ennemis*." Indeed, St. Aulaire "asked Palmerston to get Normanby away and whether they could not *send him out to India ! !*"

"Matters get blacker and blacker in Paris" (February 20, 1847), where "Normanby has got himself into a deplorable fix from which at present there seems to be no exit. . . . Craven writes to me and anticipates nothing but Normanby's return and eventually war."

There was this "foolish incident":

February 22, 1847: . . . Normanby gave a great assembly on the 19th, and amongst the invitations, one was sent *by mistake* to Guizot. Nothing ought to have been done but to let it alone; but very foolishly they made a great noise about it, and in a manner which was considered personally insulting to Guizot; they proclaimed all over Paris that they never intended to invite him. It had been settled in the first instance that the Ministers and others belonging to the Government should go to this party, and Guizot wished them to go; but after this incident M. de Cazes said it was thought impossible to go, and he believed none would. So much for *gaucherie* and *maladresse*.

February 23, 1847: . . . This cauldron is now boiling furiously: the bitterest resentment, immense excitement, continual mischiefmaking, passion, incapacity, falsehood, treachery, all mingling in the mass, and making a toil and trouble which everybody looks at with dismay and disgust, except probably Palmerston himself.

"The King meanwhile is evidently full of humbug." He had "an interview with Normanby but does not seem to have attempted a reconciliation." And the climax (February 24, 1847) was Guizot's "atrocious" behaviour when he "let it be said all over Paris that he had given the lie to Normanby and never made any explanation." St. Aulaire agreed that it was "*malhabile*."

February 10, 1847: G. d'Harcourt called on me yesterday morning, when I told him, *sans ménagement*, what I thought of

Guizot's speech, and of the disastrous effect it would create here; that instead of any explanation of the charge against him contained in Normanby's despatch, he had with unblushing effrontery proclaimed in the Chamber that he had wilfully deceived him, for to keep him in an error he had himself caused, was wilful deceit, and a falsehood of the worst kind; that he had declared he had done so, because it was his interest and he regarded him as an enemy; I added that if any man were to make such a speech in either House of Parliament here, he would be scouted by all the world and never dare to show his face again. . . . He said it was all Guizot's *pride* and that he never would own he was in the wrong. Strange sort of pride, that makes a man proclaim himself a rogue!

The two countries were now well within the zone of possible war. Greville himself did not realize on what a chance the issues of peace had been staked.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was Sir Charles Wood, founder of the peerage of Halifax, which (1926) has given a Viceroy to India. When Greville saw him:

February 25, 1847: . . . He hinted that Palmerston was already dissatisfied, "thinking he was not sufficiently supported by his colleagues."

I said: "What would he have? He has had his own way entirely."

He gave me to understand this was not so, but was not more communicative and after some conversation about the affair (not material) we parted.

Evidently Greville was nonplussed:

February 25, 1847: . . . I then called on Lady Palmerston and much to my surprise found her exceedingly reasonable, blaming Normanby for his imprudence and mismanagement, and saying that she now hoped it would be settled as Palmerston thought it ought not to go on thus, and had written to Normanby desiring him to settle it in any way he possibly could and suggesting that he should go to the King and ask him to manage it. I had never found her so temperate and sensible and of course I concurred in all she said. . . . From her I went to my office, where

Clarendon very soon came to me. I told him about Lady Palmerston, when he said:

"Do you know what is the reason you found her in this disposition? Have you heard what has passed?"

I said I had heard nothing. He then said that he had called on me once or twice and would now tell me what had taken place. On Saturday last there was as usual a dinner at Palmerston's, where John Russell dined. At night, Clarendon had some talk with Beauvale, who asked him how long this state of things was to go on, and if he was not aware of the danger of it; that it was no use to speak to Palmerston, but he thought *he* [Clarendon] might do something, and that he had been just talking to St. Aulaire on the subject.

Clarendon said he was well aware of the danger, but that Beauvale must know how difficult it was for him to interfere, how jealous and suspicious Palmerston was, and how he resented any interference whatever. Beauvale said he knew all this, but still the case was grave, and Melbourne had said (what turned out true) that John might fancy he should restrain and influence Palmerston but he would find himself mistaken, and that no man alive ever had done so, or ever would. There they parted; but on Sunday morning he received a note from Beauvale saying that he found matters were much more serious than he had been aware of, and by a communication he had had from St. Aulaire that morning he learnt that Palmerston had formally announced to him that, *unless Normanby received an immediate and satisfactory reparation, the intercourse between the two countries should cease.* This was done by Palmerston without any concert with, and without the knowledge of, his colleagues; and though John Russell, *the Prime Minister*, dined with him the same day, he did not think proper to impart to him what he had done. Clarendon then resolved to act without loss of time, but he first went to call on Charles Wood, where he found John Russell. He opened on the subject of the state of the French quarrel and its possible consequences, and said, "What should you say if Palmerston was to make a communication to St. Aulaire that, unless reparation was offered to Normanby, all intercourse between France and England should cease?" "Oh, no," said John, "he won't do that. I don't think there is any danger of such a thing." "But he has done it," said Clarendon;

"the communication has been made, and the only question is whether St. Aulaire has or has not forwarded it to the French Government." This at once roused Lord John, and he instantly wrote to St. Aulaire requesting him, if he had not sent this communication to his government, to suspend doing so. Fortunately it was not gone.

What had passed between John and Palmerston I do not know, but the result has been an instruction to Normanby from both of them in conformity with what Lady Palmerston said to me. When I saw the Duke of Bedford I did not know all this. He wrote me a line just as he was leaving town to say he had had a full conversation with John and also with Clarendon and Beauvale and was better satisfied with the prospect than when he left me.

From the edge of the precipice, both countries drew back:

February 28, 1847: Clarendon and I settled that it would be a good thing to try and muzzle the Press on both sides when the affair is made up and I accordingly went to St. Aulaire, and begged him to write to Guizot and entreat him to manage this at Paris, and that we would do the like here. I would answer for the *Times*, and I thought there was no doubt about the *Morning Chronicle*. I told him that he had saved us from a great danger.

March 2, 1847: . . . Normanby was like the month of March—coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb. He got the worst terms he possibly could, very different from his first pretensions. Apponyi managed it, and they met at his house. Guizot gave Apponyi a verbal assurance that he never intended to impugn Normanby's veracity, and he received one that Normanby had not intended any incivility in the matter of the card, nothing more, and this after Normanby had proclaimed that he would accept nothing but an apology in the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, and Palmerston had informed St. Aulaire that if such an apology was not made, the diplomatic relations should cease, and that it was for Guizot to consider whether he should establish between England and France the same state of things as existed between France and Russia—the business of the two Governments being transacted by *chargés d'affaires*. A most lame and impotent conclusion indeed.

Some men would have been upset by rebuke, but not Palmerston:

February 25, 1847: . . . To have a communication of his countermanded, without his knowledge, by the Prime Minister, is a sort of affront which any high-spirited man would naturally resent; but he is too much in the wrong to resent it; so he submits.

February 28, 1847: . . . Palmerston was at the Council yesterday with his usual gay and dégagé air. The day before *for the first time* the matter was mentioned in the Cabinet, but in Palmerston's most offhand and dashing style.

The reconciliation was imperfect:

March 13, 1857: . . . Normanby writes from Paris out of humour: he has lost his senses and his temper; he harps querulously upon the details of his miserable quarrel, and thinks the Government have used him ill by not supporting him. He is writing under the consciousness of cutting a poor figure, and of the triumph Guizot has gained over him, but there is no end of his *gaucheries*. When the quarrel was made up, and he invited Guizot to dinner, he selected the day on which Guizot himself always receives his friends. Guizot accepted, and announced that he should not receive that day, but of course the invitation was attributed either to stupidity or to impertinence. St. Aulaire asked me, "*Est-ce que c'était une étourderie, ou l'a-t-il fait exprès?*" I assured him it must have been an *étourderie*, but an unpardonable one. What was graver, however, was that the first night of Guizot's reception after the reconciliation, when he ought to have taken care to go there, he went to Molé instead, and never went to Guizot at all.

The question was thus whether Guizot would be able to stand against Palmerston's hostility. And here, Greville gives us the opinion of Thiers himself. "*Je ne serai pas Ministre,*" said he, adding however that—

January 10, 1847: . . . he could afford to wait; he was forty-eight years old, and his health excellent. As long as the King was in no danger he would never send for him; as soon as he was he would send for him. The King could endure nobody who would not consent to be his tool; he would never take office

without being his master, *et j'en viendrai à bout;* he would rather continue in his independence than take office on any other terms.

January, 1847, Saturday: . . . Last night there was a party at the Embassy, at which Thiers and Duvergier were present. Thiers had been with Normanby in the morning. He made an attack on me for believing all Madame de Lieven told me; said I was "*une éponge trempée dans le liquide de Madame de Lieven,*" and tried his best to persuade me that Guizot was weak, his majority not worth a rush, and that the King could and would get rid of him whenever he found himself in any sort of danger. "Tell Lord Palmerston," he said, "when he speaks, to say '*beaucoup de bien de la France, et beaucoup de mal de Monsieur Guizot.*'" I said I should give him one half the advice and not the other.

January 10, 1847: . . . He then said he would tell me what would happen: the King *se faisait illusion* that the Whig Government could not stand; but when he found out that this was an error *il aurait peur;* and if we continued to refuse to be reconciled, he would get rid of Guizot. The present Chamber would not overthrow him but the King would. "*Savez-vous ce que c'est que le Roi? Le mot est grossier, mais vous le comprendrez. Eh bien, c'est un poltron.*" I said I was surprised to hear this, for we thought he was *un homme de cœur,* and had given proofs of his courage very often. "*Non, non, je vous dis qu'il est poltron.*"

January 10, 1847: . . . Yesterday morning at two o'clock I called on Thiers by appointment, found him in a very pretty apartment full of beautiful drawings, copies of Italian frescoes, pictures, bronzes, books and *cahiers* of MS., the sheets (much corrected and interlined I could see) of his work. These he told me were his "*seul délassement,*" and that politics never interrupted his literary labour. We then talked about the present state of affairs, and very amusing he was, sparing nobody and talking with his usual abundance and openness. . . . If Guizot had the worst of this encounter he would fall, not however by the desertion of the majority, not by this Chamber, but through the King, "You must not," he said, "believe what you hear of the strength of the Government and of its security; don't believe all Madame de Lieven tells you; *c'est une bavarde, une menteuse, et une sotte.*"

November 28, 1846: . . . He [Clarendon] saw yesterday a M. Grimblot, a violent partisan of Thiers, who hates the King and Guizot, and who told him . . . that if Guizot lost his place in the scramble that is likely to take place, and Thiers and Co. come in, there was nothing they would not do and no sacrifice they would not make to renew the English alliance, that all France wished for it, and that the estrangement had frightened them: "*nous avons peur*," he said. This Clarendon swallowed down, though it seems to me so base and despicable an avowal that it must be false. It is an attempt at cajolery, coarse and overdone, to ingratiate the Thiers party with our government.

Greville looked upon Thiers (January 26, 1847) as a politician, rival to Guizot who "thinks of nothing but mischief, of gratifying his own personal passions and resentments."

Greville realized that there was a "new vigour infused into the Opposition [in France] which will bring on an acrimonious debate." It would "cover Guizot with mud." But "the cool people" in Paris assured him that it would not "shake him [Guizot] from his seat."

January, 1847, Saturday: . . . I could not believe that the King would part with Guizot if he could possibly help it, for he would look in vain for so supple an instrument, and one so well able to defend him and his measures in the Chambers.

The King did keep Guizot. But did Paris keep the King?

CHAPTER LXX

HUMPTY–DUMPTY

In the year 1848, Paris lived amid the memories of revolution. Scattered throughout the city were the ruins of a fallen aristocracy:

March 10, 1856: . . . This morning I went to St. Germain to see a stag hunt in the forest—a curious sight, with the old-fashioned *meute;* the officers, and those privileged to wear the uniform, in embroidered coats, jackboots, and cocked hats; *piqueurs* on horseback and foot with vast horns wound round their bodies; the costume and the sport exactly as in the time of Louis XIV; rather tiresome after a time. The old château in a melancholy *délabré* building, sad as the finishing career of its last Royal inhabitant. These recollections come thick upon one —Anne of Austria and the Fronde, Louis XIV and Mademoiselle de la Vallière—for here their lives began. When the Queen was here she insisted on being taken up to see Mademoiselle de la Vallière's apartment, to mark which some slight ornaments remain. Here too James II held his dismal Court and came to his unhappy and bigoted end. After it ceased to be a palace, it became successively a prison, a school, and a barrack, and now the Emperor has a fancy to restore it.

Paris, July 6, 1855: . . . This morning Labouchere and I went to Versailles. . . . Our object was to avoid the *giro regolare* of the endless rooms fitted up with bad pictures by Louis Philippe, and to see the apartments full of historical associations from the time of Louis XIV down to the Revolution. We were completely gratified, and he [the Director] took us over everything we wished to see, being admirably qualified as a cicerone by his familiarity with the localities and the history belonging to them. We saw all the apartments in which Louis XIV lived, and what remains of those of Madame de Maintenon. The Palace has been so tumbled about at different times, and such alterations made in it, that it is not always easy to ascertain correctly

where the rooms of certain personages were, but our guide proved to our complete satisfaction that certain rooms he showed us were those which really did belong to Madame de Maintenon. We saw too in minute detail the apartments of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and the passages through which she fled to escape from the irruption of the mob on the 5th of October. The whole thing was as interesting as possible.

January 26, 1847: . . . Then to Prince Czartoryski's who lives in a great old house in the Isle St. Louis, close to the Pont d'Austerlitz. The establishment is curious and interesting. The Princess told me she wanted a house which was spacious and cheap, and not therefore in the fashionable and dear part of the town. They were fortunate enough to find this, which exactly suits them. It was the hotel of the Duc de Sully, and there was formerly a subterraneous passage with a communication to the Arsenal. It afterward fell into the hands of Lambert, a great financier, and is still called the Hôtel Lambert. Madame du Châtelet had it, and they show the apartment which Voltaire occupied for many years. At the Revolution it became a shop or *magasin*, I forget of what, but no change was made in the building. The Czartoryskis found it all *délabré* and dirty, bought it very cheap, and spent twice as much as the purchase money in restorations. It is a great fine house, handsome staircase and gallery, very vast, with court and garden, and a delightful airy prospect toward the river and the Jardin des Plantes. The thick coat of dirt which was cleared away had preserved the original painting and gilding, which have come out, not indeed bright and fresh, but still very handsome, and they have furnished it in a corresponding style.

The upper stories were "converted . . . into a great school for the daughters of distressed Polish officers and gentlemen"—refugees from the Bolshevism of the Czardom.

The Royalists themselves were not united:

January 24, 1847, evening: . . . I went last night to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, where amongst many fine people were all the *bourgeoisie*. It was a magnificent ball and very well worth seeing, many of the women very good-looking and all well dressed. There must have been two thousand people there, and

the house extraordinarily fine. From thence to a ball at Madame Pozzo di Borgo's, the most beautiful house I ever saw, fitted up with the greatest luxury, and *recherché* and in excellent taste. There were to be seen all the exquisitely fine people, the cream of Parisian society, all the Faubourg St. Germain, the adherents of the old and *frondeurs* of the new dynasty who keep aloof from the Court, and live in political obedience to, but in social defiance of, the ruling powers. They are knit together by a sort of compact of disloyalty to the *de facto* sovereign, and if any one of them suffers himself or herself to be attracted to Court the offender immediately loses caste, is treated with the utmost scorn and indignation, and if a man, very probably does not escape without some personal quarrel and is sure to be deserted by his friends.

March 10, 1848: . . . The Orleanses are now detested, and even the Legitimists do not look to the Duc de Bourdeaux, because he is a poor creature, has no children, and they believe is not likely to have any; therefore it would not be worth while to restore a dynasty which would end with him.

Apparently, Guizot expected something to happen:

London, March 5, 1848: . . . Aberdeen saw Guizot yesterday; he is in good health and spirits, and wants for nothing. He told Aberdeen that for the last two years he thought there was a considerable alteration in the King's mind; that he was *occasionally* as vigorous as ever, but on the whole that he was changed for the worse.

March 11, 1848: . . . He said last night, that he considered the payment of the members of the Convention fatal to the composition of that Assembly. The old revolutionary Assemblies never paid their members. Napoleon was the first who introduced that custom: his Senators were paid 30,000 fr.; his Deputies 10,000 fr.

France desired Reform. But Guizot held back:

March 16, 1848: . . . She [Mme. de Lieven] told me Guizot was not indisposed to give some *parliamentary* reform (not electoral), and was sensible that the great number of functionaries in the Chamber was shocking to public opinion. He pro-

posed to begin with his own department, and render all diplomatic agents incapable of sitting—a very small concession!

Banquets, advocating Reform, were held in the provinces, but were forbidden in Paris itself:

March 11, 1848: . . . I asked Madame de Lieven what the policy of the Government had been about Reform. She said, King, Duchâtel, and Guizot had all been determined against Reform; the latter willing to concede a very little, but always resolved to keep the Conservative majority, with which Reform was incompatible. I asked why, after having allowed the banquets in the provinces, they would not suffer that in the capital? The reply was very insufficient: because they did not like to stop the expression of public opinions in the country generally; but at Paris when and where the Chambers were assembled, those opinions might have been expressed in them.

As "the day appointed for the Reform banquet" approached, "much anxiety prevailed for the peace of the capital." Yet, on Sunday, April 20, 1848, Mme. de Lieven "had a reception as usual":

London, March 5, 1848: . . . No alarm prevailed, but she was a little struck by Delessert telling her that there was a good deal of agitation amongst some of the lower orders of workmen, and those who were known to the Government as Communists; still he did not appear to attach much importance to it. On Monday evening Guizot told her that it was possible there might be some rioting and disturbance in the streets the following day, and he advised her to go out of her house for a few hours in the morning, which she did, ordering her dinner and meaning to return. That same day the commotions began, but still the Ministers were unterrified; and though the affair began to be serious, they never doubted that they should be able to suppress the tumult and restore order.

On Monday, February 22d, as Mme. de Lieven told Greville, France seemed to be "a powerful, peaceful, and apparently impregnable monarchy."

True, the Banquet had been suppressed, but only by due process of laws.

Guizot, telling his story, admitted that "the Government had long been aware of the secret societies but never could ascertain who were their chiefs; that their intention had been to delay their republican attempt till the death of the King." But (March 6, 1848) he added that they "changed this plan on the Tuesday night and resolved to seize the present occasion."

On the other hand, Greville adds this:

July 5, 1848: . . . Everybody believes that the late Government connived at the *émeute*. Gabriel Delessert told me it was impossible such preparations could be made, and that they should be so organized and abundantly provided without the knowledge of the police.

Not anticipating "the stroke of the Enchanter's wand," Guizot, on Wednesday, "went to the Tuileries and transacted business with the King as usual." He "told him all would go right."

While in the Chamber Guizot was called out by Duchâtel who "told him the King wanted him directly at the Tuileries." Guizot "was surprised, asked for what, and proposed that they should go together, which they did."

Mme. de Lieven's narrative is vivid:

London, March 5, 1848: . . . When they got there they found the King much disturbed; he said the Commandant of a Legion of the National Guard had been to him and told him they must have Reform [Guizot added, "the dismissal of Ministers"], and he was afraid the rest of the National Guard would follow the example. "Well," said Guizot, "if they do, we shall have no difficulty in putting down such a demonstration." "Oh, but," said the King, "that will produce bloodshed, and may lead to lamentable events"; and then, after beating about the bush a good deal, and with many expressions of personal attachment to Guizot, he said, "Perhaps a change of Ministers might settle everything, and relieve him from his embarrassment." Guizot at once said that the mere suggestion of such a thing made it "*une affaire résolue*," and if his Majesty thought that by taking any other Ministers he could improve the state of his affairs, he,

of course, ought to do so. The King then talked of his regrets, and that he would rather abdicate than part with him. Guizot said abdication was not to be thought of.

Guizot must here speak for himself:

March 6, 1848: . . . The King appears not to have been quite decided but while they were still conversing someone arrived from the Chamber and informed Guizot that he must return there directly, as an *interpellation* was going to be made to him. He said to the King that he must return and tell the Chamber what the state of things was, and on what his Majesty thought fit finally to decide. The King said that he might announce that he had sent for Molé to form a government. Guizot returned to the Chamber and made the announcement, which was received with astonishment and indignation by the Conservative deputies, who crowded round him and enquired if he had resigned, crying out, "*Nous sommes abandonnés.*" He replied that he had not resigned, but had been dismissed. From the Chamber he returned to the Tuileries, and told the King what had passed there.

Mme. de Lieven continues:

London, March 5, 1848. . . . Molé was sent for, and said he would try and form a government. The King said he had only one exclusion to insist on: that Bugeaud should not command the troops. Molé said it was the very first appointment he should propose to his Majesty. The King wanted to keep the command in the hands of his sons. Molé went away to try his hand. Meanwhile the agitation of Paris increased. At night, hearing nothing of Molé, the King sent Pasquier to him; he found him alone. "Well, is your government formed?" "No, not yet; but I expect to see Passy to-morrow morning." He was told this would not do, and while he had been thus wasting time, the movement was swelling and advancing. So Molé went to the Palace at ten at night, and threw the thing up. Then the King sent for Thiers and Odilon Barrot. Thiers made it a condition that the troops should not act for twelve hours, and said he would meanwhile answer for the people. The King consented, and he and Odilon Barrot went out into the streets on horseback to harangue the mob, announce their Ministry, and send them

home satisfied; they were received with menaces and shots, and sent about their business. They went back to the Tuileries and said all was over, and they could do nothing. Early in the morning (Thursday morning) the state of affairs having become more and more formidable, a host of people came to the Tuileries (Emile Girardin amongst them), and all urged the King to abdicate. He asked Thiers what he advised. Thiers had lost his head, and said he was not his Minister, and could give no advice.

There arose then the question whether military force should be used. According to Guizot:

March 6, 1848: . . . The King said he had sent for Molé, who had undertaken to try and form a government. Meanwhile affairs were getting worse in the town, and the concession of the King had of course encouraged the factious. Guizot, who could not return home, went to the Duc de Broglie and went to bed. Not long after, at one in the morning, he was called up by a message desiring him to come to the Tuileries forthwith; he went, when the King told him he had just heard from Molé that he had tried Passy, Dufaure, and Billault, who had all refused, and consequently that he could not form a government. His Majesty said that he was now disposed to give the command of the troops to Marshal Bugeaud, and that of the National Guard to Lamoricière, and let them put down the *émeute*. Guizot said it was the best thing he could do, and he would sign the decree if he would make it. This was immediately done. Meanwhile the King had sent for Thiers, who came, accepted the office of forming a government, but desired that Odilon Barrot might be joined with him, to which the King agreed. Thiers and Barrot then insisted that for some hours the military should not be allowed to act, and they undertook to pacify the people and put an end to the *émeute*. The King having consented to this, they mounted on horseback and went off in different directions to harangue the people and announce their Ministry. They were severally received with hisses, uproar, and in some instances shots, and returned to the Palace and announced their failure. By this time there was an affluence of people at the Tuileries; the storm without increased and approached; the military, who were without orders, did nothing,

and all was over. I asked Delessert whether the troops were well disposed. He said, "Perfectly." Guizot said, "My entire conviction is, that if Bugeaud had acted the moment he took command, everything would have been over before nine o'clock."

The King, however, denied that Guizot undertook to sign the decree:

March 12, 1848: . . . He gave me a very different account of what passed from that of Guizot. He said he was in personal danger when he was on horseback reviewing the National Guard on Thursday morning; that they pressed round him, shouting for reform. He cried out, "*Mais vous l'avez, la réforme; laissez-moi passer donc*"; and that he was obliged to spur his horse through the mob, and got back to the Tuileries with difficulty. He said he had *posé la question* of resistance to Guizot, who had refused to entertain it, said that he could not give orders to fire on the National Guards. Their two statements are quite irreconcilable.

Whether the rebellion could have been suppressed, became a subject of argument:

March 16, 1848: I dined with Madame de Lieven tête-à-tête the day before yesterday. Our talk, of course, was almost entirely about French affairs. I asked her whether she thought, as many here do, that if the *émeute* had been put down by violence, the throne must have fallen, as the King could not have reigned in the midst of bloodshed. She said the Ministers would have gone out, but the throne would have been safe.

March 10, 1848: . . . Yesterday I saw Southern and Mrs. Austin, both just arrived from Paris. They have each been writing letters the last two or three days in the *Times*, which are excellent descriptions of the state of affairs in France. . . . The King was not so unpopular as Guizot, and they confirm all previous impressions, that not only he might have been saved, but that nothing but a series of fatal and inconceivable blunders and the most deplorable weakness could have upset him. The causes of this prodigious effect were ludicrously small. Southern declares there were not above 4,000 armed men of the population actually employed; but the troops were everywhere

paralysed, boys carried off the cannon from the midst of them without resistance.

London, February 28, 1848: . . . There is a strong impression that if they had unsparingly used the military means at their disposal while it was still time, the monarchy would have been saved and the tumult suppressed. The recollection of the 13th Vendémiaire and the Place St. Roch, when the troops of the Convention defeated the Sections of Paris, produces this notion. But when the time was given to the *émeute* to grow and expand, and when the National Guards took part in it, all was over; for the troops of the line, who would have repressed the mob, would not fight against the National Guards. Between blunders, bad advice, and delay, the insurrection sprang at once into gigantic proportions, and the world has seen with amazement a King who was considered so astute and courageous, with sons full of spirit and intelligence, sink without striking a blow for their kingdom, perishing without a struggle, and consequently falling dishonoured and unregretted.

March 6, 1848: . . . I told him [Guizot] we had always supposed the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, composing the bulk of the National Guard, to be disposed to order, and that they would have maintained it. He said the great majority of them were so, but that the well-disposed had not come forth, while the factious minority had. Moreover, "You English cannot conceive what our lowest class is: your own is a mere mob without courage or organization, and not given to politics, ours on the contrary, the lowest class, is eager about politics and with a perfect military organization, and therefore most formidable."

November 25, 1848: . . . He [Lord Clarendon] found him [Louis Philippe, an exile] very well and in very good spirits; he has been greatly pleased at the visits of the National Guards to him (who went in great numbers); but it drives him wild when they say to him, "*Sire, pourquoi nous avez-vous quittés?*" He knows he threw everything away, and constantly tries to persuade himself and others that the army would not have supported him. Flahault said to him the other day that he had no right to cast such an imputation on the army, which had proved its fidelity in all circumstances and to all governments, even in July, and that the army would have saved him if it had been allowed to act. Everybody now knows that if he had done

anything but run away, if he had gone to St. Cloud only, or anywhere, and called the troops about him, all would have been saved. He threw his cards on the table, and the game was stupidly and disgracefully lost.

Mme. de Lieven told of the final scene:

London, March 5, 1848: . . . . All the rest (none more urgently than the Duc de Montpensier) pressed the King to abdicate. The King was reluctant, and Piscatory alone entreated him not to do so, "*Il ne faut jamais abdiquer, Sire,*" he said to him; "*voilà le moment de monter à cheval et de vous montrer.*" The Queen behaved like a heroine. She who was so mild and religious, and who never took any part in public affairs, alone showed firmness and resolution; she thanked Piscatory for his advice to the King, and said, "*Mon ami, il ne faut pas abdiquer; plutôt mourez en Roi.*" But the King was *lâche*, and the more disgraceful counsel prevailed. He abdicated, and hurried off, as we know. Piscatory was with him to the last, and the Queen, on parting from him, told him to tell Guizot that she owed to him all she had enjoyed of happiness for the last six years. Thus fell the Orleans dynasty, *pitoyablement, honteusement*, without respect or sympathy, "Where," I asked, were the sons, and "what did they do?" Madame de Lieven only shook her head.

February 28, 1848: . . . Still the crowd pressed on, and the Palace was unprotected. He resolved, or was persuaded, to fly: and with the Queen and such of his family as were with him he quitted the Palace with such precipitation that they had no time to take anything, and they had scarcely any money amongst them. They proceeded to Dreux, where they separated, and as yet no one knows where the King is, or where those of his family are who are not yet arrived in England.

The Duchesse d'Orléans, after the terrible scene in the Chamber of Deputies, was taken to some house in or near Paris, where she now lies concealed.

Guizot adds this touch:

March 6, 1848: . . . When the King was pressed to resign, Piscatory said to him, "*Sire, si vous signez votre abdication, vous n'aurez pas régné.*"

As for Louis Philippe himself:

March 12, 1848: . . . His way of speaking of his son Joinville was curious and indicated dislike of him. He said:

"*Ils n'ont pas voulu de Nemours, parcequ'ils n'aiment pas l'ordre; on dit qu'ils avaient envie de prendre* le sourd, *qu'ils prennent* le sourd, *s'ils le veulent.*" It has been said that he and Joinville had quarrelled.

February 28, 1848: . . . There are people alive who remember the whole of the first Revolution, and we of middle age are all familiar with the second; but this, the third, transcends them both, and all other events which history records, in the astonishing political phenomena which it displays. The first Revolution was a long and gradual act, extending over years, in which the mind traces an elaborate concatenation of causes and effects. The second was not unexpected; the causes were working openly and ominously; and at last the great stroke so rashly attempted, and by which the contest was provoked, was only the concluding scene of a drama which for a long preceding time had been in a state of representation before the world. In 1789, everybody saw that a revolution was inevitable; in 1830, everybody thought that it was probable; but in 1848, up to the very moment at which the explosion took place, and even for a considerable time after it (that is, considerable in reference to the period which embraced the whole thing from first to last), no human being dreamt of a revolution and of the dethronement of the King. The power of the Government appeared to be immense and unimpaired. The King was still considered one of the wisest and boldest of men, with a thorough knowledge of the country and the people he ruled; and though his prudence and that of his Ministers had been greatly impugned by their mode of dealing with the question of Parliamentary reform, the worst that anybody anticipated was the fall of Guizot's Cabinet, and that reform of some sort it would be found necessary to concede. But no one imagined that the King, defended by an army of 100,000 men and the fortifications of Paris (which it was always said he had cunningly devised to give himself full power over the capital), was exposed to any personal risk and danger. . . . The end of Charles X was far more dignified than that of his cousin, and the survivors of that shipwreck may see with a melancholy satisfaction their successful competitor

"whelmed in deeper gulfs" than themselves. Louis Philippe had been seventeen years on the throne; in many respects a very amiable man, and, though crafty and unscrupulous as a politician, and neither beloved nor respected, he has never done anything to make himself an object of the excessive hatred and bitter feelings which have been exhibited against him and his family. The mob, though, on the whole, moderate and good-humoured, have been violent against his person, and they plundered the Palais Royal, invaded the Tuileries, and burnt Neuilly to show their abhorrence of him. This manifestation is a cruel commentary on his reign and his character as King.

London, February 28, 1848: . . . The flight was undignified. It would be hard to accuse Louis Philippe of want of courage, of which he has given on various occasions many signal proofs; but he certainly displayed no resolution on this occasion. It is very doubtful whether his person would have been injured; the people have evinced no thirst for blood. It was then, indeed, too late for resistance, for the means had been withdrawn; but it may fairly be asked if it would not have been the more becoming and the wiser course to affront the danger of popular rage, and to have tried what might have been done by firmness, by reason, and by concession at the same time. All this is speculation. It may be that his life and that of his Queen would have been sacrificed; but on a more terrible occasion, when the same palace was invaded by a more formidable mob, a King still more unpopular and a detested Queen were left uninjured; and it is far more probable that the abdication of Louis Philippe would have satisfied and disarmed the wrath and fury of the people. At all events it is certain that he descended from the throne in a manner which, if it is cruel to call it ignominious, was not rendered captivating or affecting by any of those touching or striking circumstances which often environ and decorate the sacrifice of fallen majesty.

London, March 5, 1848: The fugitives have all arrived here day by day with the exception of the Duchesse d'Orléans and her children, who are supposed to be in Germany. The King and Queen came yesterday from Newhaven, where they landed; Madame de Lieven and Guizot the day before, the one from Paris, the other through Belgium; they were in the same train

(leaving Paris at seven o'clock on Thursday night), but neither knew the other was there. The King, as soon as he reached England, wrote a letter to the Queen, in which he gave her to understand that he considered all as over with him, and he said that it was the *Comte de Neuilly* who thanked her for all her past and present kindness to himself and his family. It was a very good letter (Lord Lansdowne tells me), and the Queen was much moved by it. Her personal resentment [over the Spanish marriages] had long ceased; Aberdeen told me last night that she had told him so not long ago, and that though the political question was another thing, her personal feelings toward the French Royal Family were what they had ever been.

March 12, 1848: Yesterday Lady Granville and Lady Georgiana Fullerton went to Claremont to see the Royal Family. The Queen was gone to town, but they were received by the King, who talked to them for an hour and gave them a narrative of his adventures, which they related to me last night. It was very curious, that is, curious as an exhibition of his character. He described his flight, and all his subsequent adventures, his travels, his disguises, his privations, the dangers he incurred, the kindness and assistance he met with, all very minutely. They said it was very interesting, and even very amusing; admirably well told. He was occasionally pathetic and occasionally droll; his story was told with a mixture of the serious and the comic—sometimes laughing and at others almost crying—that was very strange. It struck them that he was very undignified, even vulgar, and above all that he seemed to be animated with no feeling toward his country, but to view the whole history through the medium of *self*. He said of the French, "*Ils ont choisi leur sort; je dois supporter le mien.*" . . . It appears that the Royal Family have no money, the King having invested his whole fortune in France, and beggary is actually staring them in the face. The King evinced no bitterness except in speaking of the English newspapers, especially the *Times;* and he attributed much of his unpopularity, and what he considers the unjust prejudices against him, to the severity of their *personal* attacks on him! Curious enough this; but as he felt these philippics so acutely, why did he not take warning from them?

March 26, 1848: I dined yesterday with Palmerston to meet Guizot and Madame de Lieven! Strange dinner, when I think of the sentiments toward each other of the two Ministers, and of all that Guizot said to me when I was at Paris last year! However, it did all very well. I thought Palmerston and Guizot would have shaken each other's arms off, and nothing could exceed the cordiality or apparent ease with which they conversed. There was not the slightest symptom of embarrassment; and though Guizot's manner is always stiff, pedantic, and without the least approach to *abandon*, he seemed to me to exhibit less of these defects than usual.

March 6, 1848: . . . He [Guizot] gave us an account of his own personal adventures, which were very simple. He left the Ministry of the Interior with Madame Duchâtel, Duc de Broglie, and two other people; and he was first taken to a house where he was told he would be safe, and conducted by the *portière au cinquième*. She entered the room after him and said, "You are M. Guizot." He said, "I am." "Fear nothing," she said; "you are safe here. You have always defended honest people, and I will take care nobody comes near you." In the evening he went to the Duc de Broglie's; he was one day at Piscatory's; and on Wednesday night he left Paris as somebody's servant. He said he was never in danger, as the Government would have been sorry to apprehend him.

London, March 5, 1848: . . . [Mme. de Lieven] had taken refuge at St. Aulaire's, then at Apponyi's, then at an Austrian *attaché's;* then Pierre d'Aremberg took her under his care, and hid her at Mr. Roberts', the English painter, who brought her to England as Mrs. Roberts, with gold and jewels secreted in her dress. Guizot was concealed one day at Piscatory's, the other at the Duc de Broglie's.

March 11, 1848: . . . Guizot went to see the King and Queen two days ago: the interview was very affecting; both threw themselves on his neck; the King is the most *abattu* of the two; he has no money.

. . . I met Guizot at dinner at the Hollands'; he goes about everywhere, is very cheerful, and puts a good face on it; everybody is very civil to him, and he feels the kindness of his reception, especially as he knows he has been personally obnoxious since the Spanish marriages.

Palmerston did not embrace Louis Philippe:

March 20, 1848: There has been all sorts of botheration about Louis Philippe and his affairs, particularly about his remaining at Claremont. Soon after he came, a notification was made to him *by Palmerston* that he was not to remain there permanently. He complained of this to all the people he saw (talking very loosely and foolishly), and it got wind and made a noise. Soon after, the Duke of Wellington went to see him, and told him that Claremont was the fit place for him, and the other day a letter arrived from Leopold telling him he might stay there as long as he liked; he is therefore to stay.

But Queen Victoria displayed a different emotion:

June 1, 1848: . . . The Duke of Bedford told me to my great astonishment that all the Queen's former attachment to Louis Philippe and the French Royal Family has revived in greater force than ever; she says the marriages are not to be thought of any more. She is continually in tears and nothing but the extraordinary good sense of Albert, and the boundless influence he has over her, keeps her feelings under due restraint; but for him she would have made all her household go to Claremont, and when the French Royal Family have come to visit her she has received them as King and Queen, and one day one of the children went up to Louis Philippe and called him "Your Majesty," which had no doubt been done by the Queen's commands. I take for granted that they have persuaded the Queen that their ruin has been the work of Palmerston, for this is what they always say, and possibly they believe it.

London, April 15, 1848: . . . The Duchess of Gloucester sent the Duchess of Bedford a letter of the Queen's to her on the present state of affairs and her own situation, which exhibits her in a very amiable light. She talks with such sympathy of the sufferings of others in whom she is interested, and with such thankfulness for the many blessings which she herself enjoys, and which she says she almost "grudges" when she looks round and sees the afflictions of so many whom she loves. The expression is faulty, but the idea is clear.

November 25, 1848: I met Guizot at dinner twice last week. He told me Thiers had sent a man over to him, *and to the King*, to make to him the assurance above stated. Rather curious his

keeping up this communication with the exiled Sovereign and Minister—the two men, too, whom he most detests. I asked him if he believed what he said, when he intimated that it might or might not be true. They have never sent the Royal Family any money up to this time, though the Chamber long ago voted back their property; but the Government have promised to send the King 20,000l., and the Duc d'Aumale 10,000l.; the latter has 50,000l. a year and no debts. From what Guizot's daughter said to me, it is clear they by no means give up the idea of returning to France and of his taking a part in public affairs, but not yet.

February 11, 1849: . . . Madame de Flahault told me an anecdote about the new French Ambassador, Admiral Cécille, creditable to all the parties concerned. When the Embassy here was offered him, he told the President that he had always been attached to Louis Philippe, and if he was to be made the instrument of saying or doing anything disagreeable to him or his family, he could not accept it. The President said he might be perfectly easy on that score, and that he might go and pay his respects at Claremont as soon as he arrived if he pleased. Accordingly the Admiral sent to the King to offer to wait on him, but Louis Philippe very sensibly said it would only place him in a position of embarrassment, and that he had better not come.

Brighton, August 27, 1850: Yesterday morning Louis Philippe expired at Claremont quite unexpectedly, for though he had been ill for a long time, it was supposed he might still live many months. Not long ago his life was the most important in the world, and his death would have produced a profound sensation and general consternation. Now hardly more importance attaches to the event than there would to the death of one of the old bathing women opposite my window. It will not produce the slightest political effect, nor even give rise to any speculation. He had long been politically defunct. . . . He had certainly many good qualities and an amiable disposition, and probably no vices but selfishness and insincerity. These were, however, universally ascribed to him, and consequently out of the limited circle of his own family and a few friends and old servants, who were warmly attached to him, he inspired neither affection nor respect.

CHAPTER LXXI

TALK AND TROOPS

"The whole world," wrote Greville, on July 5, 1848, "is influenced by all that is done in Paris." There were revolutions everywhere:

March 25, 1848: Nothing is more extraordinary than to look back at my last date and see what has happened in the course of *five days*. A tenth part of any one of the events would have lasted us for as many months, with sentiments of wonder and deep interest; but now we are perplexed, overwhelmed, and carried away with excitement, and the most stupendous events are become like matters of everyday occurrence. Within these last four or five days there has been a desperate battle in the streets of Berlin between the soldiers and the mob; the flight of the Prince of Prussia; the King's convocation of his States; concessions to and reconciliation with his people; and his invitation to all Germany to form a Federal State; and his notification of what is tantamount to removing the Imperial Crown from the head of the wretched *crétin* at Vienna, and placing it on his own.

Next, a revolution in Austria; an *émeute* at Vienna; downfall and flight of Metternich, and announcement of a constitutional *régime; émeutes* at Milan; expulsion of Austrians, and Milanese independence; Hungary up and doing, and the whole empire in a state of dissolution. Throughout Germany all the people stirring; all the sovereigns yielding to the popular demands; the King of Hanover submitting to the terms demanded of him; the King of Bavaria abdicating; many minor occurrences, any one of which in ordinary times would have been full of interest and importance, passing almost unheeded.

Metternich himself met his fate:

April 2, 1848: There is nothing to record but odds and ends; no new revolution, no fresh deposition. Madame de Lieven told

me yesterday what she had heard from Flahault of the outbreak at Vienna and the downfall of Metternich. When the people rose and demanded liberal measures, they were informed that the Council would be convened and deliberate, and an answer should be given them in two hours. The Council assembled, consisting of the Ministers and the Archdukes. The question was stated, when Metternich rose and harangued them for an hour and a half without their appearing nearly to approach a close. On this the Archduke John pulled out his watch and said, "Prince, in half an hour we must give an answer to the people, and we have not yet begun to consider what we shall say to them." On this Kolowrath said, "Sir, I have sat in Council with Prince Metternich for twenty-five years, and it has always been his habit to speak thus without coming to the point." "But," said the Archduke, "we must come to the point, and that without delay. Are you aware, Prince," turning to Metternich, "that the first of the people's demands is that you should resign?" Metternich said that he had promised Emperor Francis on his deathbed never to desert his son, the present Emperor, nor would he. They intimated that his remaining would be difficult. Oh, he said, if the Imperial Family wished him to resign, he should feel that he was released from his engagement, and he was ready to yield to their wishes. They said they did wish it, and he instantly acquiesced. Then the Emperor himself interposed and said, "But, after all, I am the Emperor, and it is for me to decide; and I yield everything. Tell the people I consent to all their demands." And thus *the Crétin* settled it all; and the great Minister, who was in his own person considered as *the Empire*, and had governed despotically for forty years, slunk away, and to this hour nobody knows where he is concealed. But in this general break-up of the Austrian Monarchy there seems still some vitality left in it, and we hear that those provinces which demand liberal governments do not want to get rid of the dynasty; and in the midst of the confusion there is no small jealousy of the King of Prussia, and disgust at his attempt to make himself *Sovereign of Germany*. The condition of Prussia is disquieting; and the King, who has acted a part at once wavering and selfish, has raised up a host of enemies against his pretensions.

Only Britain seemed to be placid:

March 25, 1848: . . . In the midst of the roar of the revolutionary waters that are deluging the whole earth, it is grand to see how we stand erect and unscathed. It is the finest tribute that ever has been paid to our Constitution, the greatest test that ever has been applied to it.

April 2, 1848: . . . There has been, however, something of a pause on the Continent for some days, which gives us leisure to look inwards and consider our own situation. We are undisturbed in the midst of the universal hubbub, and the surface of society looks smooth and safe: nevertheless there is plenty of cause for serious reflection and apprehension. It is the fashion to say that this country is sound; that the newfangled theories which are turning Continental brains find no acceptance here; but the outward manifestations are not entirely to be relied upon.

The Chartists were vocal. Five million of them had signed a petition and Feargus O'Connor proposed that a procession should assemble on Kennington Common and march to the House of Commons.

April 5, 1848: . . . Lord John Russell, in reply to a question put by Jocelyn to him in the House of Commons, said the Government would come to Parliament for powers as soon as they deemed it necessary, and gave him to understand that they were preparing measures, but declined to say what. His answer did not give satisfaction. Everybody here wants something to be done to stop this torrent of sedition. I saw Graham this morning for a short time; he is greatly alarmed at the aspect of affairs both at home and abroad; he thinks the temper of the masses here very serious. The Chartist meeting on Monday next makes him uneasy, and he has talked much to George Grey and the Speaker about precautions. The state of the law is very doubtful, and it is a nice question whether to prevent a procession to the House of Commons or not. The expressions of the Act about seditious assemblies are ambiguous. Then he strongly deprecates the Queen's going out of town on Saturday, which he thinks will look like cowardice in her personally, and as indicative of a sense of danger which ought not to be mani-

fested. I advised him (and Peel, who thinks so likewise) to tell the Government this; he said Peel would tell the Prince.

April 6, 1848: . . . It has not yet been determined whether they should stop the Chartists from entering London or not, but a Cabinet was to be held to decide the matter to-day. He thought they should prevent their crossing the bridges. I saw the Duke in the morning at Apsley House in a prodigious state of excitement, said he had plenty of troops, and would answer for keeping everything quiet if the Government would only be firm and vigorous, and announce by a proclamation that the mob should not be permitted to occupy the town. He wanted to prevent *groups* from going into the Park and assembling there, but this would be impossible.

April 9, 1848: . . . All London is making preparations to encounter a Chartist row to-morrow: so much that it is either very sublime or very ridiculous. All the clerks and others in the different offices are ordered to be sworn in special constables, and to constitute themselves into garrisons. I went to the police office with all my clerks, messengers, &c., and we were all sworn. We are to pass the whole day at the office to-morrow, and I am to send down all my guns; in short, we are to take a warlike attitude. Colonel Harness, of the Railway Department, is our commander in chief; every gentleman in London is become a constable, and there is an organization of some sort in every district.

Newmarket, April 13, 1848: Monday passed off with surprising quiet, and it was considered a most satisfactory demonstration on the part of the Government, and the peaceable and loyal part of the community. Enormous preparations were made, and a host of military, police, and special constables were ready if wanted; every gentleman in London was sworn, and during a great part of the day, while the police were reposing, they did duty. The Chartist movement was contemptible; but everybody rejoices that the defensive demonstration was made, for it has given a great and memorable lesson which will not be thrown away, either on the disaffected and mischievous, or the loyal and peaceful; and it will produce a vast effect in all foreign countries, and show how solid is the foundation on which we are resting. We have displayed a great resolution and a great strength, and given unmistakable proofs, that if sedition and

rebellion hold up their heads in this country, they will be instantly met with the most vigorous resistance, and be put down by the hand of authority, and by the zealous coöperation of all classes of the people. The whole of the Chartist movement was to the last degree contemptible from first to last. The delegates who met on the eve of the day were full of valour amounting to desperation; they indignantly rejected the intimation of the Government that their procession would not be allowed; swore they would have it at all hazard, and die, if necessary, in asserting their rights. One man said he loved his life, his wife, his children, but would sacrifice all rather than give way.

In the morning (a very fine day) everybody was on the alert; the parks were closed; our office was fortified, a barricade of Council Registers were erected in the accessible room on the ground floor, and all our guns were taken down to be used in defence of the building. However, at about twelve o'clock crowds came streaming along Whitehall, going northward, and it was announced that all was over. The intended tragedy was rapidly changed into a ludicrous farce. The Chartists, about 20,000 in number, assembled on Kennington Common. Presently Mr. Mayne appeared on the ground, and sent one of his inspectors to say he wanted to speak to Feargus O'Connor. Feargus thought he was going to be arrested and was in a terrible fright; but he went to Mayne, who merely said he was desired to inform him that the meeting would not be interfered with, but the procession would not be allowed. Feargus insisted on shaking hands with Mayne, swore he was his best of friends, and instantly harangued his rabble, advising them not to provoke a collision, and to go away quietly—advice they instantly obeyed, and with great alacrity and good humour. Thus all evaporated in smoke. Feargus himself then repaired to the Home Office, saw Sir George Grey, and told him it was all over, and thanked the Government for their leniency, assuring him the Convention would not have been so lenient if they had got the upper hand. Grey asked him if he was going back to the meeting. He said No; that he had had his toes trodden on till he was lame, and his pocket picked, and he would have no more to do with it. The petition was brought down piecemeal and presented in the afternoon. Since that there has been an exposure of the petition itself, covering the authors of it with

ridicule and disgrace. It turns out to be signed by less than two millions, instead of by six as Feargus stated; and of those, there were no end of fictitious names, together with the insertion of every species of ribaldry, indecency, and impertinence. The Chartists are very crestfallen, and evidently conscious of the contemptible figure they cut; but they have endeavoured to bluster and lie as well as they can in their subsequent gatherings, and talk of other petitions and meetings, which nobody cares about.

But the trouble was not over:

June 3, 1848: . . . The Government are now getting seriously uneasy about the Chartist manifestations in various parts of the country, especially in London, and at the repeated assemblings and marchings of great bodies of men. Le Marchant told me that two or three months ago, when he was at the Home Office, he received accounts he thought very alarming of the wide-spreading disaffection of the people, and particularly of the enormous increase of cheap publications of the most mischievous and inflammatory character, which were disseminated among the masses and eagerly read; and lately, accounts have been received from well-informed persons, whose occupations lead them to mix with the people, clergymen—particularly Roman Catholic—and medical men, who report that they find a great change for the worse amongst them, an increasing spirit of discontent and disaffection, and that many who on the 10th of April went out as special constables declare they would not do so again if another manifestation required it. The speeches which are made at the different meetings are remarkable for the coarse language and savage spirit they display. It is quite new to hear any Englishman coolly recommend assassination, and the other day a police superintendent was wounded in the leg by some sharp instrument. These are new and very bad symptoms.

June 10, 1848: . . . The Government have at last taken strong measures against the Chartists; but in spite of the arrest of some of their leaders, another demonstration is expected on Monday, for which great preparations are to be made. These demonstrations are getting a great bore, besides being very mischievous. The townspeople, who are thus perpetually

alarmed, are growing very angry, and the military are so savage that Lord Londonderry told the Duke of Wellington he was sure, if a collision took place, the officers of his regiment would not be able to restrain their men. Many people think that a severe chastisement of these mobs will alone put a stop to their proceedings, and that it will be better the troops should be allowed to act and open fire upon them. This is an extremity which must be avoided if possible, but anything is better than allowing such an evil as this to go on increasing. But if these multitudes of discontented men can be daunted into submission, fearful considerations remain behind. We have an enormous overgrown population, a vast proportion of which are in undeniable misery and distress, and are soured and exasperated by their sufferings. To expect such beings to be reasonable, and still more to be logical, is to expect a moral impossibility. . . . The suffering people are prompt to believe that that cannot be a sound and just condition of society in which they are abandoned to starvation and destitution, while other classes are revelling in luxury and enjoyment. They have confused notions that this is all wrong, and that under some different political dispensation their interests would be better cared for, and according to their necessities they would be comforted and relieved. They are neither able to comprehend nor disposed to listen to the long processes of argument by which it might be demonstrated to them that all the prevailing misery and distress are attributable to causes over which Government has no control, and which no legislation can counteract: the unhappy state of the world, the confusion which prevails everywhere, the interruption of regular industry, the disturbance of the ordinary course of social life. . . . We seem to have got into another stage of existence, our world is almost suddenly altered, we deal with new questions, men seem to be animated with fresh objects; what are called politics, international questions and the strife of parties, sink into insignificance; society is stirred up from its lowest depths.

Happily, Britain was saved by her weather:

June 13, 1848: . . . The expected Chartist demonstration yesterday ended in smoke, both here and in the provinces; nevertheless, great preparations were made of military, police,

and special constables. It rained torrents the whole day, which probably would have been enough to prevent any assemblages of people; but the determined attitude of the Government and the arrests that have taken place intimidated the leaders. Everybody had got bored and provoked to death with these continued alarms, but it is now thought that we shall not have any more of them. The Chartists themselves must get tired of meeting and walking about for nothing, and they can hardly fail to lose all confidence in their leaders, whose actions so ill correspond with their promises and professions. A man of the name of MacDougal, who appears to be the chief of the London Chartists, harangued his rabble a few days ago, declared the meeting should take place in spite of Government, and announced the most heroic intentions. He went to the ground (at one of the *rendezvous*), and finding a magistrate there, asked him if the meeting was illegal, and if the Government really intended to prevent it. The magistrate referred him to the printed placard, by which he would see that it was illegal, and that the Government did intend to prevent it; on which he made a bow, said he did not mean to oppose the law, would go away, and advise his friends to do the same; and off he went. The failures have been complete everywhere, and nobody feels any alarm.

August 8, 1848: . . . Lady Wriothesley told me that there is not far off a Chartist establishment; a society of Chartists located and living on land bought by Chartist subscriptions; a sort of Communist society. It has existed some years, but is now falling into decay. Feargus O'Connor spoke to Charles Russell, and said he wished his brother would take some notice of them, *for they liked to be noticed by people of rank;* and, he added, "Collectively they are with me, but individually they are with you." In these words a great lesson and significant fact are contained, well worth attention.

CHAPTER LXXII

SOULS SET FREE

The era of reform was an era of religion:

June 20, 1857: All this past week the world has been occupied with the Handel Concerts at the Crystal Palace, which went off with the greatest success and *éclat*. I went to the first ("Messiah"), and the last ("Israel in Egypt"); they were amazingly grand, and the beauty of the *locale*, with the vast crowds assembled in it, made an imposing spectacle. The arrangements were perfect, and nothing could be easier than the access and egress, or more comfortable than the accommodation. But the wonderful assembly of 2,000 vocal and 500 instrumental performers did not produce musical effect so agreeable and so perfect as the smaller number in the smaller space of Exeter Hall. The volume of sound was dispersed and lost in the prodigious space, and fine as it undoubtedly was, I much prefer the concerts of the Harmonic Society.

"By eleven o'clock [July, 1849] Princes Street [Edinburgh] was swarming, for they are a churchgoing people."

February 21, 1856: . . . Last night the Evangelical and Sabbatarian interest had a great victory in the House of Commons, routing those who endeavoured to effect the opening of the National Gallery and British Museum on Sunday. The only man of importance who sustained this unequal and imprudent contest was Lord Stanley. At this moment cant and Puritanism are in the ascendant, and so far from effecting any anti-sabbatarian reform, it will be very well if we escape some of the more stringent measures against Sunday occupations and amusements with which Exeter Hall and the prevailing spirit threaten us.

May 14, 1856: . . . The questions of war and of peace having now ceased to interest and excite the public mind, a religious question has sprung up to take their place for the moment,

which though not at present of much importance, will in all probability lead to more serious consequences hereafter. Sir Benjamin Hall having bethought himself of providing innocent amusement for the Londoners on Sunday, established a Sunday playing of military bands in Kensington Gardens and in the other parks and gardens about the metropolis, which has been carried on, with the sanction of the Government, with great success for several Sundays. Some murmurs were heard from the puritanical and sabbatarian party, but Palmerston having declared himself favourable to the practice in the House of Commons, the opposition appeared to cease. The puritans, however, continued to agitate against it in meetings and in the press, though the best part of the latter was favourable to the bands, and at last, when a motion in Parliament was threatened to insist on the discontinuance of the music, the Cabinet thought it necessary to reconsider the subject. They were informed that if the Government resisted the motion they would be beaten, and moreover that no man could support them in opposition to it without great danger of losing his seat at the next election. It is stated that the sabbatarians are so united and numerous, and their organization so complete, that all over the country they would be able to influence and probably carry any election, and that this influence would be brought to bear against every man who maintained by his vote this "desecration of the Sabbath." Accordingly it was resolved by the Cabinet to give way, and the only question was how to do so with anything like consistency and dignity. The Archbishop of Canterbury was made the *Deus ex machinâ* to effect this object. He was made to write a letter to the Premier representing the feelings of the people and begging the bands might be silenced. To this Palmerston wrote a reply in which he repeated his own opinion in favour of the music, but that in deference to the public sentiment he would put an end to their playing.

Dissent was growing in influence:

February 8, 1857: I am just come from hearing the celebrated Mr. Spurgeon preach in the Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens. It was quite full; he told us from the pulpit that 9,000 people were present. The service was like the Presbyterian: Psalms, prayers, expounding a Psalm, and a sermon. He is certainly

very remarkable, and undeniably a very fine character; not remarkable in person, in face rather resembling a smaller Macaulay, a very clear and powerful voice, which was heard through the whole hall; a manner natural, impassioned, and without affectation or extravagance; wonderful fluency and command of language, abounding in illustration, and very often of a very familiar kind, but without anything either ridiculous or irreverent. He gave me an impression of his earnestness and his sincerity; speaking without book or notes, yet his discourse was evidently very carefully prepared. The text was "Cleanse me from my secret sins," and he divided it into heads: the misery, the folly, the danger (and a fourth which I have forgotten) of secret sins, on all of which he was very eloquent and impressive. He preached for about three quarters of an hour, and, to judge of the handkerchiefs and the audible sobs, with great effect.

The Dissenter demanded equality:

March 25, 1834: . . . The day before, in the House of Lords, Lord Grey presented a petition from certain members of the University of Cambridge, praying for the admission of Dissenters to take degrees, which he introduced with a very good speech. The Duke of Gloucester, who, as Chancellor of the University, ought properly to have said whatever there was to say, was not there (in which Silly Billy did a wise thing), so the Duke of Wellington rose to speak in his stead. It may have been that, considering himself to stand in the Duke of Gloucester's shoes, he could not make too foolish a speeech, and accordingly he delivered one of those harangues which make men shrug their shoulders with pity or astonishment. It is always matter of great regret to me when he exposes himself in this manner. After dinner at Peel's I talked to Lyndhurst about it, who said, "Unlucky thing that Chancellorship of Oxford; it will make him commit himself in a very inconvenient manner. The Duke is so very obstinate; if he thought that it was possible to act any longer upon those High Church principles it would be all very well, but you have transferred power to a class of a lower description, and particularly to the great body of the Dissenters, and it is obvious that those principles are now out of date; the question is, under the circumstances, What is best to be done?" Lord Ellenborough entirely threw the Duke over, and made a

very good speech, agreeing to the prayer of the petitioners, with the reservation only of certain securities which Lord Grey himself approves of.

Yet if the Duke came into office, he would not "act in a manner corresponding to his declared opinions" and "would calculate what sort and amount of concession it was necessary to make, and would make it, without caring a farthing about the University of Oxford or his own former speeches."

April 23, 1834: . . . Brougham made one of his exhibitions in the House of Lords the other night about the Cambridge petition, quizzing the Duke of Gloucester with mock gravity. It was very droll and very witty, I fancy, but very unbecoming to his station.

On the petition (March 29, 1834) the House of Commons spent "three mornings" of debate. And it was expected that even Peel "would have supported it and have abstained (from prudential motives) from saying anything likely to offend the Dissenters."

February 15, 1835: . . . The English clergy are generally respectably born, well educated, and amply endowed, and yet they are content to be the ministers of a scandalous system, which, if it were not a source of profit to themselves, they would not tolerate for an instant. Instead of compelling the Dissenters to be married in church, if they had been really penetrated with any devotional feelings, or by any considerations of delicacy and charity, they would long ago have complained of this necessity as a grievance, and besieged the Legislature with entreaties to relieve the Church from the scandal, and themselves from so painful and odious a duty. But it was a badge of inferiority and dependence forced upon the Dissenters, and a source of profit to themselves; and therefore they defended and maintained it, and this is what they call defending the Church; and when the Dissenters themselves pray to be relieved from the tax and the humiliation, and liberal men support their prayer, a cry is got up that the Church is in danger. When the Dissenters, having prayed in vain, grow louder and bolder in their demands, and the cries of the Churchmen gradually sink into a whine, which is at last silenced in submission,

the Church really is in danger; and then, when it no longer can be refused, it becomes perilous to grant the boon which justice and wisdom have so long required.

March 20, 1835: . . . On Tuesday night Peel brought in the Dissenters' Marriage Bill, and his plan gave almost general satisfaction except to those whom nothing can satisfy. The Opposition papers gave it a sort of cold and sulky approbation, evincing how little the loudest advocates for reforms of this nature really care about them. . . . Marriage is made a civil contract for the Dissenters, and a slight civil form is substituted for the religious ceremony of the Church of England. This relieves them from all their grievance.

Dissenters were relieved of paying rates to the Established Church:

March 18, 1837: . . . Just before the question came on, the Bishops made a grand *flare-up* in the House of Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury [Howley], with as much venom as so mild a man can muster, attacked the Bill. Melbourne replied with some asperity, and the Bishop of London [Blomfield] retorted fiercely upon him. The Tories lauded and the Whigs abused the Bishops, both vehemently. I don't admire their conduct, either as to temper or discretion. The Church had better not be militant, and to see the Bench of Bishops in direct and angry collision with the King's Prime Minister is a sorry sight. . . . Melbourne's severe remarks provoked the Bishop of London [Blomfield], who had not intended to speak, and he said to the Archbishop, "I must answer this," who replied, "Do." His abrupt and animated exordium, "And so, my Lords," was very much admired.

This Church Rate Bill, however, is a bad bill; it gives little satisfaction to anybody except to the Dissenters, who have no right to require such a concession to what they absurdly call their scruples of conscience. One of the underwhippers of Government dropped the truth as to the real cause of such a measure, when he said that, "if they had proposed Althorp's plan, they should have had all the Dissenters against them at the next elections."

February 15, 1835: . . . Sydney Smith said last night that he hears from those who know that it will be very sweeping; but

he thinks it will not touch the great livings, or meddle with the advowsons. He concludes that at the same time the Dissenters will be relieved from Church rates, that tithes will be extinguished, and the question of Dissenters' marriages settled. This has been an enormous scandal, and its continuance has been owing to the pride, obstinacy, and avarice of the Church; they would not give up the fees they received from this source, and they were satisfied to celebrate these rites in church while the parties were from the beginning to the end of the service protesting against all and every part of it, often making a most indecent noise and interruption.

October 18, 1842: . . . Nobody would believe Capel when he told them that the Bishop [of London] was going to be his guest.

"The Bishop of London!" said Clarendon to him, when he told him, "how on earth did you contrive to get the Bishop of London to come to your house?"

"How," said the other, "why I gave him a d——d good licking, and that made him civil. We are very good friends now."

Where there is zeal there is warmth:

January 16, 1843: . . . At last, but not least, come the Church questions—the Church of Scotland, the Church of England, the Dissenters, the Puseyites. Great and increasing is the interest felt in all the multifarious grievances or pretensions put forth by any and all of the above denominations, and much are men's minds turned to religious subjects. One proof of this may be found in the avidity with which the most remarkable charges of several of the Bishops have been read, the prodigious number of copies of them which have been sold.

June 6, 1843: . . . Religious feuds are rife. The Church and the Puseyites are at loggerheads here, and the Church and the Seceders in Scotland; and everybody says it is all very alarming, and God knows what will happen, and everybody goes on just the same, and nobody cares except those who can't get bread to eat.

Even in the prisons, the clergy displayed a due professional rivalry:

December 13, 1831: . . . Met Mĕlbourne at Lord Holland's; they were talking of a reported confession to a great extent of murders, which is said to have been begun and not finished by the Burkers, or by one of them. Melbourne said it was true, that he began the confession about the murder of a black man to a Dissenting clergyman, but was interrupted by the ordinary. Two of a trade could not agree, and the man of the Established Church preferred that the criminal should die unconfessed, and the public uninformed, rather than the Dissenter should extract the truth.

Religious equality had yet to be extended to the Jews:

August 21, 1836: . . . The King [William IV] received Dr. Allen to do homage for the see of Ely, when he said to him, "My Lord, I do not mean to interfere in any way with your vote in Parliament except on one subject, The Jews, and I trust I may depend on your always voting against them."

For the good government of an established Church, the State is responsible; and the reform of the Church became an issue:

January 27, 1835: There is a Committee sitting at my office to arrange the Church Bill—Rosslyn, Wharncliffe, Ellenborough, and Herries. It is generally believed they mean to bring forward some very extensive measures. Allen says, "The honest Whigs cannot oppose it with honour, nor the Tories support it without infamy," that all the honest Whigs would support it, the honest Tories oppose it, the dishonest Tories would support and the dishonest Whigs oppose it. He told me an anecdote at the same time which shows what the supineness and sense of security of the Church were twenty years ago. An architect built a chapel on Lord Holland's land, near Holland House, and wished it to be appropriated to the service of the Church of England, and served by a curate. The rector objected and refused his consent. There was no remedy against him, and all that could be done was to make it a Methodist meeting house, or a Roman Catholic chapel, either of which, by taking out a licence, the builder could do. However, he got Lord Holland to speak to the Archbishop of Canterbury [Sutton], to tell him the difficulty, and request his interference with the rector to

suffer this chapel to be opened to an Orthodox congregation. After some delay the Archbishop told Holland that he had better advise his friend to take out a licence, and make it a Catholic or Dissenting chapel, as he thought best. The builder could not afford to lose the capital he had expended, and acted upon the advice of the Primate. The chapel is a meeting house to this day.

February 15, 1835: . . . The English Church Reform which is in agitation is a very bad move on the part of the Government, as *the people* do not care about Church Reform here—do not want any such thing.

It was not easy to keep the Modernists in order:

February 21, 1836: There is a mighty stir about the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, on the ground of his having put forth doctrines or arguments of a Socinian tendency. The two Archbishops went to Melbourne with a remonstrance, but he told them the appointment was completed, and that he had not been aware of any objections to Dr. Hampden, and had taken pains to ascertain his fitness for the office. It will give the Churchmen a handle for accusing Melbourne of a design to sap the foundations of the Church and poison the fountain of orthodoxy; but he certainly has no such view.

The "cry" against Dr. Hampden (February 23, 1836) was in Greville's opinion "senseless." And "if he had been a Tory instead of a Liberal in politics, we should probably have heard nothing of the matter." In 1848, Dr. Hampden, despite his heresies, had been consecrated Bishop of Hereford.

January 1, 1848: The Hampden affair is still *boring* on with prejudicial effects to everybody concerned in it. Dean Merewether, who is piqued and provoked at not having got the bishopric himself (which William IV once promised him), wrote a foolish, frothy letter to Lord John Russell, who sent an equally foolish, because petulant, reply—only in two lines.

Bowood, January 7, 1848: . . . The Hampden war has been turning greatly to the advantage of the Doctor; his enemies have exposed themselves in the most flagrant manner, and

Archdeacon Hare has written a very able pamphlet also exposing the rascality (for that is the proper word) of his accusers, and affording his own valuable testimony to Hampden's orthodoxy; above all things, Sly Sam of Oxford (my would-be director and confessor) has covered himself with ridicule and disgrace. The disgrace is the greater because everybody sees through his motives: he has got into a scrape at Court and is trying to scramble out of it; there, however, he is found out, and his favour seems to have long been waning. The Duke of Bedford tells me the Queen and Prince are in a state of hot zeal in this matter. The Prince writes to Lord John every day, very violent, and urges him to prosecute Dean Merewether, which of course Lord John is too wise to do. That Dean is a very paltry fellow, and has moved heaven and earth to get made a bishop himself; besides memorializing the Queen, he wrote to Lord Lansdowne and suggested to him to put an end to the controversy by making him a bishop now, and Hampden at the next vacancy. The whole proceeding reflects great discredit on the great mass of clergymen who have joined in the clamour against Hampden, and on the Oxonian majority who condemned him, for it is now pretty clear that very few, if any, of them had ever read his writings. Now that they are set forth, and people see his unintelligible jargon about dogmas themselves unintelligible, there must be some dispassionate men who will be disgusted and provoked with the whole thing, and at the ferocity with which these holy disputants assault and vituperate each other about that which none of them understand, and which it is a mere mockery and delusion to say that any of them really believe; it is cant, hypocrisy, and fanaticism from beginning to end. There is that old fawning sinner, the Bishop of Exeter; it appears that a dozen years ago he called on Hampden at Oxford to express to him the pleasure with which he had read the Bampton Lectures, and to compliment him on them. The Archbishop of Dublin was present on this occasion.

December 24, 1847: . . . Lord John persists that he has done a very wise thing, and predicts that before long everybody will admit it, and this opinion is grounded on the knowledge he has of the dangerous progress of Tractarianism, which this appointment is calculated to arrest.

Thus "the Hampden controversy flares away."

January 17, 1848: . . . The Duke also told me in his letter that there had been a very curious correspondence between Prince Albert and the Bishop of Oxford.

Greville offers what is certainly a disclosure most interesting to students of the Oxford Movement. They do not need to be told how Newman and his friends protested against the appointment of an Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem—a direct challenge to Catholic unity as interpreted by High Churchmen. The explanation is here made clear:

December 20, 1842: . . . We were talking at the Grove about the Bishopric of Jerusalem, when Clarendon told me that the history of our consenting to that ridiculous appointment was, that it was given to Ashley [the Evangelical Lord Shaftesbury] as the price of his negotiating with the *Times*, their support of, or cessation of, opposition to, the Syrian War.

Ashley was the Evangelical leader, better known as Lord Shaftesbury. He was nearly related to Lord Palmerston and Palmerston wanted the support of the *Times*. Hence, a bishop in Jerusalem.

Sometimes, Prime Ministers suffered from twinges of conscience:

Brocket, January 22, 1848: Melbourne rattled away against men and things, especially the Denisons and the Bishop of Salisbury in particular. I asked, "Why then did you make him a Bishop?"

He said, "It was the worst thing I ever did in my life."

A letter from the Bishop of Exeter to Lord John Russell "abounded in suavities of the most juicy description."

July 28, 1838: . . . Phillpotts would have made a great bishop in the days of Bonner and Gardiner, or he would have been a Becket, or, still better, a Pope either in the palmy days of papal power, or during the important period of reaction which succeeded the Reformation. He seems cast in the mould of a Sixtus.

In conversation, Melbourne told Greville—

Brocket January 22, 1848: . . . he had wished to make Arnold [of Rugby] a bishop, but somebody told him if he did he thought

the Archbishop would very likely refuse to consecrate him; so he gave up the idea without finding out what the Archbishop thought of it.

February 18, 1848: Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Chester, is appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, a great mortification to the Tractarians, and great joy to the Low Church; but he is so excellent a man, and has done so well in his diocese, that the appointment will be generally approved.

February 20, 1848: . . . Yesterday morning John Russell sent for me, and asked me to go to Graham and speak to him about the "Godless" Colleges, and the payment of professors, giving me a letter of Clarendon's about it, which I was to show Graham with Clarendon's scheme, and ask if it was in accordance with their bill, and if he and Peel would approve of it.

In 1847 the Lord Chancellor presented the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham to the living of Brampford Speke in North Devon. As he did not believe in baptismal regeneration, Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter refused to institute him. The Court of Arches at Canterbury upheld the Bishop and there was an appeal to the Privy Council of which body Greville was Clerk:

London, January 16, 1850: . . . Lord Lansdowne came the first day and opened the proceedings; made a short speech, stating that her Majesty had been advised to summon the prelates in so important a case, and that he himself did not contemplate attending throughout the hearing, as he did not consider himself competent to act as a Judge in that Court, though always ready to render his assistance in arranging their proceedings, and then having fairly launched them he went away.

On the appeal, Gorham won:

March 9, 1850: Yesterday judgment was given in Gorham's case at the Council Office. The crowd was enormous, the crush and squeeze awful. I accommodated my friends with seats in Court, and there were Wiseman [the Cardinal] and Bunsen sitting cheek by jowl, probably the antipodes of theological opinions. . . . All the high-flyers and Puseyites will be angry and provoked, and talk of schisms and secessions, which will be, I am firmly convinced, *bruta fulmina.*

March 3, 1853: Lord Aberdeen has gained great credit by

making Mr. Jackson, Rector of St. James's, Bishop of Lincoln. He is a man without political patronage or connection, and with no recommendation but his extraordinary merit both as a parish priest and a preacher. Such an appointment is creditable, wise, and popular, and will strengthen the Government by conciliating the moderate and sincere friends of the Church.

In Scotland, the Auchterarder Case, in which the House of Lords emphasized the right of patronage, provoked the great Presbyterian secession led by Chalmers. Lord Aberdeen attempted a compromise:

October 31, 1843: . . . Aberdeen, who has been all along almost, but not quite, a non-intrusionist, got into the hands of a few people at Edinburgh who wanted an excuse for not seceding, and who persuaded him to bring in his bill, which was neither more nor less than an indignity put on the House of Lords. . . . Lyndhurst said to Clarendon, while Aberdeen was speaking: "Damn the fellow, what does he bring in such a bill as this for? I don't see why I should support anything so absurd!" He did, however, support it, and so did Brougham, who had himself been concerned in the Auchterarder judgment, but whose concurrence was obtained by some trifling alteration of detail, which made no difference in the principle of the bill. The bill did no sort of good, and only seemed to drag the House of Lords through the dirt. I wonder the Duke of Wellington stood it.

Toward the Papacy, Greville was candid:

February 20, 1848: . . . I did not stay it out, but went away to dinner, where I met Dr. Logan, head of Oscott; a very able man, very pleasing and good-looking, and neither in manner nor dress resembling a Roman Catholic priest.

August 12, 1841: The day before yesterday I met Dr. [the future Cardinal] Wiseman at dinner, a smooth, oily, and agreeable Priest. He is now head of the College at Oscott, near Birmingham, and a Bishop (*in partibus*), and accordingly he came in full episcopal costume, purple stockings, tunic and gold chain. He talked religion, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Puseyism, almost the whole time. He told us of the greater increase of his religion in this country, principally in the manufacturing, and very little in the agricultural districts. I asked

him to what cause he attributed it, if to the efforts of missionaries, or the influence of writings, and he replied that the principal instrument of conversion was the Protestant Association, its violence and scurrility; that they always hailed with satisfaction the advent of its itinerant preachers, as they had never failed to make many converts in the districts through which they had passed; he talked much of Pusey and Newman, and Hurrell Froude whom Wiseman had known at Rome. He seems to be very intimate with Dr. Pusey, and gave us to understand not only that their opinions are very nearly the same, but that the great body of that persuasion, Pusey himself included, are very nearly ripe and ready for reunion with Rome, and he assured us that neither the Pope's supremacy nor Transsubstantiation would be obstacles in their way. He said that the Jesuits were in a very flourishing state, and their Order governed as absolutely, and their General invested with the same authority and exacting the same obedience, as in the early period of the institution. As an example, he said that when the Pope gave them a College at Rome, I forget now what, the General sent for Professors from all parts of the world, summoning one from Paris, another from America, and others from different towns in Italy, and he merely ordered them on the receipt of his letters to repair forthwith to Rome. He invited me to visit him at Oscott, which I promised, and which I intend to do.

The question was still whether Great Britain should be represented at the Vatican:

December 7, 1847: . . . A few days ago I met Dr. Wiseman, and had much talk with him about Rome and the Pope's recent rescript about the colleges in Ireland. He said it was all owing to there being no English Ambassador at Rome, and no representative of the moderate Irish clergy. . . . He talked a great deal about the Pope [Pius IX], who, he said, had not time to enquire into these matters himself, and took his inspirations from the above-named personages; that he is of unbending firmness in all that relates to religion, but liberal and anxious to conciliate England. He thinks the rescript may be early got rid of by a little management, and he mentioned an instance of the Pope's good sense and fairness in a matter relating to a

Scotch educational establishment in which a Dr. Gillies was concerned.

December 15, 1847: I called on Lord John Russell three days ago and told him what Wiseman had said, and also about Normanby and Rome. He said he had ordered a Bill to be drawn up to legalize our intercourse with the Pope.

In September, 1850, the Pope issued a Bull creating Bishops in England:

November 10, 1850: . . . But . . . such serious matters as an impending German war, are uninteresting in comparison with the "No Popery" hubbub which has been raised, and which is now running its course furiously over the length and breadth of the land. I view the whole of this from beginning to end, and the conduct of all parties with unmixed disssatisfaction and regret. The Pope has been ill-advised and very impolitic, the whole proceeding on the part of the Papal Government has been mischievous and impertinent, and deserves the severest censure. Wiseman, who ought to have known better, aggravated the case by his imprudent manifesto. On the other hand, the Protestant demonstration is to the last degree exaggerated and absurd. The danger is ludicrously exaggerated, the intention misunderstood, and the offence unduly magnified. A "No Popery" cry has been raised, and the depths of theological hatred stirred up very foolishly and for a most inadequate cause. . . . Two days ago Bowyer came to me from Cardinal Wiseman, who was just arrived, to ask my opinion whether anything could be done and what. I said if he had sent to me some time ago, and told me what was contemplated, I might have done him some service by telling him what the consequences would be; but that now it was too late to do anything, John Bull had got the bit in his mouth, and the Devil could not stop him. He told me the Cardinal was drawing up a loyal address to be signed by ecclesiastics and laymen, and asked me to look at it. I agreed, and he brought it the next day. I said it was very well as far as it went, and only suggested that the new bishops would take care to sign their names only, and omit all allusions to their sees. This he engaged for. . . . At present everybody, Protestants, Puseyites, and Catholics, are all angry, excited, and hostile.

November 21, 1850: The Protestant agitation has been going

on at a prodigious pace, and the whole country is up: meetings everywhere, addresses to Bishops and their replies, addresses to the Queen; speeches, letters, articles, all pouring forth from the press day after day with a vehemence and a universality such as I never saw before. The Dissenters have I think generally kept aloof and shown no disposition to take an active part. A more disgusting and humiliating manifestation has never been exhibited; it is founded on prejudice and gross ignorance. . . . The Queen takes a great interest in the matter, but she is much more against the Puseyites than the Catholics. She disapproves of Lord John's letter.

Bowood, December 26, 1850: Went on Tuesday in last week to Panshanger, on Saturday to Brocket, Monday to London, and Tuesday here; we were very merry at Panshanger. The house and its lord and lady furiously Protestant and anti-Papal; so we had a great deal of wrangling and chaffing; all in good humour and amusing enough.

"To leave the question unsettled" would have been "to render a terrific No Popery agitation the principal ingredient of a general election." The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, though opposed by Gladstone in "a magnificent speech," was thus passed. Disraeli supported with "a very smart personal attack" on Graham, but "did not attempt to argue the case."

July 5, 1851: . . . While it was receiving its finishing touches in the Commons, another rescript of the Pope made its appearance with a fresh creation of Bishops in England!

London, May 12, 1852: . . . Aberdeen told me the whole country [Scotland] was on fire, and they would like nothing so much as to go to Ireland and fight, and renew the Cromwellian times, giving the Papists the option of going to "Hell or Connaught." As Ireland is equally furious, and the priests will send sixty or seventy members full of bigotry and zeal, all ready to act together under the orders of Cullen and Wiseman, we may look for more polemical discussion, and that of the most furious character, than we have ever seen before, even during the great Emancipation debates.

December 11, 1850: Charles Villiers won't hear of doing anything against the Catholics but would wage war against the Puseyites, and he wishes to select the practice of confession as

recommended by them, and *abolish* it by *Act of Parliament!* To my remonstrances against this, urging arguments too obvious to need being stated here, he would only reply that "the people" would not endure the practice of confession and that it must be got rid of!

December 13, 1850: Bennett's resignation (with the correspondence between the Bishop of London and him) was the event of yesterday and I am in hopes that this victim may have some effect in satiating the public appetite.

The Protestants were vocal:

January 17, 1840: Parliament met yesterday. The Queen was well enough received—much better than usual—as she went to the House. The Speech was harmless. . . . They said nothing about Prince Albert's Protestantism, and very properly. . . . The Duke, however, moved an amendment, and foisted in the word Protestant—a sop to the silly. I was grieved to see him descend to such miserable humbug.

March 19, 1841: The Bishop of Exeter got a heavy fall in the House of Lords the other night on the St. Sulpice [a Canadian foundation] question. He brought it forward in an elaborate speech the week before, with his usual ability and cunning; and he took the Duke of Wellington in; for, after hearing the Bishop protest and apparently make out, that "a great blow had been struck at the Reformation," he got up, and, in total ignorance of the subject, committed his potential voice and opinion to an agreement with the Bishop's dictum.

The Dissenters, though acutely conscious of their own grievances, had little sympathy with the Catholics:

June 7, 1834: . . . The Chancellor, Brougham, to the surprise of everyone, made the strongest declaration of his resolution not to permit a fraction of the revenues of the Irish Church to be diverted to Catholic purposes—the purposes, in my mind, to which they ought to be diverted, and to which they in the end must and will be. . . . God forbid, however, that we should have two parties established upon the principles of a religious opposition to each other; it would be the worst of evils, and yet the times appear to threaten something of the sort. There is the gabble of "the Church in danger," the menacing and sullen

disposition of the Dissenters, all armed with new power, and the restless and increasing turbulence of the Catholics, all hating one another, and the elements of discord stirred up first by one and then another.

June 9, 1834: Melbourne said to me on Saturday night, "You know why Brougham made that violent declaration against the Catholics in his speech the other night, don't you?" I said, "No." Then he added, "That was for Spring Rice's election, to please the Dissenters." However, Duncannon says he does not believe it was for that object, but certainly thrown out as a sop to the Dissenters generally, who are violently opposed to any provision being made for the Catholic clergy. Duncannon added that "those were his [Brougham's] opinions as far as he had any, as they were not very strong on any subject."

January 16, 1843: . . . Of these [Ecclesiastical pronouncements], the principal are the charges of the Bishops of London (Blomfield), Exeter (Phillpotts), and St. David's (Thirlwall), especially the second. This charge, which is very able, contains *inter alia* an attack upon Newman for Tract No. 90, and a most elaborate argument, very powerful, in reply to a judgment delivered by Brougham at the Privy Council in the case of Escott v. Mastyn on Lay Baptism.

May 16, 1843: . . . Went on Sunday to the Temple Church. Most beautiful to see, though perhaps too elaborately decorated. The service very well done, fine choir. Benson preached on justification by faith, not a good sermon, though a fine preacher. I listened attentively, but found it all waste of attention. He ended by a hit at the Puseyites (as he rejoices to do), and an extract from one of the Homilies, which was the best part of his sermon. Brougham was there and brought Peel with him.

CHAPTER LXXIII

CANONIZED

Sir Robert Peel has resigned office, but he was by no means obliterated. Indeed, as an independent statesman, he continued to be a force in Parliament:

Bowood, December 12, 1846: . . . Peel told him [Lord Hardwicke] that when he went to the Queen to take leave of her on quitting office, he said he had a request to make to her which she must beforehand promise him to grant, that he must not be denied. She said she should be glad to comply with any request of his if she could. He then said that the request he had to make to her was that she would never again at any time or under any circumstances ask him to enter her service. He did not say what her Majesty's answer was.

February 15, 1847: . . . He said, after begging her never to ask him to take office again, that he could not help remembering that Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Canning had all died in office, and victims of office; that he did not dread death, and this recollection would not deter him; but when he recollected also that Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool had also died in office, the one a maniac, and the other an idiot, that recollection did appal him, and he trembled at the idea of encountering such a fate as theirs.

February 8, 1847: . . . Aberdeen declared that Peel would never take office; it had been suggested to him that the country was in such a state that he might be called for by a great public cry. Peel replied, "Let them call, but I will not respond."

June 20, 1847: . . . [Said Graham] "he will not retire from public life to please any man; he does not want to be the head of a party, still less to return to office, but he will continue to take that part in public affairs which he considers best for the public service, reserving to himself the faculty of acting according to circumstances in any political contingency."

July 13, 1847: . . . If the country was polled, nineteen out of twenty would vote for Peel's being Minister; the Queen would be enchanted to have him back; but Peel has no party, and can have none unless circumstances and necessities make one for him. The great Tory party is acephalous.

According to Aberdeen:

London, September 15, 1849: . . . Peel thought of nothing but the progress and development of his Free Trade measures; that the present Government [of Lord John Russell] could and would carry them out, and therefore he strenuously supported them, being perfectly conscious that he had no party, and consequently no power.

It was "a disagreeable prospect for those of his adherents who followed his fortunes to the last and are now left high and dry":

February 28, 1850: . . . There is a considerably prevailing opinion of the diminished vigour as well as of the diminished influence of Peel. His speech the other night was laboured and heavy, and not judicious. Then the House was much struck by the unusual spectacle of Peel and Graham both rising to speak together, and both persisting to await the Speaker's call instead of Graham's giving way to Peel, as he would have done formerly. It was probably the first time Peel ever rose in the House of Commons to speak, and had to give way to another speaker. The House called for the one as much as for the other, and Graham made incomparably the best speech of the two.

If Peel refused to attack Palmerston it was because, fearing a return of Protection, "nothing would induce him to weaken the present [Whig] Government."

Peel had always been pursued by Tory abuse. Arbuthnot, the Duke's mouthpiece, declared (1830) that he was "so jealous that he could not endure that anybody should do anything but himself." Indeed (September 18, 1852) "it is very certain that the Duke disliked him and had a bad opinion of him."

October 26, 1832: . . . His [Peel's] ambition, selfishness, caution, and reserve, are not all that they complain of. His stinginess is not less remarkable. When the Charles Street Society was

formed, a great deal of money was subscribed to advance the objects of the party. Peel never gave a farthing, and from the time it became a question of subscribing, he ceased to go there.

It was (June 20, 1847) "difficult to feel entire confidence in a man who is not really high-minded and true." He would "never again be considered a great Minister." And Lord George Bentinck accused him (June 14, 1846) of having "hunted Mr. Canning to death."

That the Great Free Trader "ought not to die a natural death" was the considered opinion of Lord Alvanley. And Destiny bowed to the Rake's Decree.

It happened (January 26, 1843) that "in Scotland, Peel constantly travelled either with the Queen or with Aberdeen." His Secretary, Edward Drummond, "continued to go about in his [Peel's] carriage." And writes Greville, "I well remember his telling me this, and laughing at the idea of his having been taken for a great man."

A certain Daniel Macnaghten saw Drummond in Peel's carriage:

January 24, 1843: . . . It was just as I was starting for the Grove that I heard of the assassination of Edward Drummond, one of the most unaccountable crimes that ever was committed, for he was as good and inoffensive a man as ever lived, who could have had no enemy, and who was not conspicuous enough to have become the object of hatred or vengeance to any class of persons, being merely the officer of Sir Robert Peel, and never saying or doing anything but in his name, or as directed by him.

Drummond died and it was then remembered that—

January 26, 1843: . . . for many days before the murder he [Macnaghten] was prowling about the purlieus of Downing Street, and the Duke of Buccleuch told me that the day he was expected in town, and when his servants were looking out for him, they observed this man, though it was a rainy day, loitering about near his gate, which is close to Peel's house. If therefore he saw, as he must have done, Drummond constantly passing between Peel's house and Downing Street, and recognized in him the same person he had seen in the carriage in Scotland,

and whom he believed to be Peel, he would think himself so sure of his man as to make it unnecessary to ask any questions, and the very consciousness of his own intentions might make him afraid to do so. This appears to afford a probable solution of the mystery.

Macnaghten's own confession corroborated the explanation. However, Lord Alvanley's prayer was answered:

London, July 1, 1850: The day before yesterday Sir Robert Peel had a fall from his horse and hurt himself seriously. Last night he was in imminent danger. His accident has excited the greatest interest, and his doors are beset with enquirers of all parties without distinction. He was in high spirits that day, for he was pleased with the division which saved the Government, and with his own speech, which for his purpose was very dexterous and successful.

July 6, 1850: The death of Sir Robert Peel, which took place on Tuesday night, has absorbed every other subject of interest. The suddenness of such an accident took the world by surprise, and in consequence of the mystery in which great people's illnesses are always shrouded, the majority of the public were not aware of his danger till they heard of his death. The sympathy, the feeling, and the regret which have been displayed on every side and in all quarters, are to the last degree striking. Every imaginable honour has been lavished on his memory. The Sovereign, both Houses of Parliament, the press and the people, from the highest to the lowest, have all joined in acts of homage to his character, and in magnifying the loss which the nation has sustained. When we remember that Peel was an object of bitter hatred to one great party, that he was never liked by the other party, and that he had no popular and ingratiating qualities, and very few intimate friends, it is surprising to see the warm and universal feeling which his death has elicited. It is a prodigious testimony to the greatness of his capacity, to the profound conviction of his public usefulness and importance, and of the purity of the motives by which his public conduct has been guided. . . . The Duke of Wellington pronounced in the House of Lords a few nights ago a panegyric on his love of truth, and declared that during his long connection with him he had never known him to deviate from the strictest veracity.

This praise would be undeserved if he had ever been guilty of any underhand, clandestine, and insincere conduct in political matters, and it leaves me to suspect that resentment and disappointment may have caused an unfair and unwarrantable interpretation to be put upon his motives and his behaviour on some important occasions. . . . He scarcely lived at all in society; he was reserved but cordial in his manner, had few intimate friends, and it may be doubted whether there was any one person, except his wife, to whom he was in the habit of disclosing his thoughts, feelings, and intentions with entire frankness and freedom. In his private relations he was not merely irreproachable, but good, kind, and amiable. The remarkable decorum of his life, the domestic harmony and happiness he enjoyed, and the simplicity of his habits and demeanour, he attributed largely without doubt to the estimation in which he was held. He was easy of access, courteous and patient, and those who approached him generally left him gratified by his affability and edified and astonished at the extensive and accurate knowledge, as well as the sound practical sense and judgment, which he displayed on all subjects. It was by the continual exhibition of these qualities that he gained such a mastery over the public mind, and such prodigious influence in the House of Commons. . . . His father was a Tory, imbued with all the old Tory prejudices, one of those followers of Mr. Pitt who could not comprehend and never embraced his liberal sentiments, and who clung to the bigoted and narrow-minded opinions of Addington and George III. It is no wonder then that Peel was originally an anti-Catholic, and probably at first, and for a long time, he was an undoubting believer in that creed. The death of Perceval left the Protestant party without a head, and not long after his entrance into public life, and while the convictions of his youth were still unshaken, he became their elected chief. For about fourteen years he continued to fight their battle in opposition to a host of able men, and in spite of a course of events which might have satisfied a far less sagacious man that this contest must end in defeat, and that the obstinate prolongation of it would inevitably render that defeat more dangerous and disastrous. . . . I do not see how he can be acquitted of insincerity save at the expense of his sagacity and foresight. His mind was not enthralled by the old-fashioned and obsolete maxims which

were so deeply rooted in the minds of Eldon and Perceval; his spirit was more congenial to that of Pitt. . . . Peel is a great loss to the Queen, who felt a security in knowing that he was at hand in any case of danger or difficulty, and that she could always rely upon his devotion to her person and upon the good counsel he would give her. But his relations with the Court at different periods are amongst the most curious passages of his political history. In 1838, when the Bedchamber quarrel prevented his forming a government, there was probably no man in her dominions whom the Queen so cordially detested as Sir Robert Peel. Two years afterward he became her Prime Minister, and in a very short time he found means to remove all her former prejudice against him, and to establish himself high in her favour. His influence continued to increase during the whole period of his administration. And when he resigned in 1846 the Queen evinced a personal regard for him scarcely inferior to that which she had manifested to Lord Melbourne, while her political reliance on him was infinitely greater. To have produced such a total change of sentiment is no small proof of the tact and adroitness of Peel; but it was an immense object to him to ingratiate himself with his Royal Mistress; he spared no pains for that end, and his success was complete.

He appears to have suffered dreadful pain during the three days which elapsed between his accident and his death. He was sensible but scarcely ever spoke. He had arranged all his affairs so carefully that he had no dispositions to make or orders to give. Sir Benjamin Brodie says that he never saw any human frame so susceptible of pain, for his moral and physical organization was one of exquisite sensibility. He was naturally a man of violent passions, over which he had learnt to exercise an habitual restraint by vigorous efforts of reason and self-control.

The hereditary principle is, perhaps, rather a toss-up. One of Peel's sons became a great Speaker of the House of Commons. Another merely inherited his father's title.

January 13, 1857: . . . All the world is occupied with Sir Robert's speech or lecture as he terms it at Birmingham when he gave an account meant to be witty of his *séjour* in Russia and its incidents. Nothing ever was so blackguard, vulgar, and grossly unbecoming. It was received with shouts of applause by

a congenial Brummagem audience and by deep disapprobation in every decent society and by all reasonable people. Besides its folly and impertinence it was a tissue of lies. This man is a disgrace to the name he bears, and everybody cries out that he ought to be dismissed from his office, and asks if he will be permitted to remain. I have not the least idea Palmerston will turn him out, for he is a favourite of Palmerston's, an *ame damnée*, and he will probably laugh off his delinquency and throw his shield over him.

"Clarendon told me the Queen is deeply offended with Sir Robert Peel. . . . I don't think Palmerston could venture to sustain him against her just indignation."

CHAPTER LXXIV

MIGHTIER THAN THE STATE

As Greville advanced in years, he was conscious that his Journal had to face a rival in the field called Journalism:

London, January 12, 1845: More than four months have elapsed since I wrote anything in this book, and I have not much hope either of finding materials or having sufficient application to make it interesting or amusing. When people kept diaries in former times, there were no such newspapers as the *Times* with its volume of letterpress, and dozens of Sunday papers all collecting and retailing the public events and the private anecdotes of the day.

Greville's literary executor, Reeve, was on the *Times*, and Greville contemplated him—"what Reeve is, his humble position, his obscurity, his apparent nothingness"—as an aristocrat has a right to contemplate the footstool under his feet. Yet:

August 23, 1846: . . . See what effects he can create by being the hidden but moving agent of a mighty piece of machinery, I do think it most surprising and curious, and when hereafter revealed, must and will appear so. Reeve—Delane—these two men can at any moment set all Europe in a state of excitement, and fill the greatest Cabinets and Kings and Ministers with terror or rage.

Aberdeen, the Prime Minister, wrote Delane (November 28, 1846) "that the importance of the *Times* was immense and that the question of peace or war might in great measure depend on the paper."

The governing classes feared the new force:

London, July 21, 1848: . . . The best part of the press (the *Times*, for instance) seldom finds its way to the cottages and reading rooms of the lower classes, who are fed by the cheap Radicalism of the *Weekly Dispatch*, and other journals, un-

known almost to the higher classes of society, which are darkly working to undermine the productions of our social and political system.

November 2, 1853: . . . King Leopold is here, still uneasy (though less than he was) upon the subject of his *démêlés* with the Emperor of the French. The cause of them is the libellous publications of the French refugees in Belgium. They compose the most outrageous attacks of a personal nature on him and the Empress, which they have printed in Belgium, and get these papers smuggled into France, and disseminated amongst the lower classes, and particularly the troops. This naturally gives the Emperor great offence, and Leopold would afford him redress if he could; but the Constitution was made by journalists, and the unrestrained liberty of the press is so interwoven with the Constitution that the Legislature itself has no power to deal with the case, nor any power short of a Constituent Assembly:

Hillingdon, December 12, 1858: . . . The Emperor [Napoleon] told him [Clarendon] that his motive for prosecuting Montalembert was that he was aware that there was a conspiracy of literary men, enemies of his Government, to write it down in a very insidious manner, not by any direct attacks, but, under the pretense of discussing subjects either not political or not French, to introduce matter most hostile and most mischievous to him, and that it was necessary to put down such a conspiracy, and he thought the best course was to proceed at once against a man so conspicuous as Montalembert, and to make an example of him, by which others would be deterred.

At a curiously early date, the press influenced India:

February 9, 1843: . . . When he [the Duke] talked of the necessity of Ellenborough's caution in his public documents and private talk, he inveighed very bitterly against the free press of India, and said, with an exaggeration to which he has been latterly rather prone, that this press had produced a tyranny more insupportable than the Spanish Inquisition in its worst times. It was, on the whole, a remarkable letter, though not quite so good as he would have written, in his best days.

November 2, 1857: . . . Amongst other things Clarendon told me at the Grove, he said, in reference to [the Viceroy] Canning's

war against the press, that the licence of the Indian press was intolerable, not of the native press only, but the English in Bengal. Certain papers are conducted there by low, disaffected people, who publish the most gross, false, and malignant attacks on the Government, which are translated into the native languages, and read extensively in the native regiments, and amongst the natives generally, and that to put down this pest was an absolute necessity.

The jealousy of the press was shown in various ways. When the Palace of Westminster was burned down, temporary buildings were erected:

February 15, 1835: . . . I went yesterday to see the two Houses of Parliament; the old House of Lords (now House of Commons) is very spacious and convenient; but the present House of Lords is a wretched dog-hole. The Lords will be very sulky in such a place, and in a great hurry to get back to their own House, or to have another. For the first time there is a gallery in the House of Commons reserved for reporters, which is quite inconsistent with their standing orders, and the prohibition which still in form exists against publishing the debates. It is a sort of public and avowed homage to opinion, and a recognition of the right of the people to know through the medium of the press all that passes within those walls.

Yet, when "Hansard" was sued for libel because of a report of proceedings in Parliament, a question of Privilege arose [January 24, 1840] which was fiercely debated, and the best minds of all parties, including Peel, supported the press. But not Wellington!

February 21, 1840: . . . The Duke, in fact, goes as far as any of the opponents of the Privilege, for he not only thinks that the dicta of the Judges are not to be questioned, but that the House of Commons ought not to have the Privilege at all—that is, that their papers ought not to be sold, and that they ought not to be circulated without anything being previously weeded out of them which the law would consider libellous.

When Gladstone proposed to abolish the Paper duties, an economic restriction on the freedom of the press, the peers ob-

jected and Greville saw Gladstone "half dead, broken down, tempest-tossed." Palmerston, as Prime Minister, was rather pleased than otherwise:

May 28, 1860: . . . Palmerston said to Gladstone, "Of course you are mortified and disappointed, but your disappointment is nothing to mine, who had a horse with whom I hoped to win the Derby, and he went amiss at the last moment."

May 17, 1860: . . . A queer state of things indeed when the Prime Minister himself secretly desires to see the defeat of a measure so precious to his own Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Should Gladstone resign? Charles Villiers thought that "a man so variable and impulsive" might be "very mischievous out of office." And Gladstone did not accept defeat:

Buxton, August 11, 1860: . . . When after the division he rose to propose the second Resolution, he was cheered by the Freetraders as he had not been cheered since the Budget Speech. Colonel Taylor tells me that they had been led to expect success by promises from two quarters. First the paper-makers and the *Times* engaged to bring fifty men to the post, and only brought five.

Against prying pressmen, the Court was constantly on guard:

June 27, 1859: . . . The Queen talked to Clarendon of the publication in the *Times* with much indignation and said, "Who am I to trust? These were my very own words." . . . Clarendon, however, endeavoured to pacify her and moreover to convince her that the article had in fact (however indecorous it might appear) been eminently serviceable to her.

London, January 24, 1853: . . . I began by asking him [the Duke of Bedford] how he had left them all at Windsor, to which he replied:

"Bad, very bad, there has been the devil to pay, but it is a long story, and I cannot attempt to enter upon it, as I don't like to tell you only half of it."

In reply, however, to my pressing him to give me some idea of what he alluded to, I got from him what follows.

The *Globe* had stated that "John Russell should only hold the Seals of the Foreign Office till the meeting of Parliament, when Clarendon was to take them":

London, January 24, 1853: . . . The Queen never was apprised of this arrangement, and they learnt it at Windsor through this article in the *Globe*. She was very indignant, for she is extremely tenacious of her authority in these matters and cannot endure that anything should be settled about her government without her knowledge and consent. This was one of the points on which Melbourne advised Peel (through me) in 1841. The Prince came into the Duke of Bedford's room with the paper in his hand, and made bitter complaints. A great shindy was the consequence. The Queen was angry with Aberdeen, so angry that she had actually written him a very disagreeable letter, which luckily Clarendon was in time to stop and prevent its being sent.

Into the further details of "the shindy" we need not enter beyond saying that it endangered a government.

One secret was jealously guarded, though not always with success:

February 2, 1854: . . . There is always great anxiety on the part of the Press to get the Queen's Speech, so as to give a sketch of it the morning of the day when it is made, and those who do not get it are very jealous of those who do. . . . The other day Aberdeen refused to give it even to the *Times*, and of course to any other paper, and he begged Palmerston not to send it to the *Morning Post*, which is notoriously his paper. Nevertheless, the Speech appeared in the *Times*, and what seemed more extraordinary, in the *Morning Advertiser*, the paper which has been the fiercest opponent of the Government and the most persevering and virulent of the assailants of the Prince. How these papers got the Speech nobody knows, but as there were four dinners, at which at least a hundred men must have been present, it is easy to imagine that some one of these may have communicated it. Delane has friends in all parties, and he told me that he had no less than three offers of it, and therefore he had no difficulty.

The mechanical transmission of news aroused interest:

December 20, 1834: Peel's letter to his constituents has appeared as his manifesto to the country; a very well written and ingenious document, and well calculated to answer the purpose,

if it can be answered at all. The letter was submitted to the Cabinet at a dinner at Lyndhurst's on Wednesday last, and they sat till twelve o'clock upon it, after which it was copied out, a messenger dispatched to the three great newspapers (*Times*, *Herald*, and *Post*) to announce its arrival, and at three in the morning it was inserted.

February 2, 1837: . . . Our King's speech was here [in Paris] before seven o'clock yesterday evening, about twenty-nine hours after it was delivered; a rapidity of transmission almost incredible.

January 31, 1859: . . . Derby told me a curious thing. An experiment was made of the possible speed by which a telegraphic message could be sent and an answer got. They fixed on Corfu, made every preparation, and sent *one word*. The message and return were effected in six seconds. I would not have believed this on any other authority.

Hatchford, November 8, 1857: . . . The most interesting event during the last few days is the failure of the attempted launch of the big ship (now called "Leviathan"), and it is not a little remarkable that all the *great* experiments recently made have proved failures. Besides this one of the ship, there was a few weeks ago the cracking of the bell [Big Ben] for the Houses of Parliament, and not long before that the failure of the submarine telegraph in the attempt to lay it down in the sea. The bell will probably be replaced without much difficulty, but it is at present doubtful whether it will be found possible to launch the ship at all, and whether the telegraphic cable [in that case to America] can ever be completed.

From India, the news—"so chequered with good and evil that it produced great despondency"—was brief:

August 12, 1857: . . . To feed our curiosity during the interval between the Indian mails, the newspapers, the *Times* especially, collect all the letters they can obtain, and publish them day by day.

Eminent men soon found that it was well to be reported verbatim:

September 5, 1848: . . . Dizzy's speech was very sparkling and clever, but it was, after all, nothing but a theatrical display,

without object or meaning but to show off his own powers. It was prefaced by a sort of advertisement that the great actor would take his benefit that morning on the stage of St. Stephen's; an audience was collected, and he sent word to Delane that he was going to speak in order that he might have one of his best reporters there.

"There is no use entering into details of speeches," wrote Greville, "which are now reported with such perfect fidelity."

Publicity was to statesmen what armed retainers were to the mediæval barons. Palmerston (January 30, 1839) thought it worth while to have his agent Urquhart as Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople who "got hold of the papers through bribery"—whatever the documents may have been—in order to publish them in an obscure sheet called the *Portfolio*. It was part of the day's work.

Greville himself had an idea that he would like a newspaper:

December 26, 1830: . . . They say it will cost £3,000 a year, and as we have not a guinea to begin with we are thinking of proposing to some of the rich aristocrats like the Duke of Northumberland, Dudley, Lord Hertford (only he is not here) to contribute to the expense. I imparted it to Luttrell, who is ready to join us. We can't find a name. I proposed "Anti-Radical," but they think this too broad and demonstrative, so it is rejected.

Greville pointed out to the Duke and the Tories the importance of securing the favour of the *Times:*

November 17, 1834, five o'clock: . . . I asked the Duke if he had seen the *Times* this morning. He said, "No," and I told him there appeared in it a considerable disposition to support the new Government, and I thought it would be very advisable to obtain that support if it could be done. He said he was aware that he had formerly too much neglected the press, but he did not think the *Times* could be influenced. I urged him to avail himself of any opportunity to try, and he seemed very well disposed to do so.

Greville next buttonholed Lyndhurst, the Tory Lord Chancellor. and—

November 17, 1834, five o'clock: . . . told him he would do well to endeavour to obtain its support. He said he desired nothing so much, but in his situation he did not like personally to interfere, nor to place himself in their power. I told him I had some acquaintance with Barnes, the editor of the paper, and would find out what he was disposed to do, and would let him know, which he entreated I would.

On November 23, Greville notes that Barnes, as editor, was "evidently much nettled" at the Duke's failure to reply to his "terms." Greville hunted up Lyndhurst, therefore, who—

November 23, 1834: . . . took me away with him, and stopped at the Home Office to see the Duke and talk to him on the subject, for he was evidently a little alarmed, so great and dangerous a potentate is the wielder of the thunders of the press.

November 26, 1834: Barnes is to dine with Lord Lyndhurst, and a gastronomic ratification will wind up the treaty between these high contracting parties.

December 6, 1834: . . . He [Lyndhurst] is doing all he can to draw closer the connection between the *Times* and the Government, and communicates constantly with Barnes.

January 8, 1835: . . . He said the *Times* had behaved admirably to them, and the Government were under great obligations to me for what I had done in that matter. I told him I was glad to hear they were on such good terms, as having been instrumental to the connection, which I had no doubt had entailed an immediate loss on the proprietors of the paper.

That the *Times* should only be able to support the Conservative party at a financial sacrifice is certainly amazing to us, one hundred years later.

February 5, 1838: . . . The Conservatives besides have the inestimable advantage of an alliance with the *Times*, which with all its audacity of falsehood and unblushing effrontery of tergiversation is the most vigorous and powerful agent which the Press every produced.

As Lyndhurst exclaimed, "Why, Barnes is the most powerful man in the country."

The organ of the Whigs was the *Morning Chronicle:*

March 28, 1839: . . . Just before Peel's hundred days it was for sale, and had then fallen to about a thousand a day. Easthope was persuaded by Ellice to buy it, which he did for £15,000 or £20,000. The Whigs set to work, and Hobhouse, Normanby, Poulett Thomson, Le Marchant, and several others, wrote day after day a succession of good articles which soon renovated the paper and set it on its legs. The circulation increased daily till it got up to three thousand, and now it has reached six thousand. Easthope makes a clear £10,000 a year by the speculation; but now, seeing (or thinking he sees) greater advantages to be got by floating down the Radical stream than by assisting in the defence of this government, he forgets past favours and connection, and is ready to abandon them to their fate. It is rather an ominous sign and marks strongly their falling estimation. They think it is Durham who has got hold of Easthope and persuades him to take this course. He declares he is so beset with applications, advice, and threats, that he has no alternative, and must take the line he does or ruin the sale of his paper.

When it was suggested to Palmerston that he had "interfered" (October 7, 1840) with Easthope, he was "very angry" and said, "While I belong to the Government, I cannot consent to be quite a cypher."

And parties would purchase papers. The Peelites thus acquired the *Morning Chronicle* from the Whigs, but though it was "conducted with ability," the daily "sank altogether."

Greville's association with the *Times* was sometimes suspected:

February 1, 1842: . . . I met him [Palmerston] and Lady Palmerston last night, and they both received me so coldly that I am persuaded their suspicions rest upon me as the fancied author or instigator of the recent articles in the *Times.*

Challenged by Jarnac [August 23, 1846], Greville did not hesitate to say that he had "no connection with and no influence over" the *Times*—words simply to be described as untrue.

Of the power of the press, there could be no doubt. Whether that power was wisely exercised was another question. There

were "aggravating articles about Spain." The *Morning Chronicle* (December 20, 1846) would be inspired to an article and there was "a phrase at the end of it about Guizot quite Palmerstonian."

When the *Times* took "a very cool and semi-hostile tone in respect to Guizot," Lord Aberdeen was "vexed and terrified." The explanation was amusing:

January 18, 1845: . . . The cause of this coolness, which amounted to hostility on the part of Mr. Delane, had nothing political in it. It was simply that the French Post Office refused to allow the *Times* to run an Indian Express, in anticipation of the mail, from Marseilles to Calais. There was a passionate rivalry and competition between the English newspapers on the subject of this express. The *Times* ran its own courier at an expense of £500 a month. The other papers coalesced. The *Times* wanted to obtain from the French Government full licence and facility for this peculiar service. The French Government defended the rights of the Post Office to the exclusive carrying of despatches. Hence arose the quarrel, which I repeatedly endeavoured to patch up; but for my own part I never would ask that any exclusive privileges should be given to any newspaper.

January 20, 1845: . . . On the other side of the water Guizot sent for O'Reilly, the correspondent of the *Times*, and asked him why the *Times* treated him in that manner, that he knew it was because he had given some earlier information to the *Morning Herald*. The representative of the mighty Broadsheet replied, that they certainly had nothing to thank him for but they were not aware he had anything to complain of, as they had been extremely moderate and had said nothing but the truth.

"Well," said Guizot, "what do you want, what can I do for you?"

O'Reilly replied that he could do very little, and in truth the paper was of greater importance to him than he could be to the paper, inasmuch as it was not above once or twice in the year that any occasion of serving the *Times* could occur, while they wrote every day in the week."

"Well," said Guizot, "take those papers" (pointing to some on the table), "and no other English paper shall have them for twenty-four hours."

They were the Tahiti and Morocco correspondence. O'Reilly took them, but having to get them translated, not much time was gained, if any.

It all worked out thus for the "glorification" of the *Times* newspaper.

November 29, 1854: . . . In the evening I met Clarendon at the Travellers' and had a long talk with him about all sorts of things. He has been much disturbed at the *Times*, especially as to two things—its violent abuse of Austria and its insertion of a letter from the Crimea, reflecting severely on Prince Napoleon. With regard to Austria it is peculiarly annoying because we are now on the point of concluding a tripartite treaty which is actually on its way to Vienna, and in a day or two it will be decided whether she signs it or not; and nothing is more calculated to make her hang back than such articles in the *Times*. Then as to Prince Napoleon, it has annoyed the Emperor and all his family beyond expression, and to such a degree that Drouyn de Lhuys has written an official letter to Walewski about it.

But, alas, the *Times* (January 2, 1855) "only gets more rampant and insolent, for, as long as its circulation is undiminished, it does not care what anybody thinks or says of it."

Even the *Times* had its ups and downs:

January 2, 1847: . . . There has been a scompiglio in the *Times* office which threatens a revolution there. Reeve writes to me:

"Delane has been here, a good deal agitated and alarmed about the affairs of the paper." . . . It seems that Walter and his party are always up to some knavery or other (being much pressed for money) and that Delane *père* has resisted some of their tricks, which has ended in a quarrel, and he, to save his son, has resigned his functions which were those of manager of the money concerns. Hereupon our friend, the son, feels his position horribly insecure, and the more so as Walter is quite capable of requiring things of him which he *must* resist. So much for the present; for the future it is certain that old Walter is dying of a cancer, and on his death Walter the Second will succeed, and may change his Ministers, etc.

That the *Times* made and unmade governments was the saying, but it was hardly true:

March 12, 1848: . . . The Government have been sadly vexed at an article in the *Times* on Friday, speaking of them, and Lord John especially, very contemptuously. The truth is, the *Times* thinks it has sniffed out that they cannot go on, and wants, according to its custom, to give them a shove; but matters are not ripe for a change yet, nor anything like it.

March 4, 1851: . . . The *Times* has been attacking or sneering at the Government and John Russell particularly in a very brutal and odious manner, and yet Lady Palmerston has taken this moment to try and get Delane, the editor, to her house. She begged Granville to invite him last Saturday. Granville sent her word he had some doubt whether he would like to be invited, and he told her afterward that he thought, considering how they had lately written, it was not quite prudent to ask him just now. She replied,

"Perhaps not, *but he has certainly hit the right nail on the head.*"

She is very silly and imprudent, but it is impossible not to regard her as in some degree indicating her husband's animus. Certainly his colleagues have not derived much benefit from his Radical connection.

When the *Times* attacked Lord John Russell:

December 28, 1852: . . . Clarendon spoke to Aberdeen, said it was shameful, and expressed the greatest indignation against Delane.

"I have not seen *that fellow*," he said, "for several days, but if it will be any satisfaction to John Russell I will engage never to let him into my house again."

Such a reparation, however, Clarendon did not by any means think it would be advisable to exact.

March 2, 1851: . . . Having been instrumental to bringing Delane into social intercourse with the Whigs, I am shocked at the paper taking a course which everybody without distinction of party thinks odious and discreditable.

As an opponent of the Crimean War, Greville (February 17, 1853) accused the *Times* of perpetrating an "enormous mischief":

February 17, 1855: . . . I have for many years had intimate personal relations with its editor, which I do not well know how to let drop, and I am at the same time not satisfied that their unbroken maintenance is consistent with the feelings I entertain and which ought to be entertained toward the paper.

February 19, 1855: . . . The intolerable nonsense and the abominable falsehoods it flings out day after day are none the less dangerous because they are nonsense and falsehoods, and, backed up as they are by all the regular Radical press, they diffuse through the country a mass of inflammatory matter, the effect of which may be more serious and arrive more quickly than anybody imagines.

February 3, 1856: . . . The newspapers, perceiving that they can no longer blow the war trumpet with any chance of rousing the country to resist peace, have in great measure given up the attempt; the *Times* has become completely changed, is full of moderation and puts forth the most reasonable and judicious articles in place of the trash and lies it has been used to dispense.

March 20, 1858: . . . The other day I got a note from Lord Derby [the Prime Minister] about a council, at the end of which he earnestly begged me if I had any influence with the *Times* to get them to abstain from writing any more irritating articles about France, for that these articles provoked the French to madness, and, as matters are, that nothing but the utmost care and moderation on both sides enabled the two governments to go on in harmony. I accordingly sent his note to Delane, who promised to attend to it, though it was hard to leave the French press without replies.

CHAPTER LXXV

ALONE IN HIS GLORY

THE old age of the Duke of Wellington was an epic. He is (August 11, 1843) "the only great man."

March 22, 1835: A few nights ago Brougham was speaking in the House of Lords (upon Lord Radnor's motion about university oaths), and was attacking, or rather beginning to attack, the Duke of Wellington in that tone of insolent sarcasm which is so familiar to him, when in the midst of his harangue the Duke from the opposite side lifted up his finger, and said loud enough to be heard, "Now take care what you say next." As if panic-struck, Brougham broke off, and ran upon some other tack. The House is so narrow that Lords can almost whisper to each other across it, and the menacing action and words of the Duke reached Brougham at once.

Bowood, December 12, 1846: . . . Lord John also told Clarendon how cleverly he had managed to get the Duke of Wellington to do a gracious and popular act, which he has hitherto always roughly refused, the bestowal of decorations on the Peninsular soldiers. He advised the Queen to write to the Duke and express her own wish that it should be done. He replied with great alacrity, and expressed his readiness to carry her commands into execution. She then wrote again, and said she wished his name to be connected with the decoration in some way or other. He replied again in a very good letter that he hoped to be allowed to decline this distinction, that he had already been honoured and rewarded far beyond his deserts, and that he was only too happy to have been deemed to have rendered any service to his sovereigns and his country. Lord John, however, is resolved that his name and exploits shall in some way be introduced into the inscription, whatever it may be.

The Reformers had heaved bricks at Apsley House:

June 19, 1833: The King dined with the Duke at his Waterloo dinner yesterday, which does not look as if he had been so very

angry with him as the Government people say. The Duke had his windows mended for the occasion, whether in honour of his Majesty or in consequence of H. B.'s caricature I don't know.

May 19, 1833: . . . I was marvellously struck (we rode together through St. James's Park) with the profound respect with which the Duke was treated, everybody we met taking off their hats to him, everybody in the Park rising as he went by, and every appearance of his inspiring great reverence. I like this symptom, and it is the more remarkable because it is not *popularity*, but a much higher feeling toward him.

"The absolute Courts [of Europe]," wrote Greville on January 7, 1834, "have a great hankering after the Duke, though their Ministers here can hardly look for his return to office."

On June 10, 1834, he was installed as Chancellor of the University of Oxford:

June 15, 1834: . . . Many people kept away at Oxford, which seems to have been a complete Tory affair, and on the whole a very disgraceful exhibition of bigotry and party spirit; plenty of shouting and that sort of enthusiasm, which is of no value except to the foolish people who were the object of it, and who were quite enraptured. The reception of the Duke, however vociferous, can hardly on reflection have given him much pleasure when he saw Newcastle, Winchelsea, Wetherell, and *hoc genus omne* as much the objects of idolatry as himself. Peel very wisely would have nothing to do with the concern, and they are probably very angry with him for absenting himself. The resentment he must feel toward the University on account of their conduct to him [he had been defeated as member over Catholic Emancipation] must afford full scope to all the contempt these proceedings are calculated to excite. There was a vast mob of fine people, Mrs. Arbuthnot among the rest. The Duke made rather indifferent work of his Latin speeches. As usual he seemed quite unconcerned at the applause with which he was greeted; no man ever courted that sort of distinction less.

April 21, 1834: . . . I saw the Duke of Wellington march up at the head of the Doctors to present the Oxford petition, attired in his academical robes; and as I looked at him thus bedight, and then turned my eyes to his portraits in the pictures of his battles which adorn the walls, I thought how many and

various were the parts he had played. He made a great boggling of reading his petition, for it was on a long and broad parchment, and he required both hands to hold it and one to hold his glasses.

July 13, 1847: . . . The Cambridge installation went off with prodigious *éclat*, and the Queen was enchanted at the enthusiastic reception she met with; but the Duke of Wellington was if possible received with even more enthusiasm. It is incredible what popularity environs him in his latter days; he is followed like a show wherever he goes, and the feeling of the people *for him* seems to be the liveliest of all popular sentiments; yet he does nothing to excite it, and hardly appears to notice it. He is in wonderful vigour of body, but strangely altered in mind, which is in a fitful uncertain state, and there is no knowing in what mood he may be found; everybody is afraid of him, nobody dares to say anything to him; he is sometimes very amiable and good-humoured, sometimes very irritable and morose.

June 5, 1842: . . . Last night I went to Hullah's choral meeting at Exeter Hall, where the Queen Dowager appeared. It was fine to see, and fine and curious to hear; but the finest thing was when the Duke of Wellington came in, almost at the end. The piece they were singing stopped at once; the whole audience rose, and a burst of acclamation and waving of handkerchiefs saluted the great old man, who is now the idol of the people. It was grand and affecting, and seemed to move everybody but himself.

The Duke was a social force, witness his banquets at Apsley House (September 8, 1831) with "the Styrian Minstrels playing and singing all dinnertime, a thing I never saw before." Compared with Wellington, his heir Lord Douro, though "far from a dull man and not deficient in information," was only "*une lune bien pâle auprès de son père.*"

Belvoir Castle, January 4, 1838: . . . They said a thousand people were out [at Belvoir], many attracted by the expectation of the Duke of Wellington's appearing, but he was rheumatic and could not come out. He is incessantly employed in writing military statements and memoranda, having been consulted by the Government, or probably by Lord Hill on behalf of the

Government, both on this Canadian question, and on the general government of the army, and he will take as much pains to give useful advice to Melbourne's government as if he and Peel were in office. There never was a man who so entirely sank all party considerations in national objects, and he has had the glory of living to hear this universally acknowledged. Brougham said of him, "That man's first object is to serve his country, with a sword if necessary, or with a pickaxe." He also said of the Duke's despatches, "They will be remembered when I and others (mentioning some of the most eminent men) will be forgotten." Aberdeen told the Duke this, and he replied with the greatest simplicity, "It is very true: when I read them I was myself astonished, and I can't think how the devil I could have written them." This is very characteristic, very curious from a man who has not one grain of conceit in his disposition; but really great men are equally free from undue vanity or affected modesty, and know very well the value of what they do. . . .

Melton, January 7, 1838 (Lord Wilton's house): I came here to-day from Belvoir. Last night the Duke of Wellington narrated the battle of Toulouse and other Peninsular recollections. All the room collected round him, listening with eager curiosity, but I was playing at whist and lost it all.

London, January 28, 1838: . . . The Tories were in high dudgeon with the Duke at his speech in the House of Lords, which they showed in a sort of undergrowl and with rueful faces, for they stand in awe of the great man, and don't dare openly to remonstrate with him or blame his actions. There is no doubt that his speech was essentially serviceable to the Government, and upset one of the most promising topics of its opponents. Francis Egerton came up from the Carlton Club to his own home after it, and said with deep melancholy that "the Duke had floored the coach," and he described the consternation and mortification which were prevalent throughout that patriotic and disinterested society.

Against critics, the Duke defended himself (August, 1840) by saying to Greville, "I know that well enough and I don't care *one damn.* I was afraid that madman [Lord Stanhope] would have a majority and I *have not time not to do what is right.*"

At political crises, if only as a matter of form, the Duke was consulted:

March 2, 1851: . . . On Friday morning the Queen resolved to send for the Duke of Wellington, which, however, was in reality a mere farce, for the Duke can do nothing for her, and can give her no advice but to send for John Russell again. He was on Friday at Strathfieldsaye receiving the Judges and the County, so he only came to town yesterday.

December 14, 1845: . . . He [John Russell] advised her [the Queen] to ask the Duke of Wellington as from herself and before the new government was formed to continue at the Head of the Army as he said the Duke might not choose to remain if invited by John, but probably would if desired by her, and she said she would.

July 22, 1839: I met the Duke yesterday at dinner and had much talk with him. He is very desponding about the state of the country and the condition in which the Government have placed it. He complains of its defenceless situation from their carrying on a war [Canada] with a peace establishment; consequently that the few troops we have are harassed to death with duty, and in case of a serious outbreak that there is no disposable force to quell it; that the Government are ruled by factions, political and religious.

The Duke (April 10, 1847) was "haunted" by anxiety for the "defence of the country" and had his own opinion of Lord John Russell's Enlistment Bill:

April 30, 1847: . . . "I said to him 'Pray, sir, what is the necessity for this bill?' And he said, 'I'll tell you: they have got a d——d good army, and they want to make it a d——d bad one.'"

It will always be a question whether the indifference of the Duke to applause was only a pose. He had his spells of modesty:

November 24, 1841: . . . They told me what had passed about the Duke's personal property, when a bill was brought in, upon Douro's marriage, to settle a jointure on Lady Douro. They urged him to take that opportunity to entail on the title all the curious and valuable things which had been given him by emperors and kings, and to have a clause inserted in the Bill

for that purpose. He consented, but when he saw it, he said he did not like it; he thought the enumeration *flashy*, and he would have it expunged. At last they hit on an expedient, and they introduced a clause to the effect that anything which he should appoint by deed within two years should be entailed on the title forever, and they prevailed on him to sign the deed on the very last day of the two years. The value of the property is said to amount to half a million, and a great number of things were brought to light which he did not know that he possessed.

But over his statue he was sensitive. It was an equestrian statue by Wyatt and the first in London to honour a subject of the Sovereign. The idea of Sir Frederick Trench was to set it on the top of the arch which faces Apsley House, but this doubtful taste was only approved as an experiment. Hence, the suggestion that, after all, the statue should be removed elsewhere. The Duke did not ask for the statue but, having got it, he did not want it to be treated with irreverence:

June 27, 1838: . . . It is a gross job of Sir Frederick Trench's, and has been so from the beginning, the Duke being a mere cat's-paw of that impudent Irish pretender. The Duke of Wellington himself thinks it a great job, and would be very glad to see it defeated; but he said that "his lips were sealed, he could take no part, the Duke of Rutland had been so personally kind to him, but that it was the damnedest job from the beginning."

June 15, 1843: I have taken up the cudgels again against the old Jobbers of the Wellington testimonial. They have applied to the city for the spare metal, Government having given metal to the City Committee, and more than they require. The Nelson Committee have applied likewise, and I have written a letter to the Lord Mayor, which I have put in the *Times*, showing up the Wellington Committee.

July 13, 1847: . . . About this affair of the statue, Croker and Trench contrived to work him up to a state of frenzy; he was as near as possible resigning upon it. When Lord John wrote to him the other day in consequence of what passed in the House of Commons, he wrote a long rigmarole of an answer, which Lord John did not read yesterday, but gave the substance of it. All this is very unlike him.

June 19, 1847: The other day I met John Russell in the Park

as he was going to Apsley House by appointment with the Duke. He said he was going on important business (it was about the Indian appointments), and he asked me if I thought he had better say anything to him or not about the statue. I said, "Better not." The Duke of Bedford told me that it was very fortunate advice I gave Lord John, for if he had said anything there would have been an explosion. The Duke said to Arbuthnot, when Lord John wrote to say he wished to see him, "What can he want? what can he be coming about? do you think it is about the statue?" and then he went off on that sore subject, and said he should place his resignation in Lord John's hands! However, Lord John said nothing about it, and the Duke was put into great good humour by being consulted about the Indian affairs; and he said afterward that he only wished they would get the pedestal made, put the statue up, and have done with it.

In 1884, the Duke's statue was trotted off to Aldershot.

Wellington (May 11, 1841) "does not talk as he used to do, and he struck me as miserably changed."

Amid what Greville calls (February 20, 1848) "the folly and bigotry of the titled tinselled mob" which fills the House of Lords, the Duke was a striking figure. Yet he was subject to using "imprudent or intemperate expressions."

December 3, 1841: . . . Nothing but the extreme forbearance of Brougham, and his good-nature, had prevented some disagreeable results of this kind; and it was now the more serious, when the Duke was to be the organ of the Government, and from his habits and his deafness it would be impossible for anybody to check or restrain him, Lyndhurst placed afar off on the woolsack and the Duke sitting with his head buried in his chest, and neither consulting with, nor attending to, anyone.

On one occasion, "all by bad management," the Government was defeated by three votes. The Duke (February 20, 1848) "with his deafness [had] got into a complete confusion and at the last moment voted against" his friends.

The Duke did not suffer fools gladly, and this always causes trouble in a Cabinet.When Peel was forming his government (September 1, 1841), he confessed "that he had not had a

single application for office from anybody who was fit for it."

There was Haddington, "a man so unimportant, so destitute not only of shining but of plausible qualities, without interest or influence," who yet—

September 22, 1841: . . . by a mere combination of accidental circumstances [had] had at his disposal three of the greatest and most important offices under the Crown, having actually occupied two of them, and rejected the greatest and most brilliant of all. He has been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he refuses to be Governor General of India, and he is First Lord of the Admiralty.

February 11, 1844: Yesterday Algy showed me the Duke's correspondence with Haddington [First Lord of the Admiralty] which is a terrible rigmarole, lengthy, angry, mistaken, and altogether sadly demonstrative of a falling off in his great mind. The subject is so insignificant that it would be waste of time to say a word on it, if it were not for the interest which attaches to the great man to whom it relates.

"It is clear enough," wrote Greville on November 30, 1841, "that they [Haddington and the rest] would be very glad to be without him."

February 9, 1844: . . . Lord Wharncliffe had said to me that it was pleasant to see the extraordinary deference and attention which are shown to him by his colleagues at the Cabinet. He always sits in the same place, and each person who has anything to say or any subject to bring forward invariably goes and sits next to him, to enable him to hear better the material part of what is going forward, and the greatest respect is evinced to his opinions on all subjects. He told me that this was also very apparent in the correspondence of his colleagues, who addressed him in the most deferential manner, and often expressed their readiness to give up propositions which did not meet with his concurrence. But he said that he grew more and more irritable, and often expressed himself even to his colleagues with an asperity which was matter of great regret to him (Algernon Greville), and that frequently he felt the strongest desire to alter and soften the tone of his letters, but that this was quite impossible: nobody ever dared say anything to him, *he* could not, and it would be useless if he did, as it was not an accidental

ebullition, but proceeded from the increased and increasing irritability of his mind.

It was because he was a Tory and opposed to Melbourne that the Queen began by disliking the Duke. Nor was she at all appeased by his attitude toward Prince Albert's emoluments and dignities. Yet it was the Duke who, during Melbourne's later administration, held the Tories in leash. Clarendon (August 19, 1840) "did not think [he] had ever rendered greater service in his whole life than he had done this session in moderating violence and keeping his own party together."

The Queen was slow to recognize her obligation:

February 21, 1840: . . . Melbourne told me the Queen was well satisfied with my pamphlet [on precedure at Court] but "she remarked that there was a very high compliment to the Duke of Wellington at the end of it." I asked if she had said it was a *just one*. He said, "No, she did not say that."

It was the ill health of the Duke that compelled the Queen to be courteous:

May 11, 1838: . . . I was struck last night for the first time with the great change in the Duke of Wellington's looks; others have noted it before. He is no longer so straight and upright, and old age is taking possession of his features in a way that is distressing to see. He has lived long enough for his own renown, but he cannot live long enough for the good of his country, let what will happen and when it may. It is a fine sight to regard the noble manner in which he is playing the last act of his glorious life.

September 17, 1839: . . . The more I see of the Duke the more am I struck with the impression that he is declining; that he is not what he was a year or two ago. He is vigorous and hearty, cheerful, lively; his memory does not seem to be impaired; he talks with sense and energy.

March 14, 1840: . . . Fell in with the Duke of Wellington, who took my arm, told his cabriolet to follow, and walked the whole way back to Apsley House, quite firm and strong. He looks very old and worn, and speaks very slowly, but quite distinctly; talked about the China question and other things, and seemed clear enough. He was pleased with his reception at Court, and

told me particularly how civil Prince Albert had been to him, and indeed to everybody else; said he never saw better manners, or anybody more generally attentive. The Duchess of Kent talked to him, and in a strain of satisfaction, so that there is something like sunshine in the Palace just now.

March 18, 1840: The first symptom of a failure in the Duke of Wellington's memory came under my notice the day before yesterday.

February 15, 1840 (*Saturday*)*:* The Duke of Wellington had a serious seizure on Thursday. He dines early, and he rode out after dinner. The first symptom of something wrong was, that he could not make out the numbers on the doors of the houses he wanted to call at. He went to Lady Burghersh, and when he came away, the footman told his groom he was sure his Grace was not well, and advised him to be very attentive to him, Many people were struck with the odd way he sat on his horse. As he went home this got more apparent. When not far from Apsley House he dropped the reins out of his left hand, but took them up with the other, and when he got to his own door, he found he could not get off his horse. He felt his hand chilled. This has been the first symptom in each of his three attacks. He was helped off. Hume was sent for, came directly, and got him to bed. He had a succession of violent convulsions, was speechless, and his arm was affected. They thought he would have died in the night. The doctors came, physicked but did not bleed him, and yesterday morning he was better. He has continued to mend ever since, but it was a desperate blow and offers a sad prospect. He will probably again rally, but these things must be always impending, and his mind must be affected, and will be thought to be so. Lyndhurst asked me last night what could be done. He said, "The Duke ought now to retire from public life, and not expose himself to any appearance of an enfeebled understanding. Above all things to be deprecated is, that he should ever become a dotard like Marlborough, or a driveller like Swift." "How," he said, "would Aberdeen do?" He owned that nobody could replace the Duke or keep the [Tory] party in order, and he said that the consequence would be it would break up, that "*there are many who would be glad of an opportunity to leave it.*" This I told him I did not believe, but it certainly is impossible to calculate on the

consequences of the Duke's death, or, what is nearly the same thing, his withdrawal from the lead of the party.

February 16, 1840: The Duke of Wellington, although his life was in such danger on Thursday night, that the chances were he would die, has thrown off his attack in a marvellous manner, and is now rapidly approaching to convalescence, all dangerous symptoms subsiding. The doctors, both Astley Cooper and Chambers, declare that they have never seen such an extraordinary power of rallying in anybody before in the whole course of their practice, and they expect that he will be quite well again as he was before. It is remarkable that he has an accurate recollection of all the steps of his illness from the first perception of uneasy sensations to the moment of being seized with convulsions. He first felt a chillness in his hand, and he was surprised to find himself passing and repassing Lady Burghersh's house without knowing which it was. He called, however, and went up; and to her enquiry—for she was struck with his manner—he replied that he was quite well. Going home he dropped the rein, but caught it up with the other hand. When he arrived at his door, the servants saw he could not get off his horse, and helped him, and one of them ran off instantly to get Hume. The Duke walked into his sitting room, where Hume found him groaning, and standing by the chimneypiece. He got him to bed directly, and soon after the convulsions came on.

February 19, 1840: Went yesterday morning to Apsley House, Duke going on well, but his people indignant that, while all the Royal Family have been sending continually to enquire after him, all London has been at his door, the Queen alone has never taken the slightest notice of him. This afflicted me, and I resolved to speak to Melbourne. Accordingly I wrote him a note, begging for God's sake he would get the Queen to send and enquire, and representing the injury it was to herself not to do so. I took it to the Palace where I knew he would be (for the addresses) and sent it up to him. I then went to my office where I had not been five minutes before he sent for me. He began by saying he thought she *had* sent, but he had seen a paragraph in the *Morning Post* (which I had not), stating that she had not, on which he had asked her, and she owned it was true; but it appeared he had not then himself suggested it, nor would have

done, but for my note. He asked if it would not then be late. I said certainly it would, but it was better late than not at all, as it enabled one to say, when she was accused of not sending, that she had sent. He sat down, wrote her a note, and sent it off directly. I said:

"I suppose she will send now."

"Oh, yes, she will send now," he replied.

He then talked about her, said she was very resentful, but that people pressed her too much, did not give her time. They complained of *him* for being dilatory, and not urging things, but there was everything in not being urgent, and in giving time. I did not quite make out to what his allusions were especially directed, but I said time would not wait, nor people either, it was just what it was not reasonable to expect. I then told him that it really was lamentable that she did the things she does, and that I had no scruple in saying so to him, as I knew he did his utmost to keep her straight.

"By God," he said, "I am morning, noon, and night at it."

To which I answered that it was not to be endured that he should exert himself in vain, that she must know he had only her good at heart, and that his experience and knowledge of the world entitled him to attention, and that there was no use in his occupying the station he did, if he could not persuade her against the suggestion of her own fancies, or the weak people about her.

He said she was very resentful.

I said: "She will get into a great scrape. The people of England will not endure that she should treat the Duke of Wellington with disrespect, and it is not the mere act of sending or not that will make an impression of itself, but the whole of her conduct will and does produce an impression of the badness of her heart and disposition."

However, the Queen relented:

March 12, 1840: He [the Duke of Wellington] dined at the Palace on Monday and was treated with the greatest civility by the Queen. Indeed, ever since the omission to enquire she has endeavoured to repair it by every sort of attention and graciousness, to which he is by no means insensible.

Yet Victoria had not forgiven:

June 23, 1841: . . . Prince Albert would not go to the Duke's Waterloo dinner. The Duke invited him when they met at Oxford, and the Prince said he would send an answer. He sent an excuse, which was a mistake, for the invitation was a great compliment, and this is a sort of national commemoration at which he might have felt a pride at being present. But the enthusiasm which is universally felt for the Duke and the deep veneration with which he is regarded everywhere else have no existence in the Palace, and the Queen (for there can be no doubt it was her doing) chose that he should send some trumpery excuse, rather than accept as he ought to have done with alacrity the invitation.

It was only later that Victoria became entirely gracious:

June 19, 1847: . . . The Queen is excessively kind to him. On Monday his granddaughter was christened at the Palace, and the Queen dined with him in the evening. She had written him a very pretty letter expressing her wish to be godmother to the child, saying she wished her to be called Victoria, which name was so peculiarly appropriate to a granddaughter of his. All these attentions marvellously please him.

February 9, 1841: The Duke of Wellington had an attack the other night in the House of Lords, and was taken home speechless, but not senseless. It was severe, but short, and after the stomach was relieved, he rapidly recovered, and in a day or two *pronounced* himself as well as ever. Of course the alarm was very great. He is very eager about politics.

August 12, 1841: . . . Yesterday I went to Windsor for a Council, and there I found the Duke of Bedford. After the Council I went into his room to have a talk. He gave me an account of the Queen's visit to Woburn, which went off exceedingly well in all ways. She was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and an extraordinary curiosity to see her was manifested by the people, which proves that the Sovereign as such is revered by the people. I asked him if she was attentive to the Duke of Wellington, but he said that the Duke kept very much in the background, and his deafness, he thought, deterred the Queen from trying to converse much with him. However, though it is clear that she showed him no particular attention, the Duke was

highly satisfied, for he told the Duke of Bedford so, and said he thought this progress a very good thing. The Duke had no conversation on politics with Melbourne.

May 26, 1840: . . . Yesterday I met the Duke of Wellington. He was walking in the garden or the park adjoining his own, promenading two young ladies—Lord Salisbury's daughters—arm in arm. He left them and took me to walk with him to Lansdowne House.

November 30, 1841: . . . We are painfully struck with the great change that has come over his noble spirit, and it becomes impossible not to regret that in his seventy-third year, and after three epileptic fits, he was not permitted to hold himself free from the trammels, cares, and duties of Executive Government.

September 7, 1841: I fell in with the Duke of Wellington yesterday coming from the Cabinet, and walked home with him. He seemed very well, but totters in his walk. The great difference in him is his irritability, and the asperity with which he speaks of people. Everybody looks at him, all take off their hats to him, and one woman came up and spoke to him. He did not seem to hear what she was saying, but assuming as a matter of course that she wanted something, he said, "Do me the favour, Ma'am, to write to me," and then moved on as quickly as he could. Not that by her writing she would get much, for he has answers lithographed, to be sent to his numerous applicants, which is rather comical because characteristic.

March 19, 1843: . . . Nothing is more extraordinary than the complete restoration of that vigour of mind which for the last two or three years was visibly impaired. His speeches this session have been as good, if not better than any he ever made. In the House of Commons the Opposition had the best of the speaking, and Macaulay in particular distinguished himself.

He had his periods of recovery—for instance, the spring of 1843 when he "was looking remarkably well, strong, hearty, and of a good colour. He was in very good spirits and humour."

February 7, 1843: . . . The Duke of Wellington spoke [in the House of Lords] with extraordinary vigour, and surprised everybody. He is certainly a much better man in all respects this year than he was two years ago, mind and body more firm.

April 2, 1851: . . . All would have ended . . . well, if Grey had

not unwisely got up and made a bitter speech . . . in the course of which he said something about martial law, and the Duke of Wellington's administration of it in Spain; on which the old Duke rose in a fury, and delivered a speech in a towering passion, which it would have been far better for Torrington to have avoided. The Duke was quite wrong, and Grey made a proper explanation, but the incident was disagreeable.

November 24, 1841: . . . He has now a morbid aversion to seeing people, which nearly amounts to madness. Nobody can get access to him, not even his nearest relations. When anybody applies for an interview, he flies into a passion, and the answers which he dictates to letters asking for audiences, or asking for anything, are so brutally uncivil and harsh that my brother Algy constantly modifies or alters them. The Duke fancies he is so engaged that he cannot spare time to see anybody. This peculiarity is the more remarkable, because formerly his weakness was a love of being consulted by everybody, and mixed up with everything. Nobody was ever in a difficulty without applying to him; innumerable were the quarrels, *tracasseries*, scandals, intrigues, and scrapes which he had to arrange and compose.

July 13, 1847: . . . Then he is astonishing the world by a strange intimacy he has struck up with Miss Burdett Coutts, with whom he passes his life, and all sorts of reports have been rife of his intention to marry her. Such are the lamentable appearances of decay in his vigorous mind, which are the more to be regretted because he is in most enviable circumstances, without any political responsibility, yet associated with public affairs, and surrounded with every sort of respect and consideration on every side—at Court, in Parliament, in society, and in the country.

London, July 25, 1851: The only thing I have heard worth recording is a strange matter enough regarding the Duke of Wellington. He has got himself (at eighty-two years of age) into, if not a scrape, an embarrassment with Lady Georgiana Fane, who is half cracked. It seems that he has for some years past carried on a sort of flirtation with her, and a constant correspondence, writing her what might be called love letters, and woefully committing himself. He has now broken with her, and she persecutes him to death. She is troublesome, and he is

brutal. He will not see her, or have anything to do with her. She tries to get at him, which it seems she can only do as he comes out of church (early service) at St. James's and she made a scene there not long ago. She says all she wants is that he should behave *kindly* to her, which is just what he will not do. Meanwhile she has placed his letters in the hands of her solicitor, Mr. Frere (an outrageous thing), who tells her they are sufficient to establish a case against him for a breach of promise of marriage. Nothing of this queer but lamentable affair seems to have got out, and for the credit of the Duke it is to be hoped it may not. It would be painful to see him an object of ridicule and contempt in the last days of his illustrious life.

My mother told me this story. She had it from Lady Georgiana Bathurst, to whom Lady Georgiana Fane herself told it and showed her the Duke's letters, wanting her to get the Duchess of Gloucester to read them, who however declined to do so. He has always had one or more women whom he liked to talk to and got to be intimate with, and often very odd women too, but the strangest of all his fancies was this tiresome, troublesome, crazy old maid.

Greville hated funerals, as then conducted. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Algernon Greville, had died:

May 2, 1841: . . . I went down to the funeral, and was unutterably disgusted with the ceremony, with the bustling business of the undertaker, mixing so irreverently with the profound grief of the brothers and other relations who attended, the decking us out in the paraphernalia of woe, and thus dragging us in mourning coaches through crowds of curious people, by a circuitous route, that as much of us as possible might be exhibited to vulgar curiosity. These are things monstrous in themselves, but to which all-reconciling custom makes us submit.

November 14, 1843: I broke off to go and attend my poor aunt's funeral, who was buried in the most private way possible at Kensal Green. I never saw the place before, and liked the appearance of it, for I have never seen any reason why none but gloomy images and symbols should be accumulated round the graves of our departed friends. I am not surprised that people who go to visit this spot, and see the cheerfulness and the beauty it exhibits, feel a longing to take their last rest in it.

May 16, 1843: I attended Lady William Bentinck's funeral this morning, which was conducted in the plainest manner possible, without any crowd or any show, just as all funerals should be in my opinion, for of all disgusting exhibitions the most so to me is the hired pomp of a costly funeral with all the businesslike bustle of the undertaker and his men.

On Wellington's funeral, he wrote:

November 16, 1852: I went yesterday to the lying in state of the Duke of Wellington; it was fine and well done, but too gaudy and theatrical, though this is unavoidable. Afterward to St. Paul's to see it lit up. The effect was very good, but it was like a great rout; all London was there strolling and staring about in the midst of a thousand workmen going on with their business all the same, and all the fine ladies scrambling over vast masses of timber, or ducking to avoid the great beams that were constantly sweeping along. These public funerals are very disgusting *meâ sententiâ*. On Saturday several people were killed and wounded at Chelsea; yesterday everything was orderly and well conducted, and I heard of no accidents.

November 21, 1852: I saw the Duke's funeral from Devonshire House. Rather a fine sight, and all well done, except the car, which was tawdry, cumbrous, and vulgar. It was contrived by a German artist attached to the School of Design, and under Prince Albert's direction—no proof of his good taste. The whole ceremony within St. Paul's and without went off admirably, and without mistakes, mishaps, or accidents; but as all the newspapers overflow with the details, I may very well omit them here.

The French Ambassador did not appreciate these obsequies. But it was "creditable to Louis Napoleon to have ordered Walewski to attend the funeral." Baron Brunnow said to Walewski, "If this ceremony were intended to bring the Duke to life again, I can conceive your reluctance to appear at it. But as it is only to bury him, I don't see you have anything to complain of."

November 21, 1852: . . . An incident occurred the other night in the House of Commons, which exposed Disraeli to much ridicule and severe criticism. He pronounced a pompous funeral oration

on the Duke of Wellington, and the next day the *Globe* showed that half of it was taken word for word from a panegyric of Thiers on Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr, published in some French periodical. Disraeli has been unmercifully pelted ever since, and well deserves it for such a piece of folly and bad taste. His excuse is that he was struck by the passage, wrote it down, and, when he referred to it recently, forgot what it was, and thought it was his own composition. But this poor apology does not save him. Derby spoke very well on the same subject a few nights after in the House of Lords, complimenting the authorities, the people, and foreign nations, particularly France.

October 22, 1852: . . . Since the Duke's death I have had nothing to write about. The distribution of his offices and honours has not given satisfaction. The Prince has shown little judgment in making himself the heir of his military appointments, and there is something ridiculous as well as odious in his doing so.

CHAPTER LXXVI

PETER PAM IMPENITENT

As THE gay dog of diplomacy, "Pam" was a gift from the gods of contrariness. No dog ever had so bad a name as his. His predecessor at the Foreign Office was grieved to death over his misdeeds:

February 6, 1847: . . . Aberdeen told him [Delane] that nothing could exceed the abhorrence in which Palmerston was held all over Europe, at the small Courts more than at the great ones, from Washington to Lisbon but one sentiment, and that the Queen could not endure him.

There was thus (June 3, 1848) "a distinct understanding that Lord John should exercise a control over the Foreign Office and secure the Cabinet against any imprudence of Palmerston's."

Happily, there was still Lord Howick to hold "Pam" in leash. Having succeeded to the Earldom of his father, the Prime Minister of the Reform Bill, Lord Howick, was now disguised as Lord Grey. And he would stand no nonsense:

March 8, 1850: . . . Lord Grey was paramount, allowing nothing to be done without his full knowledge and assent, and constantly altering Palmerston's despatches as a tutor might a boy's exercise.

Greville also assumed "that Palmerston's independent action in the Foreign Office has received a complete and final check," that (October 7, 1846) John Russell as Prime Minister would be "so very different from Melbourne."

It was not long before the merely hereditary Grey began "to kick very gently" against "Pam's" pinpricks. And with the former Howick, the trouble was that the people did not like him:

Ludford, June 24, 1839: . . . The spirit of contradiction eternally moves him, and especially in the Cabinet, where he makes a point of contesting almost every opinion that is suggested by anybody else. It is impossible to form an idea of the difficulty

which he causes to Lord John, and what he has to endure on his account, and all this is the more provoking because Howick is the only man who assists him in the way of hard work, and in mastering the details of measures, such for instance as thoroughly sifting Acts of Parliament, in all of which he is as laborious, accurate, and punctual as Ellenborough.

February 10, 1850: . . . He [Grey] is as unpopular as the other [Palmerston] is popular. The House of Commons swarms with his bitter enemies, and he commands very few friends. Notwithstanding his great and undeniable abilities, he committed blunders, which proceed from his obstinacy and conceit and from his contempt for the opinion of others, and the tenacity with which he clings to his own; and while those who know him are aware that a man more high-minded, more honourable and conscientious does not exist, he has contrived to make himself pass for a Minister whose word cannot be relied on.

At the Foreign Office, all the "old offences" were repeated. Melbourne himself, though brother-in-law of the culprit (January 26, 1848), confessed that he was "anti-Palmerstonian."

Shall we linger over the misdeeds? Some of them retain the fragrance of humour.

In a despatch, Palmerston had said that "the succession of the Duchesse de Montpensier's children would be inadmissible by the constitutional law of Spain (or words to this effect)." Lord John Russell, happening to be in attendance on the Queen, held that "it did not become *us* to lay down the constitutional law of Spain."

January 26, 1848: . . . The Prince and Beauvale both concurred, and Lord John said he would strike out this passage, and submit it so amended to the Queen. He did so, and Her Majesty took the same view. It was returned so altered to Palmerston; but when the despatch was published, it was found that Palmerston had re-inserted the paragraph, and so it stood. What more may have passed I know not, but it is clear that they all *stood* it, as they always will.

On another occasion, June 18, 1848, "Palmerston joined the Queen in Scotland, leaving the conduct of this affair"—

its precise nature does not matter—"in the hands of John Russell." Then the wires crossed:

June 1, 1848: . . . Lord John and the Duc de Broglie came to an understanding, but in the meanwhile Palmerston wrote a despatch to Normanby on the subject, which passed through London without being communicated to Lord John Russell.

True "Guizot acted with so much moderation" that the discrepancy "was adjusted amicably." Yet (June 1, 1848) to the annoyance of the mandarins, "Palmerston when urged on the subject threw the blame on the Foreign Office, which they say he is constantly in the habit of doing."

There was one lapse for which Lord Stanley (Derby), who found Palmerston "so good-natured and agreeable," had to administer a "drubbing" in the House of Lords "which Guizot was there to hear."

The British Minister in Madrid was Sir Henry Bulwer. In March, 1848, Palmerston instructed him to tell the Queen of Spain to change her government, and Bulwer, with Palmerston's approval, published the despatch in the newspapers of the Spanish Opposition!

According to the Duke of Bedford:

April 30, 1848: . . . Palmerston had shown John Russell the despatch, and Lord John had objected to it, stating his reasons for so doing. According to his custom, Palmerston made no reply; but they parted, Lord John naturally concluding that after he had stated his objection the despatch would not be sent. Shortly after he was with the Queen, and in conversation on this subject he told her what had passed between Palmerston and himself, and what he had said. "No; did you say all that?" said the Queen. He said, "Yes." "Well, then," she replied, "it produced no effect, for the despatch is gone. Lord Palmerston sent it to me; I know it is gone."

What the Queen thought of Palmerston's "spirit of meddling" was delicately indicated at her levee where she was "very civil" to Isturitz, the Spanish Minister in London. And (April 30, 1848) Greville's "impression was that this was such a daring defiance of the Prime Minister and such an insulting

indifference to the sentiments of his colleagues that it must lead to a quarrel, and that Palmerston would be forced to resign."

If Palmerston won this little game, it was because (June 18, 1848) the Spaniards "played their cards (not bad ones originally) so miserably ill." They were "like people who had a very good hand but revoked at a critical moment and so lost the game." Suddenly Sir Henry Bulwer was "driven out of Madrid, his passports sent him and he himself ordered to quit it in forty-eight hours."

Greville suspected that Narvaez, the Spanish Dictator, had "a good case against Bulwer." There had been (May 30, 1848) "a system of offensive and injudicious interference" and connivance with "the plots or intrigues going on against the Government [of Spain]."

Unfortunately, the Spanish envoy, Mirasol, sent to explain matters, only brought an indictment that was "flimsy and weak and unsupported by proofs." Bulwer was decorated with the K. C. B. and Isturitz was "civilly sent out of this country."

June 18, 1848: . . . Bulwer and Palmerston are triumphantly curvetting about, completely smashing their antagonists in argument, partly because the latter are blunderers who have deceived themselves and been misled by others, and partly because they cannot put forth their true case and the reasons which have influenced them. They know perfectly well that Palmerston and Bulwer have all along moved heaven and earth to keep or drive Narvaez out of office, and Montpensier out of Spain. . . . I read in Bulwer's own handwriting an account of his proceedings and of the failure of his schemes. It was through Serrano all this was to be done, but Serrano was under the influence of his mother, and Narvaez of his doctor, and these were both corrupted by the other side. This was the cause of failure.

In Parliament (June 10, 1848) "the Spanish debate went off as might have been expected—all fought in muffled gloves." Palmerston, "flippant and insolent," did not "care a straw."

Over Palmerston's pranks, Lord John Russell, amid his perplexities, sometimes was betrayed into "laughing heartily":

August 5, 1850: . . . While the fleet was in the Dardanelles, and when instructions were to be sent out for its removal, Palmerston wrote a despatch which he sent to John Russell

who was to send it on to the Queen. John Russell made several alterations in it and sent it to her Majesty. She wrote back in reply that she did not approve either of the despatch or of the alterations, but inadvertently and contrary to her custom, she sent back the box direct to Palmerston instead of to John Russell. Palmerston of course read the remarks and coolly said to John Russell,

"I think the Queen is quite right; her remarks are very just, and both the despatch and the alterations are objectionable, and had better not be sent," and accordingly he sent no instructions at all, which was the very thing he wanted to do.

It was because the people were behind him that Palmerston emerged from criticism so often "unscathed." He distributed "plenty of sops to the Radicals." In the House of Commons, he had "his devils," Bernal Osborne and Nugent, "the most troublesome *frondeurs* of the Government" and Dicky Milnes, "always [his] lacquey." Palmerston (August 8, 1849) "made his devils bring on a discussion in the House of Commons that he might make a speech." He was—

July 29, 1849: . . . impudent and clever as usual, skimming over with his usual nonchalance the bad parts of the case against him and interlarding his speech with some very judicious remarks and very sound principles (the very reverse of his practice) and divers plausible claptraps for his Radical friends, the whole being as usual exceedingly well received by a very select audience, for I understand there were not fifty people present.

August 8, 1849: . . . He is now evidently endeavouring to make for himself a great Radical interest in the House of Commons, and thus to increase his power, and render himself more indispensable to the Government by making them feel how dangerous he would be out of office.

With this enthusiasm for popular causes was associated a zeal for British interests. Palmerston was patriot as well as revolutionary. And it was his spirited foreign policy (February 24, 1850) that landed "himself and his colleagues" into "the worst scrape of all."

February 14. 1850: . . . Labouchere [from the Cabinet] came

into my room yesterday and let loose about it without reserve. He said it admitted of no excuse, and that John Russell, who alone could have prevented it, was inexcusable for not having done so; that it ought to have been brought regularly and formally before the Cabinet, who ought all to have known precisely what it was Palmerston proposed to do. Papers indeed were sent round in boxes, and Palmerston defended himself on this ground, and asked why they did not read them; but (said Labouchere) how was it possible for men who had large departments with a vast deal of business of their own, to read all the papers which were brought round in circulation? They neither did nor could.

Don Pacifico, a Jew from Gibraltar, had a claim on Greece. Palmerston ordered, therefore, a blockade of the Piræus, which "affair has dragged on [April 23, 1850] and wears rather a sinister apearance." The French attempted a mediation, and their Ambassador, Drouyn de Lhuys, dining with Reeve—

April 23, 1850: . . . complained in strong terms of Palmerston's conduct, said that France had exerted herself with great sincerity to arrange the affair, but had been met in no corresponding spirit here. He intimated that his government would publish to the whole world what had taken place, and that the matter was assuming a very grave character toward both Russia and France. . . . He repeated what Van de Weyer had said of the "universal execration" in which we were held, and that no country could excite such a feeling with impunity. . . . My own conviction has been all along that Palmerston never intended anything but to hoodwink his colleagues, bamboozle the French, and gain time.

The charge against Palmerston was that he wished "to terrify and bully Greece into complete surrender, baffle Russia and make France ridiculous."

Even Palmerston was anxious to get out of the business:

April 28, 1850: . . . The decision and alacrity of Palmerston last Saturday week form a curious contrast with his dilatory motions a few weeks ago. Then he could not manage to frame an instruction and despatch it in less than a week or more; but when matters were getting serious, and he found that he must

finish the affair, he was quick enough. On Saturday morning he received the despatches announcing the difficulties at Athens. He sent for Drouyn de Lhuys, concerted with him what was to be done, wrote his instructions, laid them before the Cabinet, got all the forms through, and sent them off the same evening.

But the harm was done. As Greville had "long ago predicted," Palmerston (June 21, 1850) was "proving the ruin of the Government."

May 17, 1850: This has been a day of agitation. On Wednesday night all London was excited by the announcement at Devonshire House (where there was a great rout) that Drouyn de Lhuys had been recalled and was gone to Paris, and that neither Brunnow nor Cetto had been present at Palmerston's birthday dinner. Everybody was talking yesterday in the two Houses of these things and of the cause of them, which of course had to do with Greece. Questions were put to Lord Lansdowne and to Palmerston, when both of them said that the French Government had desired the presence of Drouyn de Lhuys at Paris in order to explain matters, and they both said what was tantamount to a denial of his having been recalled. At the very moment that they were making these statements in Parliament, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs was reading in the tribune of the National Assembly the formal letter of recall which had been sent to their Ambassador, which he was instructed to communicate, and which he read to Palmerston on the preceding day, and he was at the same time explaining that the Ambassador had been recalled on account of the manner in which the English Government had behaved to that of France, which rendered it incompatible with the dignity of the Republic to leave any longer an Ambassador in London.

May 19, 1850: There is the devil to pay about this Greek affair, and at last there seems a tolerable chance of Palmerston coming to grief: "*Tant va la cruche à l'eau*," etc.

In the House of Lords, the Government was defeated by thirty-seven votes:

June 18, 1850: . . . I never was more amazed than at hearing the division, never having dreamt of such a majority; *reste à savoir* what Government (and Palmerston especially) will do.

If he was disposed to take a great line he would go at once to the Queen and resign, at the same time begging her not to accept the resignation of his colleagues if they tendered it. This would be creditable to him, and he owes them all the reparation in his power for the hot water he has kept them in, and the scrapes he has made for them for many years.

But despite this "buffet," the Cabinet decided "*to do nothing.*" John Russell was able to "lay aside all thoughts of getting rid of Palmerston, and the rickety concern will scramble on as before":

May 19, 1850: . . . On Friday Palmerston did not make his appearance; but the figures which Lord Lansdowne cut in the Lords and Lord John in the Commons were most deplorable and humiliating; such shuffling, special pleading, and paltry evasions were never before heard from public men of their eminence and character.

June 21, 1850: John Russell made his statement last night, giving the reasons why he did not resign, quoting two precedents, one above a century ago, and one in 1833, for not resigning in consequence of an adverse vote of the House of Lords. I concur in the constitutional doctrine he laid down on that score, but the rest of what he said was very imprudent and ill-judged. He has now committed himself more than ever to Palmerston, and has thrown down a defiance to all Europe, announcing that they will make no difference whatever in their administration of foreign affairs.

This time, it did really seem as if nothing could save Palmerston. And yet:

June 29, 1850: . . . Palmerston came out the second night with prodigious force and success. He delivered an oration four hours and three quarters long, which had excited unusual admiration, boundless enthusiasm amongst his friends and drawn forth the most flattering compliments from every quarter. It is impossible to deny its great ability; parts of it are strikingly eloquent and inimitably adroit. It was a wonderful effort to speak for nearly five hours without ever flagging, and his voice nearly as strong at last as at first. The ability of it is

the more remarkable, because on an attentive and calm perusal of it, the insufficiency of it as an answer and a defence against the various charges which have been brought against him is manifest; but it is admirably arranged and got up, entirely free from the flippancy and impertinence in which he usually indulges, full of moderation and good taste, and adorned with a profusion of magnificent and successful claptraps. The success of the speech has been complete, and his position is not unassailable. John Russell may save himself the trouble of considering, when this is all over, how he may effect some change involving the withdrawal of the Foreign Office from Palmerston's hands, for they are now all tied and bound to him in respect to the future as completely as to the present and the past. These discussions and attacks, which were to have shaken him in his seat, have only made *him* more powerful than he was before; but whether they have strengthened or weakened *the Government* is another question.

Even Grey ceased from grumbling:

London, July 1, 1850: . . . I rode with Lord Grey yesterday in the Park, when we talked over the debate and present state of affairs. He said that it was remarkable that this discussion, which was intended to damage Palmerston, had left him the most popular man in the country; that of this there could be no doubt. Bright had said that his vote had given great offence at Manchester, and that Cobden's vote and speech would probably cost him the West Riding at the next election; that amongst all the middle classes Palmerston was immensely popular. He spoke of Palmerston's speech as having been not only one of consummate ability, but quite successful as a reply, and he insisted that their side had much the best of the argument. I denied this, but acknowledged the ability of Palmerston and his success, though his speech was very answerable, if either Peel or Disraeli had chosen to reply to it, which neither of them would. It is beyond all contestation that this great battle, fought on two fields, has left the Government much stronger than before, and demonstrated the impossibility of any change, and it has as incontestably immensely strengthened and improved Palmerston's position; in short, he is triumphant.

"Uncorrected and unchecked," Greville had written on February 10, 1850, Palmerston "bears a charmed life in politics." He was now "invested with all the insignia of triumph." And "the close of the Session has left him and his spouse immoderately jubilant." Darby and Joan "escaped undamaged" and were "mounted on their high horse."

July 1, 1850: . . . He has achieved such a success, and has made himself so great in the Cabinet, and so popular in the country, and made the Government itself so strong, that if he turns over a new leaf, takes a lesson from all that has happened, and renounces his offensive manners and changes his mode of proceeding abroad, he may consider his tenure of office perfectly secure.

July 28, 1850: This day week the Radicals gave Palmerston a dinner at the Reform Club. It was a sorry affair—a rabble of men, not ten out of two hundred whom I knew by sight. They asked John Russell who would not go, and then they thought it better to ask no more of Palmerston's colleagues. Neither Lord John nor any of them liked it, but of course they said nothing. Palmerston would have done better to repose on his House of Commons laurels, and find some pretext for declining this compliment.

CHAPTER LXXVII

AN ANGEL AS HUSBAND

Among the remarks "let drop" by Melbourne was one that (January 10, 1844) is plainly of great importance. "It had been all along a grievance with Albert," said he, "that he was not sufficiently exalted and that he wanted to have the title of King." Albert was a Coburg, a young Coburg, and Coburgs did not care for crowns except upon their heads.

To be Albert's bride was Victoria's rapture. But she had no intention of sharing her throne.

August 28, 1845: . . . Beauvale told me another thing which I did not know before. When the proposal to give the Prince 50,000 a year was cut down by the Tories to 30, she was not angry but pleased. She did not wish him to be made so rich, and said the Coburgs were already sufficiently exalted and it was well they should have this little check.

In a year or two (1845) "her sentiments" were "very different." And "nothing is great enough for her husband, and she even insists on a throne like her own being erected for him under the Royal Canopy."

February 11, 1842: . . . They seem to pay great court to the Prince, whom the Queen delights to honour and to elevate.

August 26, 1843: . . . At the Council on Wednesday a question arose whether Lord Exeter, Groom of the Stole to the Prince, should stay and hear the speech read, which is only done by the great officers of State. I made Wharncliffe go and ask the Queen herself and she said yes. I knew she would, for anything that can be done to enhance the dignity of the Prince is done. She has just had a chair of State set up for him in the House of Lords the same as her own, another throne, in fact. He is as much King as she can make him; all this, however, does not make him any more popular.

January 26, 1848: She [the Queen] is certainly a very odd

woman, her devotion and submission to her husband seem to know no bounds. When first she married, Melbourne told her she must not expect her domestic happiness *never* to be ruffled. She did not like this at all, but it never has; Albert never looks at her handsome ladies and maids of honour, he is absorbed with other objects, is full of ambition and the desire of governing, and having political influence. He has attained this object, for he and the Queen are now *one* with the Ministers; with these, as well as with the last, it was very different in Melbourne's time. They think her clever, some say she is cleverer than Albert, but he is remarkably well informed and takes vast pains with himself.

September 11, 1854: The Prince is exceedingly well satisfied with his visit to the Emperor [of the French]. The Queen wrote this to Clarendon, and said, "This prolonged absence is very trying to the Queen." Four days absence! Her Majesty thinks nothing of taking her ladies from their husbands and families for a month together, nor of the *trials* of those whose husbands are sent to the Baltic or the Euxine, certainly not to return for many months, perhaps not at all. Such is the personal selfishness and unreasonableness of people who have been accustomed never to be thwarted in any of their desires and to have everything their own way, and yet she has a strong sense of duty in great things, and is generally ready to yield to advice.

June 28, 1857: . . . The Queen has made Prince Albert "Prince Consort" by a patent ordered in Council, but as this act confers on him neither title, dignity, nor privileges, I cannot see the use of it, a very foolish act as it seems to me. He was already as high in England as he can be, assuming the Crown Matrimonial to be out of the question, and it will give him no higher rank abroad, where our acts have no validity.

August 2, 1857: . . . Prince Albert has been to Brussels for the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, where he seems to have made his first experiment of the effect to be obtained from his newly acquired title of "Prince Consort of England," as I see that he signed the marriage contract immediately after the Queen Marie Amélie, and before an Austrian Archduke who was present.

With the influence of the Prince Consort, Brougham was by no means pleased:

March 19, 1843: . . . Next came his comical reconciliatory intercourse with the Queen. He has been for a long time by way of being in a sort of disgrace. He always has spoken disrespectfully or disparagingly of the Court and of "Albertine," and he has said uncivil things in sundry pamphlets. He behaved very ill one night when he dined at the Palace, and has never been to Court nor invited since. The other day the Queen said to the Chancellor, "Why does Lord Brougham never come to Court?" This he repeated to Brougham, who considered it an overture, and by way of meeting it, he sent a copy of one of his books to the Queen, and another to Prince Albert. He received acknowledgments from both, and the Queen thanked him by an autograph letter. This was deemed a singular honour, and made a great sensation, and it was thought the more curious as he had just before made a most virulent speech, in which he had talked of vipers in a way not to be mistaken, and which was levelled at her former Minister, and his friend, Lord Palmerston.

Ghent, June 16, 1845: . . . All London was engaged for some weeks with the Queen's ball, and could think of nothing else, all the elderly folks of both sexes dressing themselves up and learning to dance minuets. There was nothing but practising going on at one house after another. At last the eventful night arrived, and everybody said it was a very brilliant and amusing sight. Brougham was not asked, and was furious. He flared up in the House of Lords and twitted Prince Albert *à propos* of Barry and the Houses of Parliament, so they shortly after asked him to dinner to appease him.

September 16, 1845: . . . He [Graham] also told me that she is naturally inclined to be generous but the Prince is fond of money. She is proud, and her pride disdains to get into debt, so that her affairs are well regulated and in good order, which is both sensible and creditable to her. I told him the anecdote about Albert's income and her satisfaction it was not larger, which evidently pleased him very much, for he said he was the person who most strenuously insisted on its being reduced in amount.

March 8, 1847: . . . George Anson told me yesterday that the Queen's affairs are in such good order and so well managed that she will be able to provide for the whole expense of Osborne out

of her income without difficulty, and that by the time it is furnished it will have cost £200,000. He said, also, that the Prince of Wales when he came of age would not have less than £70,000 a year from the Duchy of Cornwall. They have already saved £100,000. The Queen takes for his maintenance whatever she pleases, and the rest, after paying charges, is invested in the funds or in land, and accumulates for him.

The exaltation of Prince Albert was sometimes alarming:

June 21, 1854: . . . He [the Duke of Bedford] told me this morning that it was owing to him that the Prince had got rid of the statue scheme. He wrote to Stockmar and advised him to get the Prince to put an end to it. No answer was sent, but his advice was taken.

To Clarendon, the Queen was "sincerely attached." Yet even Clarendon, when he took a long walk with Greville (April 30, 1847), admitted that "they [the Queen and Albert] interfere and meddle in a very inconvenient manner with everything they can; they acquired the habit in Aberdeen's time." It was "a peep behind the curtains of the Royal State." In fact, "the Queen [October 7, 1846] takes a more serious and prominent part in business than I was aware of."

November 11, 1841: . . . I find that, during the Queen's confinement, all the boxes and business are transmitted as usual to the Palace, and the former opened and returned by the Prince. He established this practice last year. At first orders were given to the Foreign Office to send no more boxes to the Palace; but two days after, fresh orders were received to send the boxes as usual, and to furnish the Prince with the necessary keys.

Tuesday, December 16, 1845: . . . Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell went to Windsor on Saturday. The first novelty that struck them was the manner of their reception; all is changed since they went out of office. Formerly the Queen received her Ministers alone; with her alone they communicated, though of course Prince Albert knew everything; but now the Queen and Prince were together, received Lord Lansdowne and John Russell together, and both of them always said *We*—"We think, or wish, to do so and so; what had *we* better do, etc."

The Prince is become so identified with the Queen that they are one person, and as he likes business, it is obvious that while she has the title he is really discharging the functions of the Sovereign. He is King to all intents and purposes. I am not surprised at this, but certainly was not aware that it had taken such a definite shape.

The Prince (September 22, 1857) was "to all intents and purposes King." Indeed, according to Clarendon (October 19th), "the manner in which the Queen in her own name but under the inspiration of the Prince exercised her functions was exceedingly good." Granville held that "the Prince had upon many occasions rendered the most important services to the Government."

Hatchford, October 8, 1857: . . . She acts in everything by his inspiration and never writes a letter that he does not dictate every word of. His knowledge and information are astonishing and there is not a department of the Government regarding all the details and management of which he is not much better informed and more capable than the Minister at the head of it; in Foreign Affairs particularly he has prevented a great deal of mischief, and kept the Government out of innumerable scrapes.

London, October 19, 1857: . . . [Clarendon] said that the manner in which the Queen in her own name, but with the assistance of the Prince, exercised her functions was exceedingly good, and well became her position and was eminently useful. She held each Minister to the discharge of his duty and his responsibility to her, and constantly desired to be furnished with accurate and detailed information about all important matters, keeping a record of all the reports that were made to her, and constantly recurring to them, e.g., she would desire to know what the state of the navy was, and what ships were in readiness for active service, and generally the state of each, ordering returns to be submitted to her from all the arsenals and dock yards, and again weeks or months afterward referring to these returns, and desiring to have everything relating to them explained and accounted for, and so throughout every department. In this practice Clarendon told me he had encouraged her strenuously. This is what none of her predeces-

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THE PRINCE CONSORT
by F. X. Winterhalter

sors ever did, and it is in fact the act of Prince Albert, who is to all intents and purposes King, only acting entirely in her name. All his views and notions are those of a Constitutional Sovereign, and he fulfils the duties of one, and at the same time makes the Crown an entity, and discharges the functions which properly belong to the Sovereign.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

THE QUEEN'S MOVE

As THE Hungry 'Forties drew to an unregretted close, the position was, then, that in Parliament, the one man was Palmerston, while in the Palace, the one man was Prince Albert. A collision between these potentates was inevitable. And the only question was which would defeat the other. In their "sentiments" toward Palmerston, "the Prince and the Queen . . . are one."

In the House of Commons, deprived of Stanley (January 19, 1849), there had been, of course, "nobody to attack Palmerston." The House consisted of "those who won't grapple with him and those who can't." And yet, though "unscathed," he was "uneasy." He had, after all, "his Royal Mistress." Every few days, there were "fresh difficulties. . . . For he keeps the Queen, his colleagues, his friends, and the party in continual hot water."

Greville told the Duke of Bedford bluntly that the "pledge" of his brother, John Russell, to control his Foreign Secretary was "forfeit." Surely "this was degrading" and Russell "ought not to consent to be Prime Minister on such terms. In humble reply to Greville, "the Duke could not deny it and he evidently feels it very much." It seemed (March 16, 1849) that "when John objects to anything Palmerston writes or proposes by letter, it is usual with Palmerston to take no notice and not to send him any answer at all."

March 16, 1849: . . . The Duke of Bedford told me some other stories of Palmerston and his behaviour, which sufficiently account for the Queen's abhorrence of him, and which justify it, for he degrades the Crown itself. But this makes John's conduct the more inexplicable as well as unpardonable, for he suffers both the dignity of the Crown and the proper authority of his own part as Prime Minister to be degraded and insulted too.

The Duke of Bedford offered a typical instance of Palmerston's turpitude:

March 16, 1849: . . . Such a case as the following is hardly credible. Palmerston on some occasion proposed to do something (he did not tell me what) which both the Queen and John disapproved of. Her Majesty and her Prime Minister talked the matter over and agreed in their disapprobation of what Palmerston proposed. Accordingly John Russell wrote him word that both the Queen and himself objected, and wished the thing (whatever it was) should not be done. Palmerston replied that he was of a different opinion, but of course, if both the Queen and he thought otherwise, it should not be done, and having written this, he immediately did the thing. John submitted, and the Queen was obliged to submit too.

The Queen (May 19, 1850) was "boiling with indignation." Indeed (July 16, 1850), "The Court are just as much disgusted with him as ever and provoked at his success in the House of Commons." As the Duke of Bedford confessed, "The Queen had been again flaming up about Palmerston more strongly than ever."

February 22, 1850: . . . The moment he [Clarendon] came into the drawing room after dinner the Queen exploded, and went with the utmost vehemence and bitterness into the whole of Palmerston's conduct, all the effects produced all over the world, and all her own feelings and sentiments about it. He could only listen and profess his own almost entire ignorance of the details. After she had done Prince Albert began, but not finding time and opportunity to say all he wished, he asked him to call on him the next day. He went and had a conversation of two hours and a half, in the course of which he went into every detail, and poured forth without stint or reserve all the pent-up indignation, resentment, and bitterness with which the Queen and himself have been boiling for a long time past. He commented on Palmerston's policy and conduct much in the same terms in which the *Times* does, and as I and others do. But what he enlarged upon with the strongest feeling was the humiliating position in which the Queen was placed in the eyes of the whole world. The remonstrances and complaints, the sentiments and resentments of other sovereigns—of the King

of Naples, and of the Emperor of Russia, for instance—directly affected her dignity as the Sovereign and Representative of this nation; and the consciousness that these sovereigns and all the world knew that she utterly disapproved of all that was done in her name, but that she was powerless to prevent it, was inconceivably mortifying and degrading. Prince Albert said he knew well enough the Constitutional position of the Sovereign of this country, and that it was the policy and measures which the nation desired and approved which the Government must carry out; but that the nation disapproves of Palmerston's proceedings, and so did his own colleagues, Lord Lansdowne particularly; yet by their weak connivance he was allowed to set at defiance the Sovereign, the Government, and public opinion, while the Queen could get neither redress nor support from John Russell, and was forced to submit to such degradation. He then mentioned various instances in which the Queen's remonstrances and suggestions had been disregarded. Minutes submitted to her in one form and changed by Palmerston into other forms; the refusal of Austria to send any Ambassador here, because he could not transact business with her Secretary of State. Clarendon asked him if he had ever endeavoured to influence Palmerston himself, and remonstrated with him on those matters which had justly excited the strong feelings of the Queen and himself. He said that he had done so repeatedly, and for a long time; that he always found him easy, good-humoured, very pleasant to talk to, but that it was utterly impossible to turn him from his purposes, or to place the least reliance on anything he said or engaged to do, and that at length the conviction which had been forced upon him of the uselessness of speaking to him had caused him entirely to leave it off, and for above a year past neither the Queen nor he had ever said one word to him; that it was in vain they had appealed to John Russell. He supposed it was the etiquette for Cabinet Ministers never to admit there was anything censurable in the conduct of each other, for though he was certain many things were done of which John Russell could not approve, and for which he was unable to make any defence, he never would admit that what had been done had been wrong; that the consequence of this had been to impair considerably

the relations of confidence and openness which ought to exist between the Queen and her Prime Minister, and to place her in an unsatisfactory position *vis-à-vis* of him. After dilating at great length on this topic, he said something from which Clarendon inferred that his object was to make *him* a channel of communication with John Russell, and thus to make their sentiments known to him more clearly and unreservedly than they could do themselves, and he means to tell Lord John all that passed. He said the Prince talked very sensibly and very calmly, very strong, but without excitement of manner.

August 6, 1850: . . . The Prince said it was impossible to have any direct communication with Palmerston because truth was not in him, and they could not believe a word he said and he bitterly complained that Palmerston made no scruple of making misrepresentations injurious to the Queen herself, when it suited his purpose, of which he gave an instance. In one of the Greek discussions in the House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne in attempting to excuse some delay of Palmerston's in sending out instructions, said that one cause of the delay was the time spent in sending the despatch in question to the Queen and its being returned by her. This was false, and the Prince reproached Lord Lansdowne with having said it, when he was obliged to own that the excuse had been put into his mouth by Palmerston only a minute before, and just as he was going to speak.

The Prince in his conversation with Clarendon (who had expressed an opinion that Palmerston might be induced to turn over a new leaf) asked him if he really believed that anything could make him adopt a different line of conduct, or bring him under the control of his colleagues? Clarendon said he did think so. The Prince replied:

"No more, you may depend upon it, than you could stop the tide which is now flowing."

And he then told him an anecdote which is amusing. Lord Lansdowne had said to him a little while ago that he thought his Royal Highness might henceforward rely on there being no more of the unpleasant occurrences which had been so annoying and embarrassing on many occasions, for that it had been settled that nothing whatever should be said or done

by Palmerston without the full knowledge and consent of himself and John Russell, and he thought they had provided a sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of this understanding.

"Indeed," said the Prince, "it is, I suppose, some little time that this arrangement has been in force."

Lord Lansdowne replied in the affirmative.

"Oh, will you then have the goodness to tell me what your opinion is, touching certain communications of Lord Palmerston's?" (Mentioning to Lord Lansdowne some matters which he did not specify to Clarendon.)

Lord Lansdowne was obliged to confess he had never heard of them. The Prince laughed and said:

"He coloured very much when he made the acknowledgment, and I quite pitied the poor man."

The Queen "poured her feelings into the more sympathetic ears of her late Minister":

June 3, 1849: . . . The Duke [of Bedford] told me that he knew that the Queen told Peel everything, all her own feelings, and wishes, and all that passes on the subject. This John does not know, and the Duke said he should not let him know it, as it would only annoy him extremely, but he should tell Lord Lansdowne. So much for the Queen.

Peel, when he met Greville in the Park or elsewhere, "did not spare Palmerston":

February 25, 1847: . . . I met Sir Robert Peel yesterday and walked with him some time. I have not had so much conversation with him for years. He praised the Budget, lamented the state of foreign affairs, and talked of Palmerston as everybody else does. I said we were always in danger from him, and he must know how difficult it was to control him. He said, "I am only afraid that Lord John does not exert all the authority and determination which, as Prime Minister, he ought to do." I said, he did it by flashes, but not constantly and efficiently.

What the Queen hoped was that Palmerston would come to grief over Don Pacifico and have to resign:

July 28, 1850: . . . Last night I met Clarendon at dinner,

after which he took me into the next room and told me that there is a fresh *to-do* about Palmerston, rather more embarrassing than anything that has yet occurred. He heard it all from the Duke of Bedford, who has come up to town from Endsleigh (where he has been vegetating these two months) in a state of great excitement and alarm. It seems that the Court are more exasperated and annoyed than ever since Palmerston's House of Commons success. The Queen had flattered herself that when this affair was over, by hook or by crook, she should obtain her deliverance from Palmerston, but she now finds herself farther than ever from such a consummation though without any disposition to submit to the necessity. Accordingly she has given vent to her feelings to John Russell and required him to fulfil his promise, or if promise is too strong a word, the sort of engagement he made to her when the Greek business was settled, to take measures to get Palmerston out of the Foreign Office. John Russell acknowledged that in a moment of great dissatisfaction and annoyance, he had given her some such engagement, but he pleaded his inability, as circumstances are, to fulfil it in any way but by resigning himself. This would be of course the dissolution of his government. The Prince said that would not do at all, inasmuch as the Queen could not tell her story, and he afterward told John that the vexation she endured, and the sense of degradation from all she was obliged to submit to from Palmerston began to have a very serious effect upon her health, and he urged this consideration upon him with great seriousness. . . . It seems John talked to them of going to the House of Lords, but then that Palmerston was to leave the Government in the House of Commons. This the Queen said nothing should induce her to consent to, no consideration whatever. In this difficulty it is settled that the Duke of Bedford shall go to Osborne (after Goodwood) and talk matters over with the Queen and Prince and see if he can by any means pacify them.

How to eliminate Palmerston from the scene was the problem:

February 20, 1850: . . . Brunnow [the Russian Ambassador] always defends Palmerston, and affects to make light of all the *accidents* that arise, but he speaks his real sentiments to Peel and Aberdeen.

Those "real sentiments," revealed to Greville on June 25, 1850, were that the Czar "cannot comprehend our political condition and is at a loss to know why the Queen does not dismiss Palmerston." The Queen had the same notion:

June 3, 1849: . . . She then sent for John Russell, and told him she could not stand it any longer, and he must make some arrangement to get rid of Palmerston. This communication was just as fruitless as all her preceding ones. I don't know what Lord John said, he certainly did not pacify her, but as usual there it ended.

John Russell was "much occupied with this matter and very anxious to get rid of his uncomfortable position vis-à-vis the Queen." Clarendon recognized "the impossibility of removing Palmerston and the inexpediency of attempting it."

Greville suggested to Clarendon that the Prime Minister and Lansdowne together might "put a bit in his [Palmerston's] mouth." But Lord John Russell, using Lansdowne's name, had already written to Palmerston and "had never received any answer." And Palmerston remained "master of the situation."

Faced by the hostility of Queen and Prince, Palmerston (November 26, 1850) was nonchalance itself. "He treats their opinions and interference with great contempt and says, 'What can they do.'"

To make a frontal attack on Palmerston was dangerous. He must be secretly assassinated. There was the Queen conspiring with Peel. There was "a curious conversation" between Delane of the *Times* and Charles Wood in the Cabinet "on the possibility of getting Palmerston out." And even Greville was amazed by these underhand intrigues:

June 3, 1849: . . . I know not where to look for a parallel to such a mass of anomalies, the Queen turning from her own Prime Minister to confide in the one who was supplanted by him, the Chancellor of the Exchequer talking over quietly and confidentially with the editor of the *Times* newspaper by what circumstances and what agency his colleague, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, might be extruded from the Government.

The stiletto was entrusted to the Duke of Bedford:

May 25, 1850: . . . What he looks to is this, that the Queen

should take the initiative and urge Palmerston's removal from the Foreign Office. She is quite ready to do this as soon as she is assured of her wishes being attended to.

August 11, 1850: . . . The Duke of Bedford went to Osborne and had a great deal of conversation with the Queen and Prince. They insisted on the fulfilment of John's engagement to them, and upon his trying to get Palmerston to take some other office. The Duke (speaking from the brief Clarendon had put into his hands) argued the matter with them, and endeavoured to convince them that any such change was impossible; but they stuck to their point, and still insisted the attempt should be made. The Duke came to town, and went to Clarendon before he saw John, and told him what had passed. Clarendon advised him to tell John everything and to recommend him, since they insisted on it, to make the attempt and speak to Palmerston. It would not succeed, but it would satisfy the Queen and Prince that everything had been done that was possible, and Clarendon thought (as no doubt was the case) that they themselves did not expect any different result, though they wished the experiment to be made. The Duke saw John, and he agreed to speak to Palmerston, and accordingly he did so. He made a clean breast of it, told him all that had passed, set forth all the Queen's feelings, and the many subjects of complaint she had against him, and asked him if he would comply with her wishes and take another office. He received the communication with perfect good-humour, and made just such a reply as might have been expected. He said John must be aware that what he proposed was impossible, that everything that had occurred, particularly the division in the House of Commons, and the certainty that any such move would be considered (as in fact it would be) a degradation, made it impossible he should consent to exchange the Foreign Office for any other; that with regard to the Queen's complaints, he must certainly be much to blame if he had given occasion for them, but if he had, it was inadvertently, and he would be careful nothing of the kind should happen again; in short, the communication ended exactly as everybody concerned foresaw that it would. But the question is set at rest, and to a certain degree all parties, Queen, John, and Palmerston, are in a better position. This will be taken as somewhat in the shape of

a reconciliation, and there is some chance of its producing an effect on Palmerston's future conduct. The Queen told the Duke of Bedford that what provoked her more than anything was the necessity she was under of defending Palmerston against the reproaches and complaints which were addressed to herself [by foreign powers], for she was compelled to defend all the things she disapproved of, to avoid the mortification of acknowledging that though done in her name, it was in spite of her wishes and opinions.

So ended that particular "transaction with the Queen." The hope was that it would—

August 11, 1850: . . . to a certain degree mitigate her resentment, or if it does not do that, will at least induce her to desist from the sort of war which she and Albert have been raging against their obnoxious Minister, for they appear to be fully conscious that they cannot get rid of him. His position is now so good and if he pleases so safe, that he has no need to court the Radicals and make unworthy concessions to secure their support.

But there was no reconciliation, and the "disgraceful yoke continued":

May 17, 1850: . . . Instead of forcing him to show some regard of the truth, he has broken them in to back his falsehoods, and one of the worst consequences that has been produced by his unfortunate administration is that the confidence and implicit reliance which ought to be placed on all that a Minister says in Parliament can no longer be felt.

In vain did Clarendon beg Lansdowne "not to allow this chapter to be closed and the Cabinet to separate without imparting his sentiments to Palmerston." Lansdowne only "replied with a groan."

The cup of wrath against the disturber was now full to overflowing.

London, December 19, 1851: . . . Something, but I know not what, has happened about Palmerston. . . . The Duke of Bedford, who is by turns confidential and mysterious, and who delights in raising my curiosity and then not satisfying it, has

written to me thus. After a good deal about Lord John's defending Palmerston and his not approving his conduct, in one strain one day and another the next, the Duke said there had been a correspondence between them on the subject, which he was to see. He never said more about it, and to a question I put to him thereon he sent no answer. In another letter I alluded to this, but added that it did not now much signify, on which he writes: "You attach no importance to the correspondence I told you of, and do not now care to know about it, but if I am not mistaken you will ere long change your opinion."

December 23, 1851: Palmerston is out!—actually, really, and irretrievably out. I nearly dropped off my chair yesterday afternoon, when at five o'clock, a few moments after the Cabinet had broken up, Granville rushed into my room and said, "It is none of the things we talked over; Pam is out, the offer of the Foreign Office goes to Clarendon to-night, and if he refuses, which of course he will not, it is to be offered to me!!" Well might the Duke of Bedford say I should "change my opinion," and soon think this correspondence did signify, for it was on the matter which led to the fall of Palmerston. Granville came to town on Saturday, not knowing (as none of the Ministers did) what the Cabinet was about. On Sunday he received a note from John Russell, begging him not to come to it, and telling him he would afterward inform him why.

The "pretext" for Palmerston's dismissal—

December 23, 1851: . . . is his having committed the Government to a full and unqualified approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, which he did in conversation with Walewski, but so formally and officially that Walewski wrote word to his own government that ours approved entirely of all that Louis Napoleon had done. Upon this piece of indiscretion, to which it is probable that Palmerston attached no importance, being so used to act off his own bat, and never dreaming of any danger from it, Lord John determined to act.

January 28, 1852: . . . He accordingly wrote at once to Palmerston, recapitulated his subjects of complaint, and asked him to authorize him to lay his resignation before the Queen. His first step, therefore, was with Palmerston himself, and not with the Queen. Having received the authority (which

Palmerston could not refuse), he proceeded to communicate with the Queen, and the reply expressed the great astonishment of both her Majesty and the Prince, as they had taken it for granted that this difference, like all preceding ones, would be patched up. I told the Duke that I had reason to believe the Queen was displeased at the offer of Ireland being made to Palmerston *à son insu;* but this was a mistake.

The argument was that Palmerston had here "taken a part against the feelings of the Radicals, and if the cause of the quarrel is made public, their approval will *ad hoc* be rather with John Russell than with him."

Brocket, Christmas Day, 1851: . . . None of the Ministers had the least idea why they were summoned. Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne and Sir Francis Baring all came up together from the Grange, asking each other what it was about; nor was it till they were all assembled in the Cabinet room in Downing Street that they were apprised of the astounding fact that Palmerston had ceased to be their colleague. The secret was as well kept as Louis Napoleon's, and the *coup d'état* nearly as important and extraordinary.

The one Minister who stood by Palmerston was Lord Lansdowne.

Lady Palmerston wrote her brother, Lord Beauvale:

Brocket, Christmas Day, 1851: . . . Beauvale has had a long letter from Lady Palmerston with her version of the whole affair, which is true in the main, but as favourably coloured toward Pam as the case will admit of. She is in a high state of indignation and resentment, and bitter against Lord John and the colleagues who did not support Palmerston. They evidently expected, when the Cabinet met the other day, that the colleagues would have pronounced Lord John's ground of quarrel insufficient, and protested against his dismissal, and they are extremely mortified that nothing of the kind was done. She complained that Palmerston's best friends were absent. Not one person at the Cabinet said a word for him or made an effort to keep him, but this she does not know.

Lord John Russell "must have gone to the Queen, and settled with her what was to be done." In fact, "When the Queen

learned what had passed she was furious and resolved to insist upon Lord John's taking this occasion to get rid of him." At Palmerston's mishap, Mme. de Lieven writes in "transports of joy":

London, December 27, 1851: A council at Windsor. Palmerston did not come, but desired Lord Eddisbury to send the seals to Lord John. Nevertheless, he was expected, and the Queen would wait for him above an hour. . . . Brooks's and the ultra Whigs and Radicals are sulky, but don't quite know what to make of it. It seems Lord John struck the blow at last with great reluctance; but having made up his mind, he did it boldly. . . .

M. de Flahault arrived last night, and came here this morning to talk to Granville. He said that Palmerston's dismissal and the cause of it, as hinted at in the newspapers, had produced a disagreeable impression at the Élysée, especially after all the violence of the press. He said he had told the President that what he had done could not fail to shock English feelings and prejudices, and the press was sure to hold such language. . . .

Yesterday Granville was with Palmerston for three hours. He received him with the greatest cordiality and good humour. "Ah, how are you, Granville? Well, you have got a very interesting office, but you will find it very laborious; seven or eight hours' work every day will be necessary for the current business, besides the extraordinary and Parliamentary, and with less than that you will fall into arrears." He then entered into a complete history of our diplomacy, gave him every sort of information and even advice; spoke of the Court without bitterness, and in strong terms of the Queen's "sagacity"; ended by desiring Granville would apply to him when he pleased for any information or assistance he could give him. This is very creditable, and, whatever may come after it, very wise, gentlemanlike, becoming, and dignified.

London, December 27, 1851: . . . Meanwhile his [Palmerston's] family are furious and open-mouthed. Lady Palmerston says she can neither eat nor sleep, and they raise already the cry of "Foreign influence." Nobody can yet make out what the real cause of it is.

CHAPTER LXXIX

INKING THE ANGEL

About Palmerston there was one inevitable emotion. He liked to hit back.

Queen Victoria had manœuvred his dismissal. Was he to take it lying down?

In other cases, the press had been his weapon. Why not in this case?

January 15, 1854: I have never yet noticed the extraordinary run there has been for some weeks past against the Court, more particularly the Prince, which is now exciting general attention, and has undoubtedly produced a considerable effect throughout the country. It began a few weeks ago in the press, particularly in the *Daily News* and the *Morning Advertiser*, but chiefly in the latter, and was immediately taken up by the Tory papers, the *Morning Herald* and the *Standard*, and for some time past they have poured forth article after article, and letter after letter, full of the bitterest abuse and all sorts of lies. The *Morning Advertiser* has sometimes had five or six articles on the same day attacking and maligning Prince Albert. Many of these are very vague, but the charges against him are principally to this effect, that he has been in the habit of meddling improperly in public affairs, and has used his influence to promote objects of his own, and the interests of his own family at the expense of the interests of this country; that he is German and not English in his sentiments and principles; that he corresponds with foreign princes and with British Ministers abroad without the knowledge of the Government, and that he thwarts the foreign policy of the Ministers when it does not coincide with his own ideas and purposes. He is particularly accused of having exerted his influence over this government to prevent their taking the course which they ought to have done with regard to Turkey, and of having a strong bias toward Austria and Russia and against France. Then it is said

that he is always present when the Queen receives her Ministers, which is unconstitutional, and that all the papers pass through his hands or under his eyes. He is accused of interfering with all the departments of Government, more particularly with the Horse Guards, and specifically with the recent transactions and disagreements in that office, which led to the retirement of General Brown, the Adjutant General. Then he and the Queen are accused of having got up an intrigue with foreign powers, Austria particularly, for getting Palmerston out of office last year; that she first hampered him in the Foreign Office by insisting on seeing his despatches before he sent them off, and then that she compelled John Russell to dismiss him on the ground of disrespectful conduct to herself, when the real reason was condescension to the wishes of Austria, with which power the Prince had intimately connected himself. Charges of this sort, mixed up with smaller collateral ones, have been repeated day after day with the utmost virulence and insolence by both the Radical and the Tory journals. For some time they made very little impression, and the Queen and Prince were not at all disturbed by them; but the long continuance of these savage libels, and the effect which their continual refutation has evidently produced throughout the country, have turned their indifference into extreme annoyance. I must say I never remember anything more atrocious or unjust. Delane went to Aberdeen and told him that immense mischief had been done, and that he ought to know that the effect produced was very great and general, and offered (if it was thought desirable) to take up the cudgels in defence of the Court. Aberdeen consulted the Prince, and they were of opinion that it was better not to put forth any defence or rebut such charges in the press, but to wait till Parliament meets, and take an opportunity to repel the charges there. One of the papers announced that a Liberal member of Parliament intended to bring the matter forward when Parliament meets, but I do not expect he will make his appearance. At present nobody talks of anything else, and those who come up from distant parts of the country say that the subject is the universal topic of discussion in country towns and on railways. It was currently reported in the Midland and Northern counties, and actually stated in a Scotch paper, that Prince Albert had

been committed to the Tower, and there were people found credulous and foolish enough to believe it. It only shows how much malignity there is amongst the masses, which a profligate and impudent mendacity can stir up, when a plausible occasion is found for doing so, and how "the mean are gratified by insults on the high." It was only the other day that the Prince was extraordinarily popular, and received wherever he went with the strongest demonstration of public favour, and now it would not be safe for him to present himself anywhere in public, and very serious apprehensions are felt lest the Queen and he should be insulted as they go to open Parliament a fortnight hence. In my long experience I never remember anything like the virulence and profligacy of the press for the last six months, and I rejoice that Parliament is going to meet and fair discussion begin, for nothing else can in the slightest degree check it, and this, it may be hoped, will.

January 16, 1854: The attacks on the Prince go on with redoubled violence, and the most absurd lies are put forth and readily believed. It is very difficult to know what to do, but the best thing will be a discussion in the House of Commons, if possible in both Houses.

January 21, 1854: For some days past the Tory papers have relaxed their violence against the Court, while the Radical ones, especially the *Morning Advertiser*, have redoubled their attacks, and not a day passes without some furious article, and very often five or six articles and letters, all in the same strain. It is not to be denied or concealed that these abominable libels have been greedily swallowed all over the country and a strong impression produced. The press has been infamous, and I have little doubt that there is plenty of libellous matter to be found in some of the articles, if it should be deemed advisable for the Attorney General to take it up. There can be little doubt that the Tory leaders got alarmed and annoyed at the lengths to which their papers were proceeding, and have taken measures to stop them. The Radical papers nothing can stop, because they find their account in the libels; the sale of the *Advertiser* is enormously increased since it has begun this course, and, finding perfect immunity, it increases every day in audacity and virulence. One of the grounds of attack (in the *Morn-*

ing Herald and *Standard* principally) has been the illegality of the Prince being a Privy Councillor. In reply to this I wrote a letter (in my own name) showing what the law and practice are.

February 1, 1854: . . . Derby was put into a great rage by Aberdeen's speech, and could not resist attacking *me* (whom he saw behind the throne). He attacked my letter (signed C.), in which I had pitched into the Tories for their attacks on the Prince. I saw his people turn round and look toward me, but I did not care a fig, and was rather pleased to see how what I wrote had galled them, and struck home. . . . John Russell made a very good speech, and took the bull by the horns about the Prince, entered at once on the subject, and delivered an energetic vindication of and eulogium on him in his best style. It was excellent, and between his speech and Aberdeen's and all those who chimed in, that abomination may be considered to be destroyed altogether, and we shall probably hear no more of it.

Granville, who "passed two hours of every morning in reading the leading articles of all the principal papers which he thought it necessary to do," was "very curious to know whence they (that is the attacks on the Prince Consort) proceeded." Suspicion fell on Palmerston, and apparently not without reason:

January 21, 1854: . . . Yesterday there was a letter signed by a Mr. Cunningham (who stood for Westminster) in the *Morning Advertiser*, giving an account of a pamphlet which he said had been composed when Palmerston was turned out in '52, by his directions, and which contained documentary evidence against the Court, very strong, but which had been suppressed by their paying a sum of money, etc., etc., and the paper added still more details to this statement. I fancied it was all moonshine, but on speaking to Delane about it he told me it was not, and that he knew all about it. The story was this: When Palmerston was turned out, he was excessively exasperated and resolved to attack the Court through the press, and he got hold of a man of the name of Phillips who was a writer in newspapers, and proposed to him to write a pamphlet

for him. Phillips agreed, and was to have £100 for the job. He went down to Broadlands, where he was instructed by Palmerston (who Delane said gave him heaps of papers to read, though there is no proof of this) and he composed the pamphlet and had it printed. Before it was published Palmerston thought better of it. He told Phillips he had consulted Lord Lansdowne (which is very improbable) who had advised him to suppress it, and he accordingly had resolved to do so. The copies were all bought up and destroyed, but a few remained behind, and one of these Phillips gave to Delane. He showed it at the time to Lord Aberdeen, and, he says, *to me*, but if he did I had quite forgotten it. Last night he sent the pamphlet here for Granville and me to read, and we found it a very harmless production. It would not damage the Prince if it should appear, but the story would be immensely damaging to Palmerston if it came out, and if they are aware at Windsor of it, it is no wonder they suspect Palmerston of being concerned in the present abominations.

January 25, 1854: . . . If (as is probable) the Court got wind of the pamphlet and its history it is no wonder they suspect Palmerston of being at the bottom of the fiercest attacks on the Prince, not that the Prince should have expressed (when the Government was formed) a strong opinion of the imprudence of bringing Palmerston into it.

February 2, 1854: . . . I cannot help partaking in the opinion which Granville entertains very strongly, and which at Windsor they are quite persuaded of, that the whole thing has been got up, managed, and paid for by Louis Napoleon, Walewski, and Palmerston. In the first place, I believe Palmerston to be capable of anything, and to be excessively reckless, daring, and vindictive. Indeed, it is difficult to see what *interest* he can have in taking such a course, and if he really has done it, it must be to gratify his hatred of the Court, and this is a sentiment in which he and the Emperor entirely agree, and in hatred of the Orleans as well. There are many little circumstances which separately do not prove much, but which taken all together look very suspicious. There is the undoubted and intimate alliance between Palmerston and the French Embassy, Palmerston's constant relations with the Press, and the reckless

and unscrupulous way in which he has written and caused to be written whatever suited him, against his own government and colleagues, the recently disclosed history of the pamphlet, the continual laudation of him by both the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Advertiser*, and the fact that the attacks on the Prince either began or became more violent and sustained exactly at the period of his resignation. . . . I do not say that all these circumstances amount to proof, or that I am satisfied that Palmerston is at the bottom of these atrocious proceedings, but I must confess, that looking at the various characters and antecedents, I am still less satisfied of his innocence.

October 7, 1855: . . . Reeve has withdrawn from the *Times* newspaper, which is a not unimportant event. The *Times* has for a long time excited a great indignation by its insolence, arrogance, injustice, and its outrageous attacks upon everybody and everything, but still it has been restrained within certain bounds, in great measure through Reeve's influence. A short time ago Delane went abroad for his holiday when he entreated Reeve to look after the paper, the management of which was left in the hands of Dasent, Delane's brother-in-law, a pert, pragmatical little quiz, who has a parcel of vulgar Radical associates, whom he allowed to write in the paper, and who have filled it with articles on various matters, revolting to all good taste and proper feeling and moreover often interfering in Reeve's special department. Reeve has frequently remonstrated against such writing, but met with great impertinence from Mr. Dasent. At length, the other day, there appeared an article on the supposed plan of a marriage between the young Prince of Prussia and the Princess Royal which exceeded all that has been written in vulgar impertinence and insolence, which so disgusted Reeve that he resolved at once to dissolve his connection with the paper, and he accordingly wrote letters to Dasent and to Walter announcing his determination. He wrote a very good letter to Walter, in which he implored him, for the character of the *Times*, for his own interest, and on public and patriotic grounds, to put an end to such management as the paper is now under and to a style of writing so mischievous and offensive. He writes so well, has such a knack of composing articles, and has so many channels of information, that his retirement will be a severe loss to the *Times*, and there

seems every probability of the foreign department of the paper falling into coarse and vulgar hands, which will for some time to come probably do much mischief but ultimately assist in bringing the paper into disrepute, and, I sincerely hope, may diminish its efficacy and its much abused power.

CHAPTER LXXX

DANTE'S DREAM

THE dismissal of Lord Palmerston was an event the echoes of which reverberated throughout Europe. On technical grounds, there had been against him an "enormous case." But amid "his crotchets, caprices, and prejudices," he stood for a principle that transcended proprieties. Diplomacy had dealt with dynasties. Palmerston recognized peoples.

It is, then, as a chapter in the annals of liberty that the tale of Palmerston's quarrel with the Court must be retold. And the scene of the drama is set in Italy. The Queen stood stoutly for the *status quo* with its abuses. Palmerston believed in Italy united as a nation:

March 4, 1850: . . . Among many other things Albert said that he had earnestly pressed Palmerston to send a Minister to Rome, to negotiate with the Pope, but that he never would, and he was convinced that Palmerston had only refused because *he* had pressed it. Such is the feeling about him in their minds.

Greville himself had seen and described the condition of Naples. Against that sovereignty, the Sicilians rebelled. And they sent "agents" to Woolwich, that place of arms, where they—

March 2, 1849: . . . applied to the government contractor to supply them with stores. He said he had none ready, having just supplied all he had to Government, but that if Government would let him have them back, he would supply them to the agents, and replace the government stores in a short time. The Sicilians had no time to lose, and by their desire the contractor applied to the Ordnance, stating the object of his application. If the matter had been merely treated commercially, and the contractor, without stating his object, had asked the Government to oblige him as a convenience to him-

self, it would have been quite harmless; but the object having been stated, it became a political matter. So the Ordnance considered it, and they referred the request to Palmerston as Foreign Secretary, who gave his sanction to the transaction.

Here undoubtedly was a breach of neutrality, and the affair was exposed in the *Times*. By the Cabinet, therefore, "an enquiry was made to Palmerston as to the truth of it *when he flatly denied the whole story!*" It was Lord Grey who "found out it was true" and he wrote "a letter of complaint" to the Prime Minister.

"John," said the Duke of Bedford to Greville, had been at the Speaker's when Grey's letter reached him:

January 22, 1849: . . . A red box had arrived with something in it very serious indeed, and which must bring matters to a sort of crisis about Palmerston. He could not tell me what it was, but it was so serious that he had no idea how it would end, and whether it would not lead to Palmerston's retirement, that the Queen knew nothing of it, nor the Cabinet except two or three of them. He then let out that something had been done which rendered an apology necessary from Palmerston, and that he did not think Palmerston could well consent to make such a one as John would think it right to require of him. I thought it was an apology to his own colleagues, but he said no, it was an apology to *a foreign power*.

There were "repeated Cabinets, and one morning John Russell went down to the Queen and returned." He wanted "to fight the battle" with Palmerston at his side. But "with all Palmerston's abilities and perhaps sound views of foreign policy, he gives terrible offence."

Questioned in the Commons, Palmerston, "in his usual offhand way"—

March 16, 1849: . . . delivered a slashing, impudent speech, full of sarcasm, jokes, and claptraps, the whole eminently successful. He quizzed Bankes unmercifully, he expressed ultra-Liberal sentiments to please the Radicals, and he gathered shouts of laughter and applause as he dashed and rattled along. He scarcely deigned to notice *the* question, merely saying a few words at the end of his speech in replying to it. All this did

perfectly well for the House of Commons, and he got the honours of the day. Stanley was furious, and all the Anti-Palmerstonians provoked to death, while he and his friends chuckled and laughed in their sleeves.

March 16, 1849: . . . John Russell also came to his [Lord Lansdowne's] rescue, and made an apology for him, which in his mouth was very discreditable, for it was in fact untrue. He tried to give to the House of Commons an impression of Palmerston's conduct in the affair which is the reverse of the truth, and this is really tantamount to a lie, but he has in fact completely prostituted himself to Palmerston. The Duke of Bedford tells me he has a strange partiality for him, is in fact fascinated and enthralled by him in spite of all the embarrassments he causes him.

In the House of Lords, however, an "inadvertence" was admitted. And Lord John Russell told his masterful colleague that "he must apologize."

March 16, 1849: . . . On the Sunday when I saw the Duke of Bedford, Palmerston's answer had not come, but John was of an opinion that Palmerston would not, and *could* not, consent to the humiliation of making an apology. I laughed to scorn this idea. As I predicted, Palmerston made no difficulty.

Indeed, Palmerston took the initiative and, in the Cabinet, himself proposed the apology!

But he had a habit of hitting back. And having apologized to Naples, he calmly instructed the British Consul at Messina "to collect the details of the Neapolitan atrocities," which "story" he did not hesitate to "put into the mouth of the Queen in her speech in Parliament."

March 2, 1849: . . . The mention in the Queen's Speech of the "King of *Naples*," instead of the King of the Two Sicilies, is now said to have been a mere inadvertence, but I have no doubt it was overlooked by his colleagues, but put in by him intentionally and with a significant purpose.

Nor did Palmerston's rejoinder end there. The rebellion in Sicily had injured foreign property and "after above a year

of enquiry," a commission decided what indemnity should be paid by Naples. After reading the report:

December 2, 1851: . . . Palmerston sent it back and said the money was not enough, and he arbitrarily fixed a higher sum to be given to the English. Of this the Neapolitan Government bitterly complained, and the other commissioners considered it unwarrantable and unfair. After a great deal of remonstrance and discussion, Palmerston proving inexorable, the Neapolitans gave way. They then considered the affair settled; but not at all. Palmerston then sent it back again, and said the allotted sum should not be paid in stock, but in money. . . . He [the French Ambassador] had a conversation of two hours with Palmerston, who listened with great politeness, appeared struck by Walewski's representations, and ended by saying, "Well, I will write to Temple about it." Walewsk went away, fancying he had produced a great effect, and that Palmerston was going to write to Temple to relax the rigour of his exactions; but he did not then know his man, and was only undeceived when he found afterward that he had written to Temple, but only to desire him to press his demands, and exact a concession to them to the uttermost farthing.

It was Gladstone who in 1850 saw and described the horrors endured by political prisoners in Naples. And Palmerston's sympathies were justified. Whether Britain should intervene was a matter of argument:

September 21, 1856: . . . The quarrel with the King of Naples appears to be coming to a crisis, and though it will not produce any serious consequences now, the precedent of interference we are establishing may have very important ones at some future time, and though philanthropy may make us rejoice at some coercion being applied to put an end to such a cruel and oppressive government as that of King Bomba (as they call Ferdinand), it may be doubted whether it would not be sounder policy to abstain from interference with what only indirectly and remotely concerns us.

November 10, 1856: . . . Clarendon talked of the various atrocities of the King of Naples, but with an evident consciousness that the fact, even if it be true, and not, as is probable, exaggerated, affords no excuse for our policy in the matter.

March 22, 1859: . . . Yesterday the Neapolitan exiles arrived at an hotel in Dover Street in several hack cabs, decorated with laurels, and preceded by a band of music. I did not see the men, but saw the empty cabs; there was no crowd.

Mme. de Lieven wrote Greville (October 3, 1856) that "the Neapolitan Minister at Paris affirms that his King will not give way at the dictation of the Allied Powers"—when this "almost incredible anecdote" was told me:

May 17, 1860: . . . There is just arrived a new Neapolitan Minister, Count Ludolph, grandson of the Ludolph who was formerly here. He has replaced the former Minister, who by his own desire was recently recalled, and he had begged for his recall because he had been grossly insulted by Palmerston at the Queen's Drawing Room, his story being that in that room, in the Queen's presence (who was of course out of hearing), Palmerston had attacked him on the proceeding of his government and the conduct of the King, telling him that a revolution would probably be the consequence thereof, which would be nothing more than they deserve, and which would be seen in this country with universal satisfaction. The man was so flabbergasted by this unexpected and monstrous sortie that he had not presence of mind to make a suitable answer.

September 23, 1855: . . . The Sicilian malcontents sent to the King of Sardinia an offer of their crown for one of his sons. He replied, "You have need of a man, and a boy will be of no use to you." This they took for a refusal, and they are now thinking of a Coburg; in no case will they have a Murat.

Northern Italy was still held in the grip of Austria. And, as Greville was to write on February 27, 1859, "the Austrians are so proud, obstinate, and pig-headed." Against Austria, war was vainly waged by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, the head of the House of Savoy which was afterward to reign in Rome. Palmerston supported Sardinia and the Austrian Ambassador, Colloredo, was left in no doubt as to his sentiments.

November 25, 1848: Clarendon told me he had a long talk with the Queen and Prince Albert at the Priory the other day, when they imparted to him their extreme dissatisfaction with the Foreign Policy of their own government for the last six

or eight months, their abhorrence of Charles Albert, and their entire sympathy with all the political reactions now going on. He did not like to say much on the subject, rather delicate for him, and contented himself with hearing what they had to say and expressing his own ignorance of all details.

March 30, 1849: . . . Yesterday came the news of the defeat of the Sardinians and the abdication of Charles Albert (their King), which was received with universal joy, everybody rejoicing at it except Palmerston, who will be excessively provoked and disappointed, though he will not venture, and is too clever, to show it. Clarendon had a conversation with him a few days ago, in which he told Palmerston how much he wished that Radetzky might crush the King of Sardinia, when Palmerston did not disguise the difference of his own opinions, and his wishes that the Austrians might be defeated. Yesterday there was a Drawing Room, at which everybody, the Queen included, complimented and wished joy to Colloredo except Palmerston, who, though he spoke to him about other things, never alluded to the news that had just arrived from Italy. I met Colloredo at Madame de Lieven's (who was in a state of rapturous excitement), and he told us so there. Nothing could be more striking than this marked difference between the Foreign Secretary and his Sovereign, and all his countrymen.

April 1, 1849: I do not think anything Palmerston has done has excited so great a sensation, and exposed him to so much animadversion, as his behaviour to Colloredo at the Drawing Room the day on which the news of Radetzky's victory arrived. Everybody is talking of it; Clarendon told Lord Lansdowne of it, who was both shocked and surprised. The impolicy of this unmistakable display of *animus* is the more striking, because we are now (through Ponsonby) entreating the Austrian Government to show moderation, and not to exact large contributions. This is not the first time men have suffered more from their small misdeeds than from their great ones.

Immediately afterward, there was (May 21, 1849) "a fresh Palmerstonian affair."

May 21, 1849: . . . On Monday last Lord Lansdowne in reply to a question of Beaumont's said, that "no communica-

tion whatever had been made by the Austrian Government to ours relative to their intervention in Italy," the fact being that Colloredo [the Austrian Ambassador] had five or six days before gone to Palmerston, and communicated to him by order of his government their motives, objects, and intentions, as to Italian intervention in great detail. This communication he never imparted to his colleagues, and Lord Lansdowne was consequently ignorant of it.

At the Queen's Ball, Colloredo complained:

May 21, 1849: . . . I resolved to go to Lord Lansdowne. I found him at Lansdowne House, just going to the House of Lords. I began to tell him the object of my calling on him. He stopped me, said he knew all about it, that he was going to the House to correct his former statement, and "to make the best excuse he could," that it was exceedingly disagreeable, and the more unaccountable as he had taken the precaution on Monday before he went to the House of Lords to answer Beaumont, to send to the Foreign Office to enquire whether any communication had been received, and the reply was, "None whatever." On reference to Palmerston he had said that "he had quite forgotten it."

Austrian rule was attacked not only by Sardinia but by Hungary. The revolt was suppressed, but its leader, Kossuth, appealed to the conscience of mankind:

London, November 8, 1851: . . . About three weeks ago Kossuth arrived in England, and was received at Southampton and Winchester with prodigious demonstration and a great uproar on the part of Mayors and Corporations, the rabble and a sprinkling of Radicals, of whom the most conspicuous were Cobden and Dudley Stuart. While Kossuth was still at Southampton, but about to proceed to London, on Monday, October 24, I received a letter from my brother Henry, informing me that he had just received information that Palmerston was going to receive Kossuth, and he entreated me, if I had any influence with the Government, to try and prevent such an outrage, and that he believed if it was done Buol [the Austrian Ambassador] would be recalled. I could not doubt that the information from such a quarter was correct, and it was con-

firmed by a notice in one of the *pro*-Kossuth papers, that Lord Palmerston was going to receive Mr. Kossuth "privately and unofficially." Thinking that it would be an outrage, and one in all probability attended with serious consequences, I resolved to write to John Russell at once. I sent him a copy of my brother's letter, only putting the names in blank, said that the authority on which this was notified to me compelled me to attend to it, and added, "I send you this without comment; you will deal with it as you think fit, *liberavi animam meam*." . . . On Tuesday he [the Duke of Bedford] was sitting in his dressing room, when there was a knock at the door, and the Prince came in. After a great deal of conversation upon various subjects, particularly about the new Reform Bill (on which his Royal Highness seems to entertain very sound and moderate views) he said just as he was going away:

"Lord Palmerston has been behaving infamously to your brother."

But this was all he said, and the Duke did not ask for any explanation of his words. At dinner he was desired to go and place himself next to the Queen, and there her Majesty gave him an account of what had passed. She, of course, did not know (at least, so the Duke supposed, and I suppose) anything of my letter, but (as I can have no doubt) upon the receipt of it, John Russell wrote to Palmerston. I do not know what he wrote, but evidently an enquiry and a remonstrance. To this letter Palmerston wrote the most insolent answer. The Queen said she could not recollect the whole of it, but she recollected this much:

"I will not be dictated to, and shall receive whomsoever I please in my own house. If you are dissatisfied, my office is at your disposal, and you may do with it what you please."

On receiving this letter, John instantly summoned the Cabinet, and thirteen of his colleagues came together on Monday last. He laid the matter before them. All *but one* sided with him (I don't know who that one was), and the end was that Palmerston (as he has invariably done on all other occasions when tackled and driven to submit or resign) knocked under, and agreed not to receive Kossuth. The Queen told the Duke this story with strong expressions of indignation and said that Lord John had never shown sufficient firmness and had been too

lenient in dealing with Lord Palmerston. The matter thus patched up, and a rupture which would most likely have broken up the Government averted, all will go on as before. Palmerston will not care a straw and will not be deterred from doing whatever his fancy, caprice, or impertinence may prompt him to do on the next occasion that presents itself. They are naturally very anxious to prevent this affair being known.

November 16, 1851: I was at Windsor for a Council on Friday. There I saw Palmerston and Lord John mighty merry and cordial, talking and laughing together. Those breezes leave nothing behind, particularly with Palmerston, who never loses his temper, and treats everything with gaiety and levity. The Queen is vastly displeased with the Kossuth demonstrations, especially at seeing him received at Manchester with as much enthusiasm as attended her own visit to that place. The numbers and the noise that have hailed Kossuth have certainly been curious, but not one individual of station or consideration has gone near him, which cannot fail to mortify him deeply. Delane is just come from Vienna, where he had a long interview with Schwarzenberg, who treated, or at least affected to do so, the Kossuth reception with contempt and indifference.

November 22, 1851: At Brocket on Tuesday and Wednesday last. I found Beauvale knew all about the Palmerston and Kossuth affair, and was of course mightily pleased at his brother-in-law's defeat, and at the interview not having taken place.

But Palmerston had a habit of getting his way, if not by one method, then by another. He received a deputation from Finsbury and Islington and accepted congratulations on Kossuth's liberation:

November 22, 1851: . . . On Wednesday afternoon we were both of us astounded at reading in the paper the account of the deputation to Palmerston, the addresses and his answers. We both agreed that he had only *reculé pour mieux sauter*, and that what he had now done was a great deal worse and more offensive than if he had received Kossuth. The breach of faith and the defiance toward John Russell and his colleagues are flagrant, and the whole affair astonishing even in him who has done such things that nothing ought to astonish me. I am waiting with the greatest curiosity to see what John Russell will do,

and how he will take it, and how it will be taken by the Queen and the foreign Courts and Ministers. To receive an address in which the Emperors of Russia and Austria are called despots, tyrants, and odious assassins, and to express great gratification at it, is an unparalleled outrage, and when to this is added a speech breathing Radical sentiments and interference, it is difficult to believe that the whole thing can pass off without notice.

November 22, 1851: . . . The ostentatious bidding for Radical favour and the flattery of the democracy, of which his speeches were full, are disgusting in themselves and full of danger. It is evident that he has seized the opportunity of the Kossuth demonstrations to associate himself with them, and convert the popular excitement into political capital for himself. . . .

Kossuth is at last gone, but promising to return in a few weeks and openly announcing that he does so for the purpose of stirring up war against Austria, and a great democratic movement for the liberation of Hungary and all other countries under absolute governments, in which he expects England to take a conspicuous part; and his last injunction and entreaty to his friends is to agitate for this purpose. His last speech is by far the most open and significant that he has delivered, and exhibits his confidence, well or ill founded, in the progress he has made. That he is very able, and especially a great speaker, cannot be denied; but I take it that a more hypocritical, unscrupulous, mischievous adventurer never existed. His speeches here have been very clever, but I derive a higher idea of his oratorical power from a speech, reported in the *Times* on Wednesday last, which he made in the Hungarian Diet upon the question of employing Hungarian troops in Italy, which was admirable, and reminded me of Plunket in lucidity and closeness of reasoning.

"The addresses were sent to the Foreign Office before they were presented, and if Palmerston did not read them, he might have done so."

Greville was outraged by this "mixture of effrontery, falsehood, and adroitness." It was "on the whole the worst thing he has ever done." To support Kossuth, how "ungentlemanlike and vulgar!"

There was, in the end, "no quarrel with Austria" (December 19, 1851). But it was sometime before Buol, the Austrian Ambassador, "dined with Palmerston" or the Emperor in Vienna "at last received Westmorland."

The real reason of Palmerston's "dismissal"—

December 23, 1851: . . . was without any doubt the Islington speech and deputation, and his whole conduct in that affair. The Queen had deeply resented it, and had a quarrel with Lord John about it, for he rather defended Palmerston, and accepted his excuses and denials. It is evident that he did this because he did not dare to quarrel with him on grounds which would have enabled him to cast himself on the Radicals, to appeal to all the Kossuthian sympathies of the country, and to represent himself as the victim of our disgraceful subserviency to Austria.

CHAPTER LXXXI

THE RIVALS

With Peel committed to Free Trade, there gathered around him a group of Tories, like minded, who were known as Peelites. They were few in number, men to be weighed, not counted, and, for a dozen years or more, they served as the Girondists of Liberalism.

An example of the man with a cross-bench mind was Sir James Graham:

December 12, 1830: . . . Graham's elevation is the most monstrous of all. He was once my friend, a college intimacy revived in the world, and which lasted six months, when, thinking he could do better, he cut me, as he had done others before. I am not a fair judge of him, because the pique which his conduct to me naturally gave me would induce me to underrate him, but I take vanity and self-sufficiency to be the prominent features of his character, though of the extent of his capacity I will give no opinion. Let time show; I think he will fail. [Time did show it to be very considerable, and the *volvenda dies* brought back our former friendship, as will hereafter appear; he certainly *did not fail.*]

He came into Parliament ten years ago, spoke and failed, He had been a provincial hero, the Cicero and the Romeo of Yorkshire and Cumberland, a present Lovelace and a future Pitt. He was disappointed in love (the particulars are of no consequence), married and retired to digest his mortifications of various kinds, to become a country gentleman, patriot, reformer, financier.

In one debate, Graham was "a total failure, got into nautical terms and simile about a ship in which he floundered and sank."

For a time (July 5, 1848) Peel and Graham "were man and wife politically."

But:

November 24, 1851: . . . With all his ability he is a most strange and inconsistent politician. It is impossible to know what he will do, and I suspect he does not know himself.

February 7, 1849: . . . He said, "I have played some pranks before high heaven in my time. I quitted the Whigs once, and it would not do to quit them again; and unless I could subscribe to all their past conduct and policy, as well as feel quite satisfied for the future, it was better not to join." The great obstacle he owned was Palmerston.

July 9, 1837: . . . He is now little better than a Tory, a very high Churchman, and one of the least liberal of the Conservative leaders. In Lord Grey's Government he was one of the most violent, and for going to greater lengths than the majority of his colleagues. . . . Graham earnestly advocated the Ballot, and Lord Durham says he has in his possession many letters of Graham's in which he presses for a larger measure of reform than they actually brought forward.

Of the Peelites, the most notable was, to quote Macaulay, "a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate temper, they abhor."

Greville tells (December 24, 1837) Gladstone "spoke very well" on Canada and (April 2, 1838) "made a first-rate speech in defence of the [West Indian] planters which places him in the front rank in the House of Commons . . . he converted or determined many adverse or doubtful votes." At the outset, Gladstone was thus not very sound on slavery.

In conscience, Gladstone was so sensitive that when Sir Robert Peel proposed a grant of public money for the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth in Ireland, he resigned the Presidency of the Board of Trade:

January 30, 1845: Yesterday Lord Wharncliffe told me he had a secret to tell me. This was Gladstone's resignation, which has been in agitation nearly a year, ever since Peel gave notice that he would do a great deal more for the Irish education and improve Maynooth. Nor does Gladstone really object to these measures; but he thinks that he has so deeply and pub-

licly committed himself by his books to the opposite principle that he cannot without a great appearance of inconsistency be a party to them.

February 6, 1845: On Tuesday night, for the first time for some years, I went to the House of Commons, principally to hear Gladstone's explanation. . . . [It] was ludicrous. Everybody said that he had only succeeded in showing that his resignation was quite uncalled for.

The rise of Disraeli is full of encouragement to young politicians. He had wished to become a publisher, but had appeared to lack the discretion required in that industry.

April 2, 1847: . . . Moxon told me on Wednesday that some years ago Disraeli had asked him to take him into partnership, but he refused, not thinking he was sufficiently prudent to be trusted. He added, he did not know how Dizzy would like to be reminded of that now.

Disraeli thus turned to statesmanship and applied for recognition simultaneously to both parties:

December 6, 1834: The Chancellor called on me yesterday about getting young Disraeli into Parliament (through the means of George Bentinck) for Lynn. I had told him George wanted a good man to assist in turning out William Lennox, and he suggested the above-named gentleman, whom he called a friend of Chandos. His [Disraeli's] political principles must, however, be in abeyance, for he said that Durham was doing all he could to get him by the offer of a seat, and so forth; if, therefore, he is undecided and wavering between Chandos and Durham, he must be a mighty impartial personage. I don't think such a man will do, though just such as Lyndhurst would be connected with.

Lord George Bentinck, however, though destined to be a close colleague of Disraeli in later years, "won't hear of" him now.

Disraeli, dressed as a dandy, entered Parliament:

December 8, 1837: . . . Mr. Disraeli made his first exhibition the other night, beginning with florid assurance, speedily de-

generating into ludicrous absurdity, and being at last put down with inextinguishable shouts of laughter. . . .

It is said that such a scene of disorder and such a bear garden never was beheld. The noise and confusion are so great that the proceedings can hardly be heard or understood, and it was from something growing out of this confusion and uproar that the Speaker thought it necessary to address the House last night and complain that he no longer enjoyed its confidence, and if he saw any future indication that such was the case he should resign the Chair. His declaration was taken very quietly, for nobody said a word.

August 20, 1848: On Wednesday night Disraeli made a very brilliant speech on foreign affairs in the House of Commons, and Palmerston a very able reply which was received with great applause and admiration. It was, however, only a simulated contest between them; for Dizzy, while pretending to attack Palmerston with much fire and fury, did not in reality touch him on difficult points.

In April, 1846, Greville described the Protectionist Tories as "a party of which George Bentinck and Disraeli are the leaders." And there was a curious suggestion that this "party" should combine with the Whigs against Peel:

Newmarket, Sunday, April, 1846: . . . Bessborough, however, who seems to have taken a very *low* view of the matter all along, urged John Russell to connect himself with the Protectionists rather than with Peel, for this reason: that Peel was all staff and no rank and file; men who would want offices and high ones and bring little strength; whereas the others would bring great numbers and be satisfied with very few and very subordinate offices!

The breach in the Tory ranks developed:

Newmarket, Sunday, April, 1846: . . . On Friday night there was a breeze between Peel and Disraeli which at first appeared menacing, but ended amicably enough, though amicable is hardly a word to be used between these two men. But there was very near being something more serious out of the House owing to the excitement of Jonathan Peel. Disraeli had com-

mented on Peel's cheering a certain part of Cobden's speech in his usual tone of impertinence and bitterness, and he said that Peel had by his cheer expressed his concurrence with such and such sentiments. Peel interrupted him, saying, "I utterly deny it," on which Disraeli said he had given him the lie, and sat down. Then came all that is reported, which ended as I have said, but in the meantime Jonathan Peel went over to Disraeli, sat down by him and said, "What you have just said is false." He repeated it, and then went to George Bentinck and told him what he had just said. Disraeli was so astonished that he said nothing at first, but soon went to George Bentinck, told him also, and placed the matter in his hands. This made a referee necessary on Jonathan Peel's side, and he went and fetched Rous and put him in communication with George Bentinck. As soon as Rous heard the story, he saw that his principal could not be justified, and he consented to an apology which was agreed on between him and George Bentinck, who seems to have acted with becoming moderation. The apology was not abject, but it was ample. Peel is a man of quick passions and excitable temper, but he generally has great command over himself, which he lost on this occasion.

May 21, 1846: Last week the debate in the House of Commons came to a close at last, wound up by a speech of Disraeli's, very clever, in which he hacked and mangled Peel with a most unsparing severity, and positively tortured his victim. It was a miserable and degrading spectacle. The whole mass of the Protectionists cheered him with a vociferous delight, making the roof ring again; and when Peel spoke, they screamed and hooted at him in the most brutal manner. When he vindicated himself and talked of honour and conscience, they assailed him with shouts of derision and gestures of contempt. Such treatment in a House of Commons, where for years he had been an object of deference and respect, nearly overcame him. The Speaker told me that for a minute and more he was obliged to stop, and for the first time in his life, probably, he lost his self-possession; and the Speaker thought he would have been obliged to sit down, and expected him to burst into tears. They hunt him like a fox, and they are eager to run him down and kill him in the open, and they are full of exultation at thinking they have nearly accomplished this object.

"Dizzy" and Bentinck (June 20, 1846) were thus a "choice pair" and for "Dizzy," therefore, to deliver "a better Philippic against Peel" was thus "a labour of love" (June 19, 1846).

February 25, 1853: . . . Tomline told me that his system of attacking the late Sir Robert Peel was settled after this manner. When the great schism took place, three of the seceders went to Disraeli (Miles, Tyrrel, and a third whom I have forgotten), and proposed to him to attack and vilify Peel regularly, but with discretion; not to fatigue and disgust the House, to make a speech against him about once a fortnight or so, and promised if he would that a constant and regular attendance of a certain number of men should be there to cheer and support him, remarking that nobody was ever efficient in the House of Commons without this support certain. He desired twenty minutes, to consider of this offer, and finally accepted it. We have seen the result, a curious beginning of an important political career. Now they dread and hate him, for they know in his heart he has no sympathy with them, and that he has no truth or sincerity in his conduct or speeches, and would throw them over if he thought it his interest.

According to Reeve, Disraeli later "altogether denied the truth of the story."

March 1, 1846: . . . Their great hero, Disraeli, spoke on Friday for two hours and a half, cleverly and pointedly; it was meant to be an argumentative speech, and to exhibit his powers in the grave line. Accordingly there was very little of his accustomed bitterness and impertinent sarcasms on Peel, but a great deal of statistical detail and reasoning upon it. The Protectionists thought it very fine, but in reality it was poor and worthless.

January 23, 1846: . . . Then came an hour of gibes and bitterness, all against Peel personally, from Disraeli, with some good hits, but much of it tiresome; vehemently cheered by the Tories, but not once by the Whigs, who last year used to cheer similar exhibitions lustily. I never heard him before; his fluency is wonderful, his cleverness great, and his mode of speaking certainly effective, though there is something monotonous in it.

February 25, 1846: The debate [on the Corn Laws] drags on,

this being the third week of it. The Protectionists are very proud of the fight they have made, which in point of fact has been plausible and imposing enough.

June 20, 1846: Though ill with the gout, I made shift to hobble down to the House of Commons to hear Peel's defence last night. It was very triumphant, crushing George Bentinck and Disraeli, and was received with something like enthusiasm by the House. George Bentinck rose, in the midst of a storm of cheers at the end of Peel's speech, which lasted some minutes, in a fury which his well-known expression revealed to me, and, with the dogged obstinacy which supereminently distinguishes him, and a no less characteristic want of tact and judgment, against all the feelings and sympathies of the House, endeavoured to renew and insist upon his charges. Nothing could be more injurious to himself and his party. I never heard him speak before, and was induced to stay for five minutes out of curiosity. I was surprised at his self-possession and fluency, and his noise and gesticulation were even greater than I was prepared for. John Russell spoke handsomely of Peel, and so did Morpeth, which was very wise of them and will be very useful. Nothing could be more miserable than the figure which the choice pair, George Bentinck and Disraeli, cut; and they got pretty well lectured from different sides of the House, but not half so well as they ought and might have been. However, this affair has been of great service to Peel, and sheds something of lustre over his last days. The abortive attempt to ruin his character, which has so signally failed and recoiled on the heads of his accusers, has gathered round him feelings of sympathy which will find a loud and general echo in the country.

Disraeli (February 25, 1851), who "disgusted everybody by what he said and his manner of saying it"—

London, February 25, 1851: . . . has nothing but the cleverness of an adventurer. Nobody has any confidence in him, or supposes he has any principles whatever; and it remains to be seen whether he has tact and judgment enough to lead the House of Commons.

February 10, 1850: . . . The Government was only saved from a defeat on Wednesday morning by the bad tactics of Dis-

raeli, who moved so strong a resolution that few would support it.

Bath, July 7, 1852: . . . Disraeli has been a perfect will-o'-the-wisp, flitting about from one opinion to another, till his real opinions and intentions are become matter of mere guess and speculation. He has given undoubted proofs of his great ability, and showed how neatly he could handle such a subject as finance, with which he never can have been at all familiar; but having been well taught by his subalterns, and applying a mind naturally clear, ready, and acute to the subject, he contrived to make himself fully master of it, and to produce to the House of Commons a financial statement the excellence of which was universally admitted and gained him great applause.

CHAPTER LXXXII

THE DÉBUT OF THE INSCRUTABLE

The world in which Greville lived and moved (and had his being) was apt to be anti-Semitic:

August 21, 1836: . . . The King [William IV] at his last levee received Dr. Allen to do homage for the see of Ely, when he said to him, "My Lord, I do not mean to interfere in any way with your vote in Parliament except on one subject, *the Jews*, and I trust I may depend on your always voting against them."

Even the Rothschilds were sometimes under suspicion:

January 17, 1830: . . . Charles Mills told me the other day that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been making enquiries as to the fact of Rothschild having sold his India stock at the time he did.

To recognize the citizenship of the Jews was a victory over prejudice:

June 7, 1858: . . . The most interesting event last week was the virtual settlement of the eternal Jew Question, which the House of Lords sulkily acquiesced in. It was very desirable for many reasons to put an end to it.

"Disraeli," so wrote Greville on February 25, 1853, "voted for the Jews but did not speak, which was very base of him."

It was against an age-long antipathy, then, that Benjamin Disraeli had to make his way. The Duke of Bedford (November 15, 1854) "spoke very disparagingly of Disraeli and said his want of character was fatal to him and weighed down all his cleverness." The idea that the Queen was taken with him at first is wholly a myth. On the contrary (June 24, 1848), she had "a horror of Disraeli which John [Russell] has been trying to get over":

March 4, 1850: Her [the Queen's] favourite aversions are first and foremost Palmerston, whom she seems to hate more than ever, and Disraeli next.

It was by tact and courage that Disraeli overcame these obstacles to a career. Greville (November 12, 1855) found him "wonderfully kind and serviceable" and "got into a sort of intimacy such as I never thought could have taken place between us."

January 23, 1858: On arriving in town yesterday, I received a visit from Disraeli, who said he had come to consult me *in confidence*, and to ask my opinion, by which his own course would be very much influenced.

It was an era when, of necessity, politics drew man into a gamble. In the House of Lords, there were two possible Prime Ministers. One was Derby, a Reformer turned Tory, and the other Aberdeen, a Tory turned Free Trader. And in the House of Commons, there were Disraeli, a Radical turned Tory, and Gladstone, a Tory turning Radical. Men were moving hither and thither and meeting, only to part company again.

Disraeli put his money on Derby and the Protectionists:

February 6, 1847: . . . Stanley [Derby] must now be ready to tear his hair at having quitted the House of Commons, for with all his great power of speaking (never greater than now) he is lost in the House of Lords where it is all beating the air. Then in the House of Commons he must trust to George Bentinck and Disraeli: the former with an intemperance and indiscretion ever pregnant with dangerous dilemmas; and the other with a capacity so great that he cannot be cast aside, and a character so disreputable that he cannot be trusted.

February 10, 1848: . . . The Protectionists met yesterday and elected Granby, all the world laughing at their choice. It appears that the reports of George Bentinck's easy and good-humoured retirement are not true. There was an angry correspondence, much heat, and considerable doubt about the successor; some being for Stafford, the majority for Granby, in the proportions of 60 to 40.

February 7, 1849: . . . There had been a great deal of squabbling among the Protectionists about their leadership, some wanting Herries, some Granby, and some Disraeli, and when Parliament met there was nothing settled. Stanley had written a flummery letter to Disraeli, full of compliments, but suggesting to him to let Herries have the lead. Disraeli, brimful of indignation against Stanley and contempt for Herries, returned a cold but civil answer, saying he did not want to be leader, and that he should gladly devote himself more to literature and less to politics than he had been able to do for some time past. Meanwhile Herries declined the post, and Granby with Lord Henry Bentinck insisted on Disraeli's appointment, both as the fittest man, and as a homage to George Bentinck's memory. I saw a note from Disraeli a day or two ago, saying he had received the adhesions of two thirds of this party.

February 20, 1853: . . . It does not look as if the connection between Disraeli and the party could go on long. Their dread and distrust of him and his contempt of them render it difficult if not impossible. Pakington is already talked of as their leader, and some think Disraeli wants to shake them off and trade on his own bottom, trusting to his great abilities to make his way to political power with somebody and on some principles, about neither of which he would be very nice. Tom Baring said to me last night, "Can't you make room for him in this Coalition Government?" I said, "Why, will you give him to us?" "Oh, yes," he said, "you shall have him with pleasure."

It was with infinite patience that Disraeli won his way:

February 27, 1851: Disraeli has behaved very well and told Stanley [Lord Derby] to do what he pleased with him; he would take any office, and, if he was likely to be displeasing to the Queen, one that would bring him into little personal communication with her.

January 26, 1856: . . . He said he had never stood so well with the *best* men of his party as he did now, that he is to have forty-five men, the cream of the Conservatives, to dine with him on Wednesday next. He then talked of Derby and the blunders he had made. . . . It was evident that there is little political cordiality between Derby and Disraeli, and a considerable split in the party.

It was, then, for Protection that Disraeli stood. Nor did it seem to be a losing battle. The fiscal system was still in the melting pot. And it was (February 2, 1850) "impossible not to feel that the Free Trade 'experiment,' as it is called, is a fearful and doubtful one."

Thursday, May 11, 1849 (Bruton Street): . . . The Protectionists are gone mad with the notion of reaction in the country against Free Trade. Many people, however, say that distress really has produced a very considerable change of opinion, and it is allowed on all hands that, in the event of a dissolution, the Irish, frantic with distress, would support any Protectionist government to a man.

March 8, 1850: . . . Arbuthnot told me the other day that the Protectionists are doing all they can to disgust the Yeomanry with the service, and to induce them to resign, not without success. This is their patriotism.

For years, the question was whether Disraeli and Gladstone would not join hands.

Disraeli as a Protectionist urged that relief be given to the farmers who had been hit by Free Trade, and Gladstone (February 23, 1850) supported him, so "exciting considerable sensation."

April 23, 1850: . . . Wood is uneasy about the continued low price of corn, and owned to me that it has continued much longer and had fallen lower than he had ever contemplated or at all liked. All the accounts represent that the farmers are behaving well, paying their rents, and employing the people; but there is a strong feeling of dissatisfaction and disaffection amongst them.

Peel was "much disgusted with Gladstone" who had "given indubitable signs of forsaking him and advancing toward the Protectionists":

February 28, 1850: . . . But Gladstone, though he has twice voted with the Opposition, loudly declares that he has not changed an iota of his Free Trade opinions, and has no thoughts of joining the other party, though they think they can have him whenever they vouchsafe to take him. . . . Ever since their

large minority, the Protectionists have been in a very rampant and excited state, overflowing with pugnacity and confidence.

London, March 26, 1852: . . . I asked him [Graham] if he thought Disraeli would consent to resign the lead to anybody. He thought not, certainly not to Gladstone; possibly he might to Palmerston. There are great complaints of Disraeli in the House of Commons. They say he does not play his part as leader with tact and propriety, and treats his opponents impudently and uncourteously, which is egregiously foolish, and will end by exposing him to some great mortification; the House of Commons will not stand such behaviour from such a man.

September 23, 1855: . . . Clarendon . . . told me that he had been informed that an alliance had been formed between Gladstone and Disraeli, and that the former was to be admitted into the Derbyite [Tory] ranks. Clarendon believed this, which I shall not do till it is publicly announced as a *fait accompli*. We live in days of extraordinary events, and nothing ought to surprise us, but such an alliance as this does appear to me impossible. Time will show.

Greville still believed that (April 3, 1856) Disraeli was "endeavouring to approach Gladstone" and that "a confederacy between those two and young Stanley [was] by no means an improbability." Indeed (December 12, 1856) there was a report "lately current that Gladstone will become leader of the Opposition *vice* Disraeli, a report I thought quite wild and improbable." Did not the Government depend on "Palmerston's personal popularity"? And it would not require much to pull that down!

Derby thus "announced to his assembled party that he is ready to join with Gladstone" but as "everybody detests Gladstone" (February 27, 1857)—everybody, that is, of a Tory opinion—there would be "a split" over the returning prodigal which Gladstone would then have been. Gladstone was ready enough to deliver "a magnificent speech" against Palmerston's first government, to which speech Palmerston's reply was "very bow-wow." But he never returned to the Tory fold.

In backing Derby, Disraeli was shrewd. It was Derby, not Aberdeen, who went first to Downing Street:

April 1, 1849: . . . It is understood that Lord Stanley means

to beat them [the Whigs] if he can, and is prepared to take the Government if it is offered to him. The Queen asked Graham the other night if it was true that Stanley really did mean it, and he told her he believed it certainly was true. She then asked him what would be the consequence. He said a struggle between the aristocracy and the democracy of the country, very perilous to the former. She said she entirely agreed in this opinion.

Bath, July 7, 1852: . . . The other members of the Cabinet have appeared as mere dummies, and in the House of Lords Derby has never allowed any of them to speak, taking on himself to answer for every department.

April 1, 1849: . . . The Queen will be reduced to the deplorable necessity, and even degradation, of taking such a pack as he would offer her, and of dissolving Parliament at their bidding. That she would struggle to avert such a calamity, and appeal to all the statesmen of both parties to save her, I do not doubt.

April 2, 1849: . . . The Duke of Wellington . . . promised to do all in his power to support the Government, and he advised Prince Albert, who called on him a day or two ago, to keep quiet and say as little as possible on the subject to anybody.

"A more disgraceful and more degraded government than this cannot be imagined," wrote Greville, and there was reason in the panegyric. The Government immediately forswore the very policy of Protection in which it had taken office:

London, May 12, 1852: . . . Disraeli's Free Trade speech on the Budget evidently gave deep offence to his party, for he felt himself obliged to make a sort of recantation a night or two afterward; and Derby [as Prime Minister] took the very unusual course of making a political speech at the Mansion House dinner, and in it, with much show of compliment to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, did his best to neutralize the Budget speech of the latter by a long and laboured exposition of the doctrine of compromise. . . . This speech, which was not particularly good, has been universally considered as a snub to Disraeli.

London, July 23, 1852: . . . Disraeli announced that he had no thoughts, and never had any, of attempting to restore Protection in the shape of import duties; but he made magnificent

promises of the great things the Government mean to do for the farmers and owners of land.

Lord Derby had to toe the line:

November 12, 1852: The question of Protection or Free Trade, virtually settled long ago, was formally settled last night, Derby having announced in terms the most clear and unequivocal his final and complete abandonment of Protection, and his determination to adhere to, and honestly to administer, the present system. His speech was received in silence on both sides. There has not yet been time to ascertain the effect of this announcement on the various parties and individuals interested by it.

The Tories themselves knew that the game was up. At their meeting "they all cheered and nobody said a word; in fact, they were all consenting to his abandonment of Protection, many not at all liking it but non-recalcitrant." "Dizzy" demanded that Free Trade be described, not as "wise and just" but only as "wise."

So it was that the Tories were reduced to "the necessity . . . of swallowing the nauseous Free Trade pill."

December 6, 1852: . . . The world has been in a state of intense curiosity to hear the Budget, so long announced and of which such magnificent things were predicted. The secret was so well kept that nobody knew anything about it, and not one of the hundred guesses and conjectures turned out to be correct. At length, on Friday night, Disraeli produced his measure in a house crowded to suffocation with members and strangers. He spoke for five and a half hours, much too diffusely, spinning out what he might have said in half the time. The Budget has been on the whole tolerably well received, and may, I think, be considered successful, though it is open to criticism, and parts of it will be fiercely attacked, and he will very likely be obliged to change some parts of it.

Disraeli's speech—

London, May 2, 1852: . . . was a great performance, very able, and was received with great applause in the House. But the extraordinary part of it was the frank, full, and glowing pane-

gyric he passed on the effect of the Free Trade measures of Sir Robert Peel, proving by elaborate statistics the marvellous benefits which had been derived from his tariffs and reduction of duties—not, however, alluding to Corn. All this was of course received with delight and vehemently cheered by the Whigs and Peelites, but in silence and discontent by his own side. It was neither more nor less than a magnificent funeral oration upon Peel's policy, and as such it was hailed, without any taunting, or triumphing, or reproaches.

December 6, 1852: . . . [The Budget] is certainly of a Free Trade character altogether, which does not make it the more palatable to them. He [Disraeli] threw over the West Indians, and (Pakington, their advocate, sitting beside him) declared they had no claim to any relief beyond that which he tendered them, viz., the power of refining sugar in bond—a drop of water to one dying of thirst. I think it will go down, and make the Government safe.

The Tories, though "dissatisfied and disappointed," seemed to be, "nevertheless, determined to swallow everything."

December 9, 1852: . . . Derby and Disraeli were both remarkably well received at the Lord Mayor's dinner the night before last, and this is an additional proof that, in spite of all their disreputable conduct, they are not unpopular, and I believe, if the country were polled, they would as soon have these people for Ministers as any others.

The Budget, "not ill-received at first . . . excited strong opposition." There was a great duel over it in the House of Commons—"two very fine speeches from Disraeli and Gladstone, very different in their style but not unequal in their merits." The Government (December 18, 1852) "were confident of winning." But they were defeated by nineteen votes.

Disraeli told Delane of the *Times* the inside story, and Delane told Greville:

London, January 24, 1853: . . . He acknowledged that he had been bitterly mortified. When Delane asked him, "now it was all over," what made him produce such a budget, he said, if he had not been thwarted and disappointed he should have carried it by the aid of the Irish Brigade whom he had *engaged* for that

purpose. Just before the debate, one of them came to him and said, if he would agree to refer Sharman Crawford's Tenant Right Bill to the Select Committee with the Government Bill, they would all vote with him. He thought this too good a bargain to miss, and he closed with his friend on those terms, told Walpole what he had arranged, desired him to carry out the bargain, and the thing was done.

At this arrangement with the Irish, there was, however, "a prodigious flare up," and "the whole Brigade voted in a body against the Government."

Disraeli actually suggested that there might have been a reconstruction of the Derby Cabinet:

January 24, 1853: . . . He said they should have remodelled their government, Palmerston and Gladstone would have joined them (*Gladstone* after the debate and their duel!); during the intervening two or three months the Budget would have been discussed in the country, what was liked retained, what was unpopular altered, and in the end they should have produced a very good budget which the country would have taken gladly. He never seems to have given a thought to any consideration of political morality, honesty, or truth, in all that he said.

Greville jumped to the conclusion that "real, if not avowed, distrust and dislike" would keep Disraeli and Derby apart; that Derby would chafe under "the necessity of trusting entirely to such a colleague as Disraeli in the House of Commons without one other man of a grain of capacity besides."

Thus (February 25, 1853) Disraeli "dislikes and despises Derby, thinks him a great Saxon speaker and nothing more."

Driven into opposition (May 22, 1853) Lord Derby "had now the mortification of seeing his son [young Stanley] devoted to him [Disraeli]."

July 9, 1853: The [Aberdeen] Government have been going on well enough on the whole. Their immense majority on the India Bill was matter of general surprise and showed the wretched tactics of Disraeli and his pupil, young Stanley, as well as the small influence of the former over that party.

Disraeli's position (December 4, 1852) was precarious. He "made a very important speech which disgusted many of his own adherents and exposed him to vigorous attacks and a tremendous castigation on the part of his opponents":

February 19, 1853: . . . His speech was very long, in most parts very tiresome, but with a good deal of ability, and a liberal infusion of that sarcastic vituperation which is his great forte, and which always amuses the House of Commons more or less. It was, however, a speech of devilish malignity, quite reckless and shamelessly profligate; for the whole scope of it was, if possible, to envenom any bad feeling that may possibly exist between France and England. . . . The French Government is too really desirous of peace and harmony to pay any attention to the rant of a disappointed adventurer, whose motives and object are quite transparent.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

SIR GALAHAD

When Lord Derby resigned, there was a doubt as to his successor. Lord John Russell was set aside and, on grounds of health, Lord Lansdowne refused the office.

It is of Lord Lansdowne that Greville uses what is perhaps the most delicious phrase in all his pages:

London, January 19, 1849: . . . Stanley and Aberdeen will do their best or their worst in the House of Lords, but all their blows will fall on the soft, non-resisting cushion of Lansdowne's evasive urbanity.

Lord Aberdeen, therefore, headed a coalition. And of Aberdeen Greville etches a slight portrait:

July 27, 1831: Yesterday Aberdeen asked Lord Grey some questions in a very few words, accompanied as usual with a sneer, which is very unbecoming, and of course gave Lord Grey the advantage of repelling it with scorn.

He was Sir Robert Peel's Foreign Secretary:

November 24, 1841: . . . They tell me that Aberdeen is doing very well, working very hard, taking up every question, writing well on them all, and displaying much greater firmness than he did before.

According to Henry Reeve it was "the deep distrust and dislike" of Sir Robert Peel and "the hostility" of Aberdeen that kept Palmerston out of the Tory party:

March 25, 1849: Lord Aberdeen made a strong attack on Palmerston on Thursday night about the affairs of Piedmont, denouncing his partiality for Sardinia and against Austria, and particularly his suppression of an important despatch in the papers he had laid before Parliament at the beginning of the last session. . . . But Lord John was amazed at what had occurred, and said that he never saw the Blue Books before

they are presented, and therefore had not known what was put before Parliament and what was not. It was a very damaging discussion to Palmerston, as far as *character* is concerned.

The difficulty was (June 3, 1849) that Peel, "though abhorring the foreign policy" of Palmerston, was "in dread of doing anything to damage the [Free Trade] Government."

The first question was whether Palmerston would join Aberdeen or insist on "going into furious opposition":

December 23, 1852: It appears that on Tuesday [21st] Aberdeen went to Palmerston, who received him very civilly, even cordially, talked of old times, and reminded him that they had been acquainted for sixty years (since they were at Harrow together), and had lived together in the course of their political lives more than most men.

They parted, ostensibly on "very friendly terms." It was Lord Lansdowne who later "hooked Palmerston."

June 22, 1863: . . . [Clarendon] says the difficulty is made greater by Aberdeen's unfortunate manner, who cannot avoid some of that sneering tone in discussion which so seriously affects his popularity in the House of Lords. He is therefore obliged to take a great deal upon himself, in order to prevent any collision between Palmerston and Aberdeen.

So "the new Ministers took their places on the Treasury bench and the Derby and Co., moved over to the other side." Only the Radicals were "sulky and suspicious."

London, January 24, 1853: . . . The Duke told me that the Queen is delighted to have got rid of Derby and his crew. She felt, as everybody else does, that their government was disgraced by its falsehood, shuffling, and prevarication. . . . She said that Harcourt's pamphlet (which was all true) was sufficient to show what they were. As she is very honourable and true herself, it was natural she should disapprove their conduct.

September 2, 1853: . . . She has heard (I know not how, but she hears everything) of his shabby practices on the turf, and she said that his political conduct was of a piece with his racing. It appears that when Derby went to take leave of her, he told her the government which was to succeed his, would never go

on, which was not very becoming, and he was quite ready to do all he could to bring about the accomplishment of his own prediction by thwarting their measures, if he had been able to do so.

London, December 28, 1852: . . . We are just going down to Windsor, the old Government to give up seals, wands, etc., the new to be sworn in. They go by different railways, that they may not meet.

March 1, 1853: . . . Aberdeen seems to have no notion of being anything but a *real* Prime Minister. He means to exercise a large influence in the management of foreign affairs, which he considers to be the peculiar, if not exclusive, province of himself and Clarendon. Palmerston does not interfere with them at all.

Hatchford, Friday, December 24, 1852: . . . The Cabinet . . . will be wonderfully strong in point of ability, and in this respect exhibit a marked contrast with the last; but its very excellence in this respect may prove a source of weakness, and eventually of disunion. The late Cabinet had two paramount chiefs, and all the rest nonentities, and the nominal head was also a real and predominant head. In the present Cabinet are five or six first-rate men of equal or nearly equal pretensions, none of them likely to acknowledge the superiority or defer to the opinions of any other, and every one of these five or six considering himself abler and more important than their Premier. They are all at present on very good terms and perfectly satisfied with each other; but this satisfaction does not extend beyond the Cabinet itself.

February 11, 1853: . . . He is unfortunately a very bad speaker at all times, and, what is worse in a Prime Minister, has no readiness whatever. Lord Lansdowne would have made a very pretty and dexterous flourish, and answered the question.

During Derby's Administration, Gladstone had been "leader of the Opposition" in the House of Commons. He was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in succession to Disraeli.

February 25, 1853: . . . The man in the House of Commons whom he [Disraeli] most fears as an opponent is Gladstone. He has the highest opinion of his ability, and he respects Graham as a statesman.

Bath, February 15, 1860: . . . They say that he betrays in the House of Commons a sort of consciousness of his inferiority to Gladstone, and of fear of encountering him in debate.

The anger of the Tories against Gladstone was unrestrained:

December 23, 1852: . . . The other day twenty ruffians of the Carlton Club gave a dinner there to Beresford, to celebrate what they consider his acquittal! After dinner, when they got drunk, they went upstairs, and finding Gladstone alone in the drawing room, some of them proposed to throw him out of the window. This they did not quite dare to do, but contented themselves with giving some insulting message or order to the waiter, and then went away.

Oxford, though sober, showed less hesitation:

January 5, 1853: The elections are all going on well, except Gladstone's, who appears in great jeopardy. Nothing could exceed the disgraceful conduct of his opponents, lying, tricking, and shuffling, as might be expected from such a party. The best thing that could happen for Gladstone would be to be beaten, if it were not for the triumph it would be to the blackguards who have got up the contest; for the representation of Oxford is always an embarrassment to a statesman, and Peel's losing his election there in 1829 was the most fortunate event possible for him.

Gladstone's advance toward Liberalism had been slow. Even as late as February 3, 1847, when a Tory government was possible, we read, "Gladstone they expect to get."

The Government began (April 21, 1853) by "sustaining defeats in the House of Commons on detached questions of taxation":

London, April 21, 1853: . . . They were caused by the meddling and absurd crotchets of some of their friends, and the malignity and unprincipled conduct of their enemies: the first bringing forward motions for reduction of certain items, merely to gratify clients or constituents, and the Tories joining with the Radicals in voting for things which they opposed when they were themselves in office, reckless of consistency or of consequences.

But "these little battles were . . . of little moment compared with the great event of Gladstone's Budget":

London, April 21, 1853: . . . He had kept his secret so well that nobody had the least idea what it was to be, only it oozed out that the Income Tax was not to be differentiated. He spoke for five hours, and by universal consent it was one of the grandest displays and most able financial statement that ever was heard in the House of Commons; a great scheme, boldly, skilfully, and honestly devised, disdaining popular clamour and pressure from without, and the execution of it absolute perfection. Even those who do not admire the Bugdet, or who are injured by it, admit the merit of the performance. It has raised Gladstone to a great political elevation, and, what is of far greater consequence than the measure itself, has given the country assurance of a *man* equal to great political necessities, and fit to lead parties and direct governments.

April 22, 1853: I met Gladstone last night, and had the pleasure of congratulating him and his wife, which I did with great sincerity, for his success is a public benefit. They have been overwhelmed with compliments and congratulations. Prince Albert and the Queen both wrote to him, and John Russell, who is spitefully reported to have been jealous, has, on the contrary, shown the warmest interest and satisfaction in his success. The only one of his colleagues who may have been mortified is Charles Wood, who must have compared Gladstone's triumph with his own failures.

Sir Charles Wood, soon to be Viscount Halifax, was not an orator:

St. Leonards, June 7, 1853: . . . The India Bill has been tolerably received on the whole, but Charles Wood's speech of five hours was the dullest that ever was heard. The Speaker told Charles Villiers that it was the very worst speech he had ever heard since he had sat in the Chair.

It was Disraeli who appreciated the force of the blow:

April 22, 1853: . . . Why, he asked, did not the Peelites join us again, as they might have done, and got as good terms as they have now, and then there would have been a strong government again? As I don't want to quarrel with anybody, I restrained

what it was on my lips to say—"You could not possibly expect them to join you." . . . To be sure, the Protectionist seceders from Peel have now drunk the cup of mortification, disgrace, and disaster to the very dregs.

"From first to last," adds Greville, "their [the Protectionists'] conduct has been suicidal."

May 22, 1853: I met in a train a day or two ago Graham and the Speaker. . . .Graham seemed in excellent spirits about their political state and prospects, all owing to Gladstone and the complete success of his Budget. The long and numerous Cabinets, which were attributed by the *Times* to disunion, were occupied in minute consideration of the Budget, which was there fully discussed, and Gladstone spoke in the Cabinet one day for three hours, rehearsing his speech in the House of Commons, though not quite at such length. . . . Palmerston he thinks much changed and more feeble, his energy much less, and his best days gone by.

May 15, 1853: At Newmarket last week, during which the Budget is making its way very successfully through the House of Commons, where Gladstone has it all his own way. The Speaker told me he was doing his business there admirably well.

On Gladstone's financial policy, there fell at once the strain of the Crimean War. Greville, who was no economist, feared (March 29, 1854) lest he "had forfeited by the failure of his financial schemes a good deal of the credit he had obtained."

April 2, 1854: . . . Notwithstanding his extraordinary capacity, most people who are conversant with the subject of finance think he has greatly mismanaged his affairs, and suffered his notions or crotchets to get the better of his prudence, and consequently that he has prepared for himself as Chancellor of the Exchequer very great difficulties. His Budget last year was so popular, and his wonderful readiness and skill in dealing with everything relating to finance excited so much admiration, that his reputation was prodigious, and he was not only the strength of the Government, but was marked out as the future Prime Minister whenever changes took place. All this *prestige* is very much diminished; and although his failures are in great measure attributable to accidents over which he had no con-

trol, many who are not unfriendly to him think he has been rash, obstinate, and injudicious and no longer feel the same confidence in him which they did a short time ago.

May 7, 1854: The failure of Gladstone's Exchequer Bill scheme has been very injurious to the Government, and particularly to him. The prodigious applause and admiration with which he was greeted last year have given way to distrust and apprehension of him as a finance minister. . . . All practical men in the City severely blame him for having exposed himself to the risk. . . . The diminution of public confidence in Gladstone is a public misfortune. . . .

I hear nothing but complaints of his rashness and passion for experiments; and on all sides, from men, for example, like Tom Baring and Robarts, one a Tory, the other a Whig, that the City and the moneyed men have lost all confidence in him. To-morrow night he is to make his financial statement, and intense curiosity prevails to see how he will provide the ways and means for carrying on the war. Everybody expects that he will make an able speech; but brilliant speeches do not produce very great effect, and more anxiety is felt for the measures he will propose than for the dexterity and ingenuity he may display in proposing them. Parliament is ready to vote without grumbling any money that is asked for, and as yet public opinion has not begun to waver and complain; but we are only yet at the very beginning of this horrible mess, and people are still looking with eager interest to the successes they anticipate, and have not yet begun to feel the cost.

But Gladstone had a way of recovering lost prestige:

May 10, 1854: Gladstone made a great speech on Monday night. He spoke for nearly four hours, occupying the first half of the time in an elaborate and not unsuccessful defence of his former measures. His speech, which was certainly very able, was well received, and the Budget pronounced an honourable and creditable one. If he had chosen to sacrifice his conscientious convictions to popularity, he might have gained a great amount of the latter by proposing a loan, and no more taxes than would be necessary for the interest of it. I do not yet know whether his defence of his abortive schemes has satisfied

the monetary critics. It was certainly very plausible, and will probably be sufficient for the uninformed and the half-informed, who cannot detect any fallacies which may lurk within it. He attacked some of his opponents with great severity, particularly Disraeli and Monteagle, but I doubt if this was prudent. He flung about his sarcasms upon smaller fry, and this certainly was not discreet. I think his speech has been of service to his financial character, and done a good deal toward the restoration of his credit.

May 12, 1854: . . . Edward Mills tells me Gladstone's recent speech has immensely raised him, and that he stands very high in the City, his defence of his measures very able, and produced a great effect; he said he lately met Walpole, who told him he had the highest admiration of Gladstone, and thought he had more power than ever Peel had even at his highest tide.

Gladstone continued to be "the great card of the pack."

It was at the moment of his triumph that Gladstone was assailed by a suspicion of scandal. A man in the street endeavoured to extort blackmail. Gladstone immediately handed him over to the police and faced the Court as a prosecutor:

May 15, 1853: . . . While I was at Newmarket came out the strange story of Gladstone and the attempt to extort money from him before the police magistrate. It created for the moment great surprise, curiosity, and interest, but has almost entirely passed away already, not having been taken up politically, and there being a general disposition to believe his story and to give him credit for having had no improper motive or purpose. Nevertheless, it is a very strange affair, and has not yet been satisfactorily explained. It is creditable in these days of political rancour and bitterness that no malignant attempt has been made to vilify him by his opponents or by the hostile part of the press. On the contary, the editor of the *Morning Herald* wrote him a very handsome letter in his own name and in that of the proprietor, assuring him of their confidence in his purity and innocence, and that nothing would induce them to put anything offensive to him in the paper, and they had purposely inserted the police report in an obscure part of the paper. It is very fortunate for Gladstone that he was not

intimidated and tempted to give the man money, but had the courage to face the world's suspicions and meet the charge in so public a manner.

Seventy years later, the incident became a subject of controversy. It is to be noted, therefore, that Greville, the most ruthless reporter of human delinquencies, believed absolutely in Gladstone's integrity and nowhere, in any passage, published hitherto or suppressed, suggests anything but a profound respect for his character. With Derby, a second time Prime Minister, so we read, "Gladstone hardly ever goes near the House of Commons and never opens his lips."

When, however, he "reappeared," it was plain that "his oratorical powers have not rusted"—witness his speeches against the Divorce Bill:

April 3, 1856: . . . His religious opinions, in which he is zealous and sincere, enter so largely into his political conduct as to form a very serious obstacle to his success, for they are abhorrent to the majority of this Protestant country, and (I was rather surprised to hear him say) Graham thinks approach very nearly to Rome.

May 30, 1855: . . . Gladstone made a fine speech, gave great offense to all who are not for peace, and exposed himself to much unpopularity.

When the electors summoned Palmerston back to power, Gladstone became his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Just as his Budget was due, he had "an unlucky illness," and he was ordered "two months' rest." Instead, he took two days, after which he brought in his financial statement.

Bath, February 15, 1860: . . . He came forth, and *consenu omnium* achieved one of the greatest triumphs that the House of Commons ever witnessed. Everybody I have heard from admits that it was a magnificent display, not to be surpassed in ability of execution, and that he carried the House of Commons completely with him. I can well believe it, for when I read the report of it the next day (a report I take to have given the speech verbatim) it carried me along with it likewise. For the moment opposition and criticism were silenced, and nothing was heard but the sound of praise and admiration. In a day or

two, however, men began to disengage their minds from the bewitching influence of this great oratorical power, to examine calmly the different parts of the wonderful piece of machinery which Gladstone had constructed, and to detect and expose the weak points and objectionable provisions which it contained. I say *it*, for, as the Speaker writes to me, it must be taken as a whole or rejected as a whole, and he adds the first will be its fate.

Clarendon wrote Greville:

Bath, February 15, 1860: . . . "He [Gladstone] has a fervent imagination, which furnishes facts and arguments in support of them; he is an audacious innovator, because he has an insatiable desire for popularity, and in his notions of government he is a far more sincere Republican than Bright, for his ungratified personal vanity makes him wish to subvert the institutions and the classes that stand in the way of his ambition. The two are converging from different points to the same end, and if Gladstone remains in office long enough and is not more opposed by his colleagues than he has been hitherto, we shall see him propose a graduated Income Tax."

February 26, 1860: On Friday night Gladstone had another great triumph. He made a splendid speech, and obtained a majority of 116, which puts an end to the contest. He is now *the* great man of the day, but these recent proceedings have strikingly displayed the disorganized condition of the Conservative party and their undisguised dislike of their leader.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

ANOTHER WHIFF

THE Bourbons, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, were now utterly dispossessed. The Legitimists had been tried; the Orleanists had been given a chance; both branches of the family had been found wanting.

Still, these faded princes and princesses, with their curtseys and their petty intrigues, continued to reign over kingdoms of shadow, the past with its memories, the future with its illusions. They looked upon a restoration as the devout pray for a Second Advent.

"There was no intention of waging war with the Republic," but only "the hope that the evils of the country will eventually drive the masses to seek a remedy for them in the restoration of the Monarchy."

August 20, 1848: . . . The Republic is universally despised, detested, and ridiculed, but no other form of Government and no Pretender is in much favour or demanded by public feeling or inclination. They hate the Republic because they are conscious that the Revolution which turned France into one has inflicted enormous evils upon them. The best chance at the present moment seems to me to be that of the Duc de Bordeaux, Henry V, not because anybody cares about *him*, for he is almost unknown in France, and what is known of him does not make him an object of interest to Frenchmen, nor (what is by no means unimportant) to Frenchwomen; but he represents a principle, and there still lingers in many parts of France, and reigns in some, a sentiment of attachment and loyaly to the elder branch and the legitimate cause. . . . I was told last night by Bulwer, who is just come from Paris, a fact which, if it be true, is of great importance, namely, that there has sprung up in France a great respect for station and position.

Guizot was Royalist. His opinion of the Republic was that "this fine fabric which has risen like an exhalation will not last long." He was still loyal to the Orleanists:

London, March 5, 1848: . . . "You English bet about everything; if I was compelled to bet, I should for choice take the Duchesse d'Orléans and her sons as the most probable eventuality where everything is so uncertain."

Yet was this really backing a winner?

May 19, 1833: . . . The Duke of Orleans is here, and very well received by the Court and the world. He is good-looking, dull, has good manners and little conversation, goes everywhere, and dances all night. At the ball at Court the Queen waltzed with the two Dukes of Orleans and Brunswick.

It was idle, however, to pretend that the Royalists were united behind the House of Orleans. Louis Philippe was regarded as the acquiescent creature of two revolutions, and in Vienna he was treated as a pickpocket.

January 5, 1835: . . . Madame de Metternich is a fine, handsome woman, ill brought up, impertinent, *insouciante*, and *assez bourrue—au reste*, quick and amusing. She went to a ball at St. Aulaire's with a fine coronet of diamonds on, and when he came to receive her, he said, "*Mon Dieu, madame, quelle belle couronne vous avez sur la tête!*" "*Au moins,*" said she, "*ce n'est pas une couronne que j'ai volée.*" Instead of turning it into a joke, he made a serious affair of it, and went the next day to Metternich with a formal complaint; but Metternich said, "*Mais, mon cher, que voulez-vous? Vous voyez que j'ai épousé une femme sans éducation; je ne puis pas l'empêcher de dire de pareilles sottises, mais vous sentez bien que ce serait fort inconvénant pour moi de m'en mêler. Allons! il n'y faut plus penser,*" and so turned it off, and turned him out, by insisting on making a joke of the affair, as St. Aulaire had better have done at first.

With Louis Philippe on the throne, there had been "a great botheration" over his rival, the Duke of Bordeaux (December 7, 1843), "whether the Queen should receive him or not," visiting England, as it was announced, "without any political object or pretension, merely to amuse and inform himself."

Louis Philippe desired that "every civility should be shown him," but "his adherents" staged "a great political demonstration" which "entirely changed the nature of the case":

December 7, 1843: . . . The Prince began by a tour in the provinces, and a visit to Alton Powers, where he was very royally treated. He went to Chatsworth and Trentham to see the places, and wrote his name in the books of visitors as *Henri de France*, which might mean anything or nothing. About a week ago he arrived in London, and at the same time every Carlist in France, to the number of several hundred, flocked over to attend his Court. The town has ever since swarmed with monstrous beards of every cut and colour, and every night he receives a succession of them. A few days ago three hundred gentlemen waited on old Chateaubriand, and harangued him through the Duke de FitzJames, whom they unanimously elected as their mouthpiece. He began in these terms: 'These gentlemen who have been to render their homage *to the King of France*," &c. Soon after this ceremony was concluded, the Duc de Bordeaux came into the room, and made a speech, in which he talked of looking toward the throne of his ancestors, and if he did so, it was for the good he might do to France. Such language as this was sure to make a great sensation; it showed what the pretensions and objects of these very foolish people were and how indispensable it was that the Queen should have nothing whatever to say to him.

With Louis Philippe in exile, the Legitimists appealed to the Orleanists to withdraw their claim:

May 14, 1850: . . . I have heard this morning of a mission from Paris to Louis Philippe, and the result of it. The leaders of the Conservative party there, all except Thiers, have come to a resolution that the only chance of restoring the Monarchy is by a reconciliation of the elder and the Orleans branches, by the recognition of Henri V, and by persuading Louis Philippe and his family to accept this solution of the dynastic question. They have accordingly sent over M. Malac to Claremont to communicate their sentiments to the King. He was authorized to tell him that the Legitimists were willing to acknowledge his title and his reign, and even the benefits that France had derived from his government. The King entered into the subject

with great frankness, treating with indifference the offers which were personal to himself, saying he had no need of any recognition of his reign, of which history would bear sufficient record. He, however, acquiesced in the views of the party who sent M. Malac, and declared himself ready to agree to their terms, but he said that the women of his family would be the most strenuous opponents of such a compromise. He assembled a sort of *conseil de famille*, consisting of the Queen and the Princes (not the Duchess of Orleans), and laid before them the proposal that had been made to him. The Queen declared against it, the Princes were all for it, and finally the Queen said she would defer to the opinion of the King. He then proposed to the Ambassador to go and talk to the Duchess of Orleans, from whom the greatest obstacles were to be expected. He declined to speak to her on the subject, but said he would go and see her, which he did. She received him, talked of all other subjects, but not a word about the succession. On repeating to his Majesty what had passed, he said he would send for her and talk to her, and after having done so, he desired M. Malac to return and she would enter on the affair. He went to her again and spoke to her with great frankness, representing that the Orleans party was by far the weakest in France, and that her religion would always make the people more or less, and the clergy entirely, hostile to her. She was much startled and discomposed at hearing such language, to which she seemed not to have been accustomed; but though she did not avow it, she was not unmoved by his representations.

August 20, 1857: . . . I had never seen her before [the Duchess of Orleans]. She is very ugly but pleasing and with very good manners.

As Louis Philippe's daughter, the Queen of the Belgians was also "strongly adverse to the proposal," there was no "compact" but only "a virtual acceptance," indicating "that the bargain will be concluded." It was, however, "a consummation . . . more likely to be prevented than brought about by his death."

June 1, 1848: . . . The Duke of Bedford told me, to my great astonishment, that all the Queen's former attachment to Louis Philippe and the French Royal Family has revived in greater

force than ever; she says the marriages are not to be thought of any more. Nothing but the extraordinary good sense of Prince Albert and the boundless influence he has over her keeps her affectionate feelings under due restraint; but for him she would have made all her household go to Claremont, and when the French Royal Family have come to visit her she has received them as King and Queen, and one day one of the children went up to Louis Philippe and called him "Your Majesty," which had no doubt been done by the Queen's commands. I take for granted that they have persuaded the Queen that their ruin has been the work of Palmerston, for this is what they always say, and possibly they believe it.

"It is very surprising," writes Greville on March 25, 1848, "that as yet in no country have single master minds started forward to ride in these whirlwinds and direct the storms." Only for the moment did Paris find a man:

London, March 5, 1848: . . . In all this great drama Lamartine stands forth preëminently as the principal character; how long it may last, God only knows, but such a fortnight of greatness the world has hardly ever seen; for fame and glory with posterity it were well for him to die now. His position is something superhuman *at this moment;* the eyes of the universe are upon him, and he is not only the theme of general admiration and praise, but on him almost alone the hopes of the world are placed. He is the principal author of this Revolution; they say that his book has been a prime cause of it; and that which he has had the glory of directing, moderating, restraining. His labour has been stupendous, his eloquence wonderful. When the new government was surrounded by thousands of armed rabble, bellowing and raging for they knew not what, Lamartine contrived to appease their rage, to soften, control, and eventually master them; so great a trial of eloquence was hardly ever heard of. Then from the beginning he has exhibited undaunted courage and consummate skill, proclaiming order, peace, humanity, respect for persons and property. This improvised Cabinet, strangely composed, has evinced most curious vigour, activity, and wisdom; they have forced everybody to respect them; but Lamartine towers above them all and is the presiding genius of the new creation. He has acted like a man of honour

and of feeling too. He offered the King an escort; he wrote to Madame Guizot and told her her son was safe in England, and caused the report of this to be spread abroad that he might not be sought for; and, moreover, he sent to Guizot to say if he was not in safety where he was he might come to his house. When he first proposed the abolition of the punishment of death he was overruled; but the next day he proposed it again, and declared if his colleagues would not consent he would throw up his office, quit the concern, and they might make him if they pleased the first victim of the law they would not abolish. All this is very great in the man who the Duc de Broglie told me was so bad, "*un mauvais livre par un mauvais homme*," and consequently all France is praying for the continuation of the life and power of Lamartine; and the exiles whom he has been principally instrumental in driving from their country are all loud in praise and admiration of his humanity and his capacity.

To Greville's panegyric of Lamartine, Reeve adds the sour note, "he was never in any danger." Nor was Guizot enthusiastic.

March 6, 1848: . . . I said Lamartine had done very well. He said yes, and praised him, though not very cordially; and he added that he was a man who had always wanted to be in the first place, and had never been able to accomplish it. He had tried it in the Legitimist party, and had found Berryer; in the Conservatives, and had found him [Guizot]; and in the Opposition, where he was met by Thiers.

Reeve, it should be added, denies that Lamartine either acted with Ledru Rollin or acquired money. He remained a poor man.

Lamartine fell from power:

Stud House, May 22 and 25, 1848: . . . People go on wondering that Lamartine should be so irresolute, and that he should endure Ledru Rollin as a colleague. Madame de Lieven supplied me with the solution of this question which I dare say is the true one. She told me that Roberts the painter (who brought her away from Paris) came to her the other day and told her that the Revolution found Lamartine as well as Ledru Rollin ruined men, and that they formed a compact to feather their nests, which both have accomplished. While they have been

ostensibly (and perhaps really) the heads of different sections of the Government and the promoters of different principles, they have always been connected by a secret understanding and a common interest.

Of the Revolution, it was possible to take two views:

London, October 20, 1848: . . . Louis Blanc [a Radical] told me the Revolution had not ruined France; that the ruin was already consummated, and the Revolution only tore away the veil which concealed it.

On the other hand:

March 14, 1848: . . . In France everything is going down hill at railroad pace. This fine Revolution, which may be termed the madness of a few for the ruin of many, is already making the French people weep tears of blood. . . . They have got a government composed of men who have not the slightest idea how to govern, albeit they are men of energy, activity, and some capacity. The country is full of fear and distrust. Ruin and bankruptcy are stalking through the streets of the capital. . . . The different Ministers vie with one another in the extravagance of their several manifestoes. Louis Blanc holds a parliament of operatives, whom he feeds with soft sawder and delusive expectations, giving them for political truths all the most dangerous absurdities of his book. Garnier Pagès, in his frank *exposé* of the finances of the country, approaches to the very verge of national bankruptcy, and is evidently prepared for the next step. Carnot instructs the people to elect for their representatives (who are to be the unchecked masters of the Empire), not men of property and education, but any men who have republican ideas; and Ledru Rollin desires his agents to act in the same spirit, and with all the authority (which means despotism) that a revolutionary government always assumes it to be its right to exercise. In short, all is terror, distress, and misery, both material and moral; everybody fleeing away from the turbulent capital, and hiding what money he can collect; funds falling, everything depreciated in value, the shops unfrequented, no buyers, tranquillity still doubtfully preserved by factitious means, but the duration of which no one counts

upon. . . . All the letters that arrive here, whether they come from Legitimists, or Liberals, or Orleanists, or indifferents to all parties, tell the same tale of disgust, distress, and dread.

March 31, 1848: . . . Delane told me yesterday that Leopold saw their [*Times*] correspondent the other day, and asked him if England would give him a subsidy to assist in repelling the French and Belgian republicans who threaten his territory; and Van de Weyer told him they were in a great dilemma, as the French Government were letting loose these ruffians upon them, affording them all sorts of assistance underhand; and if the Belgian Government repelled them, it was very likely the mob and clubs at Paris would compel the Provisional Government to support them and swallow up Belgium. Everybody now thinks there must be a war somewhere, out of such immense confusion and excitement.

M. Delessert, Préfet de Police, under Louis Philippe (March 31, 1848), "gave a character of his countrymen which he said he was ashamed to give, but it was the truth. He said they were not to be governed, for they had no sense of religion or of morality, or any probity among them."

Under these circumstances, Guizot prophesied (March 6, 1848) "that there would be a great battle in the streets of Paris within a few days between the Republicans and the Communists, in which the former would prevail, because the National Guard would support the former."

In due course, there was a "great victory in Paris" and "the establishment of a strong military government."

June 30, 1848: . . . The details which reach us of the extraordinary contest which has just taken place at Paris are equally horrible and curious. Hitherto we have been struck by the absence of that ferocity which distinguished the first Revolution, and the little taste there seemed for shedding blood; but the ferocity of the people broke out upon this occasion in the most terrible examples. There was a savage rancour about this exceeding the usual virulence of civil contests; the people not only murdered, but tortured, their prisoners. Since the victory the prisoners have been executed by hundreds, and with hardly any form of trial; indeed, no trial was possible or necessary, they were rebels taken *en flagrant délit*, at once rebels and

prisoners of war. One man, when he was going to be shot, said he did not care, for he had had his revenge already, and he pulled out of his pocket twenty tongues that had been cut out. All agree that the organization, the military skill displayed, and the vast resources the insurgents possessed in the material of war, were as extraordinary as unaccountable. The preparations must have been long before made, for the houses of their principal fortifications were perforated for the purpose of communication and escape, the staircase removed, and there were telegraphic signals arranged by lights on the tops of the buildings. There certainly was a commander-in-chief who presided over the whole, but nobody knows who he was; and the Government have never yet been able to ascertain who the leaders were. Although distress and famine were the prime causes of this great struggle, it is remarkable that there was no plundering or robbery; on the contrary, they were strictly forbidden and apparently never attempted. It is the only example, so far as I know, that history records of a pitched battle in the streets of a great capital between the regular army and the armed civil power on one side, and the populace of the town militarily armed and organized also on the other, nobody knowing how the latter were organized or by whom directed. Colonel Towneley, who came from Paris last night, told me that it is believed that the old Municipal Guard, who were disbanded by the Provisional Government after the Revolution, had a great deal to do with it, but that the skill with which the positions had been chosen or fortified was perfect. Prodigies of valour seem to have been performed on both sides, and the incidents were to the last degree romantic. An Archbishop appearing as a minister of peace in the midst of the fray, and mounting the barricades to exhort the living and to bless the dying amidst the din and fury of the contest, and then perishing a martyr to his attempt to stop the effusion of blood; women mixing in the contest, carrying ammunition and supplies, daring everything, their opponents shrinking from hunting these Amazons, and at last being obliged to fire upon them in self-defence; the strange artifices employed to convey arms and cartouches. The Garde Mobile, composed of the *gamins de Paris*, signalized themselves with peculiar heroism, and it is fortunate that they were on the side of the Government instead

of on that of the people. There was one boy, not above fifteen or sixteen, a frightful little urchin, who scaled three barricades one after another and carried off the colours from each; Cavaignac embraced him and gave him the Legion of Honour from his own person, and he was carried in triumph and crowned with laurels to a great banquet of his comrades.

CHAPTER LXXXV

THE THIRD CORSICAN

It was at dinner that Greville appears first to have met the Third Napoleon:

July 25–26, 1833, half-past two in the morning: . . . I dined the day before yesterday with old Lady Cork, to meet the Bonapartes. There were Joseph, Lucien, Lucien's daughter, the widow of Louis Bonaparte, Hortense's son . . . not very amusing, but curious to see these two men, one of whom would not be a king, when he might have chosen almost any crown he pleased (conceive, for instance, having refused the Kingdom of Naples), and the other, who was first King of Naples and then King of Spain, commanded armies, and had the honour of being defeated at Vittoria by the Duke of Wellington. There they sat, these brothers of Napoleon, who once trampled upon all Europe, and at whose feet the potentates of the earth bowed, two simple, plain-looking, civil, courteous, smiling gentlemen. They say Lucien is a very agreeable man, Joseph nothing. Joseph is a caricature of Napoelon in his latter days; at least, so I guess from the pictures. He is taller, stouter, with the same sort of face, but without the expression, and particularly without the eagle eye. Lucien looked as if he had once been like him, that is, his face in shape is like the pictures of Napoleon when he was thin and young, but Lucien is a very large, tall man. They talked little, but stayed on in the evening, when there was a party, and received very civilly all the people who were presented to them. There was not the slightest affectation of royalty in either. Lucien, indeed, had no occasion for any, but a man who had ruled over two kingdoms might be excused for betraying something of his former condition, but, on the contrary, everything regal that he ever had about him seemed to have been merged in his American citizenship, and he looked more like a Yankee cultivator than a King of Spain and the Indies. Though there was nothing to see in Joseph, who is, I believe, a

very mediocre personage, I could not help gazing at him, and running over in my mind the strange events in which he had been concerned in the course of his life, and regarding him as a curiosity, and probably as the most extraordinary living instance of the freaks of fortune and instability of human grandeur.

"Hortense's son" must have been the future Emperor. And at Gore House:

February 17, 1839: . . . We had Prince Louis Napoleon and his A. D. C. (M. de Persigny). He is a short, thickish, vulgar-looking man, without the slightest resemblance to his Imperial uncle, or any intelligence in his countenance.

March 13, 1840: I met Jérome Bonaparte yesterday at dinner at Lady Blessington's, Count de Montfort, as he is called. He is a polite, urbane gentleman, not giving himself any airs, and said nothing royal except that he was going to Stuttgart, "*pour passer quelques jours avec mon beau-frère le Roi de Würtemberg.*" But these brothers of Napoleon were nothing remarkable in their palmy days, and one's sympathies are not much excited for them now. They rose and fell with him, and, besides their brief enjoyment of a wonderful prosperity, they have retired upon far better conditions than they were born to. They are free and rich, and are treated with no inconsiderable respect.

The Napoleons had been in the background. "No one," wrote Greville, when the Third Revolution was raving, "has the slightest conception what turn matters will take but all seem to be of opinion they will have nothing to do with the Bonapartes."

May 14, 1850: . . . Louis Napoleon has no chance of perpetuating his own power either as President or Emperor. He is overwhelmed with debts which he cannot pay, and the whole of his private fortune is sunk. In no case, therefore, could he retire to any other country, and he may naturally be willing to make terms for himself which, in the event of the Monarchy being restored, would place him in a position of ease and comfort. Besides his own political nullity, his family *entourage* presents an inseparable bar to the revival of the Empire

in his person. He is, indeed, himself by far the best of his family, being well-meaning and a gentleman; but all the rest are only a worthless set of *canaille*, altogether destitute of merit, and without a title to public consideration and respect.

But the Imperial name had not lost its magic. And on November 15, 1848, a few months later, Greville tells us that "the success of Louis Napoleon in France now seems beyond all doubt."

A president had to be elected and both candidates owed their prestige, either by rank or by heredity, to the army. Louis Philippe, talking with Clarendon, "said he should not know which to vote for, Cavaignac or Louis Napoleon, if he had a vote to give."

November 25, 1848: . . . Guizot, however, is all for the latter, I can very well see. He told me it would be the first step toward a monarchy, but he did not say what monarchy he meant.

Bowood, December 20, 1848: The result of the French election for President has astonished the whole world. Everybody thought Louis Napoleon would be elected, but nobody dreamt of such a majority. Great alarm was felt here at the probable consequences of Cavaignac's defeat and the success of his rival, and the French funds were to rise if Napoleon was beaten, and to fall if he won. The election has taken place: Napoleon wins by an immense majority, the funds rise, confidence recovers, and people begin to find out that the new President is a marvellous proper man. I really believe that the foolish affair of the tame eagle in 1840 was the principal cause of the contempt with which he was regarded here; added to this, he led an undistinguished life in this country, associating with no conspicuous people, and his miserable failure in the Chamber when he attempted to speak there, confirmed the unfavourable impression. But Van de Weyer, who is here, says that he has long known him and well, that he is greatly underrated here, and is really a man of considerable ability. He crossed the water with him when he went to take his seat after his election to the Assembly, and he then expressed the most undoubting confidence in his own success at the Presidential election, and said that he had every reason to believe, if he chose to put himself forward, he would be supported by an immense force, and that he might

assume any position he pleased; but that he should do nothing of the kind, that he had a legal position beyond which he would not force himself, but that he was prepared to accept all the consequences to which it might lead. And now there is a pretty general opinion that he will be Emperor before long. The ex-Ministers and Legitimists, who were hot for his election, considering him merely as a bridge over which the Bourbons might return to power, begin to think the success greater than is agreeable, and that such a unanimous expression of public opinion may lead to the restoration of the Bonapartes instead of to that of the Bourbons.

The result of the poll was a blow to all the prophets. Napoleon received 5,534,520 votes; General Cavaignac, only 1,448,302. According to Greville, it meant that the "Revolution was an accident" and that "France is retracing her steps as fast as she can, scrambling, crestfallen, perplexed and half-ruined, out of the abyss into which she suffered herself to be plunged."

December 3, 1851: At twelve o'clock yesterday morning the wonderful Electric Telegraph brought us word that two hours before, the President had accomplished his *coup d'état* at Paris with success. Everybody expected it would happen, nobody that it would happen so soon. Madame de Lieven wrote to Beauvale on Sunday, giving him an account of the efforts that were making by the Moderates, Guizot at the head of them, to bring about a reconciliation and compromise with the President, and auguring success. She says, "*Beacoup de personnes prétendent que tout en ayant l'air de s'y prêter, le Président n'a pas grande envie de ce moyen; un coup d'état le ferait mieux arriver: il s'y est tout préparé, la troupe est à lui, le pays aussi.*" She little thought that in twenty-four hours the *coup d'état* "*allait éclater,*" and that all was in preparation for it, while he was amusing the Burgraves and Moderates with negotiations and *pourparlers*, in which he was never serious.

Panshanger, December 14, 1851: Naturally the French Revolution has absorbed all interest. The success of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* has been complete, and his audacity and unscrupulousness marvellous. The French are indeed a strange people, so restless, fierce, and excitable that they are ready to upset governments with the smallest possible show of reason

or necessity—with cause as in 1830, or without cause as in 1848—and they acquiesce without a struggle, and tamely endure the impudent and vulgar democratic rule of the blackguards and mountebanks of the Provisional Government at the latter period, and now the unlimited and severe military despotism of Louis Napoleon. The press in this country has generally inveighed with great indignation against him, very much overdoing the case. Society in general is in a rather neutral state. Few can approve of his very violent measures and arbitrary acts, but on the other hand there was such a general feeling of contempt for the Constitution, and of disgust at the conduct of the Assembly and the parties which divided it, that nobody lamented their overthrow, or regarded with the slightest interest or compassion the leaders who have been so brutally and ignominiously treated. Everybody rejoices at the misfortunes of Thiers, who is universally regarded as the evil genius of France and the greatest maker of mischief who ever played a part on the stage of politics. Flahault, who has been the agent and confidant of the President, writes word that he has saved France, and it is the object of his adherents to make the world believe that his measures were rendered necessary by a Socialist plot, which he has saved the country by putting down; and besides this we hear of an Orleanist plot, and of the violence the Assembly was about to have recourse to against him, if he had not anticipated them. These seem to be, and probably are, mere pretences, got up to cover his violence with something plausible, and which the world may swallow; the truth being that he prepared all that he has done with singular boldness, secrecy, adroitness, and success, amusing his enemies with the semblance of negotiations which he never meant sincerely to carry out to an end, and relying (as it has turned out that he could do) upon the army, by whose aid he has taken all power into his own hands. Having done so, he resolved to do nothing by halves, and certainly by the prompt, peremptory, and arbitrary measures he adopted he has secured present success, given confidence as to the stability of his government, raised his own reputation for energy and ability, and in all probability has prevented a great amount of disorder and bloodshed, which would have taken place if his success had been less complete than it was.

January 15, 1852: . . . French troops will always obey their commanders, and this accounts for the complete success of Louis Napoleon; but "*les pantalons rouges*" will not fire upon "*d'autres pantalons rouges*"; and if the Assembly had had its guard, the troops under the order of the Minister of War would not have attacked their comrades.

Napoleon contemplated a fourth step:

January 11, 1852: . . . The Emperor Nicholas has sent over to say that it is very possible Louis Napoleon may any day be proclaimed Emperor, and that all the powers were bound by the Treaty of Vienna not to acknowledge any one of the family as such, and he begged, should this event arise, that we would do nothing about it without previous communication with him, so that England and Russia might act in concert. Granville replied with great civility, and expressed a concurrence in the desire that England and Russia should act in concert, but declined to engage that this government would wait till communication could be had with Russia.

That the Emperor aimed at adventure was obvious—"in spite of a sincere wish to maintain peace [February 9, 1853] he may be driven to make war as a means of self-preservation." But war against whom? It might be Britain herself—"how entirely necessary it is that we should be on our guard and not relax our defensive preparations."

Napoleon decided that what would help him most was an alliance with Britain:

March 10, 1853: . . . Flahault said that the Emperor has had an opportunity of placing himself in the first year of his reign in a situation which was the great object of his uncle's life, and which he never could attain. He might have been at the head of a European league against us, for these powers have signified to him their willingness to follow him in such a crusade, the Emperor of Russia and he being on the best terms, and a cordial interchange of letters having taken place between them. But Napoleon has had the wisdom and the magnanimity to resist the bait, to decline these overtures, and to resolve on adherence to England. Flahault said that he had had an audience, at which he frankly and freely told the Emperor his own opinion,

not being without apprehension that it would be unpalatable to him, and not coincident with his own views. While he was talking to him, he saw him smile, which he interpreted into a sentiment that he [Flahault] was too *English* for him in his language and opinions, and he said so. The Emperor said, "I smiled because you so exactly expressed my own opinions," and then he told him that he took exactly the same view of what his true policy was that Flahault himself did. Flahault suggested to him that, in spite of the civilities shown him by the Northern Powers, they did not, and never would, consider him as one of themselves, and they only wanted to make him the instrument of their policy or their vengeance; and he reminded him that while England had at once recognized him, they were not only in no hurry to do so, but if England had not recognized him as she did, he would not have been recognized by any one of those powers to this day, all which he acknowledged to be true.

February 19, 1853: . . . The Queen seems to be intensely curious about the Court of France and all details connected with it, and, on the other hand, Louis Napoleon has been equally curious about the etiquette observed in the English Court, and desirous of assimilating his to ours, which in great measure he appears to have done.

The alliance was to be cemented by a marriage:

February 16, 1853: . . . A negotiation had been and still was going on for the Emperor's marriage with the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe, the Queen's niece, at that time and still with the Queen in England. This was begun by Lord Malmesbury, and the Emperor had regularly proposed to her through her father. A very civil answer had been sent by the Prince, in which he said that he would not dispose of his daughter's hand without her consent, and that he had referred the proposal to her, and she should decide for herself. The Queen had behaved very well, and had abstained from giving any advice or expressing any opinion on the subject. They were then expecting the young Princess's decision.

As a matter of fact, the Queen opposed the match.

February 19, 1853: Lord Cowley told me something more

about the marriage. He saw the Queen on Thursday [17th], who told him all about it. The first step was taken by Morny, who wrote to Malmesbury, and requested him to propose it, stating that the Emperor's principal object in it was to "*resserrer les liens entre les deux pays.*" Malmesbury accordingly wrote to the Queen on the subject.

Greville adds that the Queen was, "extremely annoyed and very angry at being spoken to about it."

February 19, 1853: . . . She accordingly wrote to Derby and signified her displeasure at Malmesbury proceeding. Derby wrote an answer (which Cowley said was rather impertinent in tone) justifying his colleague, and saying he could not conceive how there could be any embarrassment to the Queen in what he had done.

The Queen thus "made the girl refuse, who herself desired no better [match], and if left to herself would have accepted the offer."

Perhaps it was as well, for Napoleon happened to be interested in another lady:

February 16, 1853: . . . This being the case, Cowley advised Walewski to exert his influence to stop the demonstrations that were going on between the Emperor and Mlle. de Montijo, which might seriously interfere with this plan. The next day Walewski told Cowley that he had seen the Emperor, who took him by both hands, and said, "*Mon cher je suis pris,*" and then told him he had resolved to marry Mlle. de Montijo. However, on Walewski representing the state of the other affair, he agreed to wait for the Princess Adelaide's answer, but said, if it was unfavourable, he would conclude the other affair, but if the Princess accepted him he would marry her. The day following the answer came: very civil, but declining on the ground of her youth and inexperience, and not feeling equal to such a position. The same day the Emperor proposed to the Empress.

The marriage with the Empress Eugénie did not help Napoleon:

February 16, 1853: . . . He confirms the account of Louis

Napoleon's position set forth in Madame de Montijo's letter. The effect of his marriage has been very damaging everywhere, and the French people were not at all pleased at his calling himself a "parvenu," which mortified their vanity, inasmuch as they did not like to appear as having thrown themselves at the feet of a parvenu. . . . Cowley says he is evidently much changed since his marriage, and that he is conscious of his unpopularity and the additional insecurity in which it has involved his position.

February 16, 1853: . . . He [Cowley] thinks him in love with her and that she is wholly indifferent to him; her manners he described to be neither graceful nor dignified, and in no way attractive, surrounded with much etiquette, for which she does not seem to have any taste. He believes that from the first he forbade her meddling with politics, and that she never does interfere.

The Emperor's position was insecure.

June 1, 1853: . . . Senior called on me a day or two ago, just returned from Paris, where he has been living and conversing with all the notabilities (principally of the Liberal party), and he tells me there is but one opinion amongst them, that this Empire cannot last, and they only differ as to the time it may last. Most of them think it will be short. Thiers gives it only a year, Duchâtel alone thinks it will go on for some years. The unpopularity of Louis Napoleon increases and his discredit likewise, and as soon as the unpopularity shall extend to the army, it will be all over with him. The Opposition which has sprung up, which has increased rapidly and will increase still more in the Corps Législatif, is deemed to be very important and significant, and they think it will be impossible for him to go on with such a body so constituted and disposed, and he will have to decide upon suffering the embarrassment it will cause him, or having recourse to a *coup d'état*, a measure which would be hazardous. There are no fresh adhesions to the Court beyond the half dozen men of rank or name who have already joined it, and who are hated and despised for having done so.

February 9, 1853: . . . I was sure from the conversations I had with M. de Flahault at Beaudesert, that he feels the Emperor's situation to be one of insecurity and hazard. He said that it

remained to be seen whether it was possible that a government could be maintained permanently in France on the principle of the total suppression of civil and political liberty, which had the support of the masses, but which was abhorred and opposed by all the elevated and educated classes. The limbs of the body politic are with the Emperor, and the head against him.

There was, too, another match proposed:

February 1, 1854: . . . This evening Granville told me a secret that surprised me much. I asked him casually if he knew for what purpose Prince Napoleon was gone to Brussels, when he told me that he was gone to try and get King Leopold to use his influence here to bring about his marriage with the Princess Mary, the Duke of Cambridge's sister; that for a long time past Palmerston had been strongly urging this match with the Queen, and had written heaps of letters to press it, having been in constant communication about it with Walewski and the Emperor himself. They had made such a point of it that the Queen had thought herself obliged to consult the Princess Mary herself about it, who would not listen to it. The negotiator did not make the proposal more palatable, and he did not recommend himself the more, by suggesting that such a match was very preferable to any little German prince. It is incredible that he should have mixed himself in an affair that he could hardly fail to know must be very disagreeable to the Queen, besides that the Princess is not likely to sacrifice her country and her position for such a speculation, so hazardous and uncertain at best, and involving immediate obligations and necessities at which her pride could not fail to revolt.

Princess Mary of Cambridge preferred to be married to the Duke of Teck and become the mother of Queen Mary.

Under the stress of the Crimean War, the relations of Napoleon with England became intimate and Napoleon deprecated the English habit of running down their own country:

March 11, 1855: . . . I saw Clarendon for the first time for a very long while. He was much pleased with his visit to the Emperor, who talked to him very frankly and unreservedly about everything. They lit their cigars and sat and talked with the greatest ease. He said the Emperor spoke to him about the

English press, and all he said was sensible and true; that he was aware that a free press was a necessity in England, and as indispensable as the Constitution itself, and that he had hitherto believed that the editors of the principal newspapers had the good of their country at heart, and always acted from conscientious motives; but that he could no longer entertain that opinion. The press during the past months, and the *Times* particularly, had done an incalculable amount of mischief to England and the alliance between us. The effect produced by their language in Germany was most injurious, and of service only to Russia. When the English papers talked of their own country in the way they did, of its degradation and disgrace, its maladministration, the ruin of its military power, and the loss of all that makes a nation great and powerful, though he [the Emperor] knew what all this meant, and how much or how little there was in such exaggerated statements, yet in France they were generally believed, and it became very difficult for him to reconcile the nation to an alliance for which he was reproached with making sacrifices and shaping his policy in accordance with ours, when it was evident from our own showing that our alliance was not worth having, and our impotence was so exposed that, whenever peace should put an end to the necessity of the alliance, we should be entirely at their mercy; and while such was the feeling in France, in Germany it was still stronger, and there the *Times* had succeeded in creating a universal conviction that we are in the lowest condition of weakness and inefficiency: at all of which he expressed the greatest regret.

Napoleon brought his Empress to London:

April 17, 1855: Yesterday I went out "with all the gazing town" to see not the least curious of the many curious events I have lived to witness, the entry of the Emperor and Empress of the French into London. The day was magnificent, the crowd prodigious, the reception not very clamorous, but cordial and respectful. A fine sight for them to see such vast multitudes, so orderly and so prosperous, and without a single soldier except their own escort. The Queen nolens or volens received them with the utmost cordiality, and omitted none of the usual forms practised between Sovereigns. She met the Imperial pair at

(By permission of the Wallace Collection)

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE OF FRANCE

the entrance to the Castle, embraced the Emperor and then the Empress when she was presented to her.

April 20, 1855: The visit of the Emperor has been one continued ovation, and the success of it complete. None of the Sovereigns who have been here before have ever been received with such magnificence by the Court or by such curiosity and delight by the people. Wherever and whenever they have appeared, they have been greeted by enormous multitudes and prodigious acclamations. The Queen is exceedingly pleased with both of them; she thinks the Empress very natural, graceful, and attractive, and the Emperor frank, cordial, and true. He has done his best to please her, talked to her a great deal, amused her, and has completely succeeded. Everybody is struck with his mean and diminutive figure and vulgar appearance, but his manners are good and not undignified. He talked a very long time to Lord Derby on Tuesday at Windsor and to Lord Aberdeen on Wednesday. This last was very proper, because he had a great prejudice against Aberdeen, and fancied he was his enemy, which Aberdeen knew. When he was invested with the Garter, he took all sorts of oaths—old feudal oaths—of fidelity and knightly service to the Queen, and he then made her a short speech to the following effect: "I have sworn to be faithful to Your Majesty and to serve you to the best of my ability, and my whole future life shall be spent in proving the sincerity with which I have thus sworn, and my resolution to devote myself to your service." The fineness of the weather brought out the whole population of London, as usual kept in excellent order by a few policemen, and in perfect good humour. It was a beautiful sight last night when the Royal and Imperial party went to the Opera in state; the streets lit by gas and the houses illuminated and light as day, particularly opposite the Travellers' Club, where I was. I am glad the success of the visit has been so great, and the contentment of all the parties concerned so complete, but it is well that all will be over tomorrow, for such excitement and enthusiasm could not last much longer, and the inconvenience of being beset by crowds, and the streets obstructed, is getting tiresome.

A few months later, Greville visited the Emperor at the Tuileries:

June 26, 1855: Yesterday morning arrived an invitation to dine at the Tuileries the same evening. I went there, was ushered into a room with eight or ten men in it, none of whom I knew except Count Bacciochi, whom I had met at Fould's the day before—three in uniform, the rest in plain clothes. A man, whom I suppose to be the *aide-de-camp de service*, came forward to receive me and invited me to sit down. Presently the same or another man came and said "*Milord*" (they all milorded me), "*vous vous mettrez à table, s'il vous plaît, à côté de l'Empereur à sa droite.*" I was then taken into the next room, which adjoins the Cabinet of the Emperor. In a few minutes his Majesty made his appearance; he immediately came up to me, bowed very civilly, and asked me the usual question of when I came to Paris, etc. In a minute dinner was announced and we went in. As we walked in he said to me, "*L'Impératrice sera bien fâchée de ne vous avoir pas vu.*" At dinner, which did not last above twenty-five minutes, he talked (a sort of dropping conversation) on different subjects, and I found him so easy to get on with that I ventured to start topics myself. After dinner we returned to the room we had left, and after coffee, seeing me staring about at the portraits, he said all his family were there, and he told me who they all were and the history of these portraits, which, he said, had made the tour of the world.

After this he asked me to sit down, which I did at a round table by his side, and M. Visconti on the other side of me, and then we had a conversation which lasted at least an hour and a half on every imaginable subject. It was impossible not to be struck with his simplicity, his being so natural and totally without any air or assumption of greatness, though not undignified, but perfectly *comme il faut*, with excellent manners, and easy, pleasant, fluent conversation. I was struck with his air of truth and frankness, and though of course I could not expect in my position and at this first interview with him that he should be particularly expansive, yet he gave me the idea of being not only not reserved but as if, when intimate, he would have a great deal of *abandon*. It was difficult to bring away all the subjects he discussed, and I do not know that he said anything wonderfully striking, but he made a very favourable impression on me, and made me wish to know more of him, which I am never likely to do.

July 10, 1855: I dined at Villeneuve l'Étang. We went to the Palace of St. Cloud in Cowley's carriage, where we found an equerry and one of the Emperor's carriages, which took us to Villeneuve. A small house, pretty and comfortable enough, and a small party, all English—Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Hertford, Lord and Lady Ashburton, General Torrens and his aide-de-camp, Cowley and myself, Duc de Bassano, Comte de Montebello, the *aide-de-camp de service*, and M. Valabrègue, *écuyer*, that was the whole party. The Emperor sat between the two ladies, taking the Duchess in to dinner. It lasted about three quarters of an hour, and as soon as it was over his Majesty took us all out to walk about the place, see the dairy and a beautiful Bretonne cow he ordered to be brought out, and then to scull on the lake, or *étang*, which gives its name to the place. There were a number of little boats for one person to scull and one to sit, and one larger for two each; the Emperor got into one with the Duchess, and all the rest of the people as they liked, and we passed about half an hour on the water. On landing, ices, etc., were brought, and the carriages came to the door at nine o'clock, a *char-à-banc* with four *percherons* and postillions exactly like the old French postboy, and several other open carriages and pair. The two ladies got into the centre of the *char-à-banc*, Cowley, Hertford, and I were invited to get up before, and the Emperor himself got up behind with somebody else, I did not see who. We then set off and drove for some time through the woods and drives of Villeneuve and St. Cloud, and at last, at about ten o'clock, we were set down at the Palace. There we all alighted, and, after walking about a little, the Emperor showing us the part which Marie Antoinette had built and telling some anecdotes connected with Louis XVIII and Louis Philippe, and the Château, he shook hands with all of us very cordially and dismissed us. His Majesty got into the *char-à-banc* and returned to Villeneuve, and we drove back to Paris. When we were walking about the court of the Château (it was quite dark) the sentinel challenged us—"*Qui va là?*" when the Emperor called out in a loud voice, "*L'Empereur.*"

Of course, in this company there was nothing but general conversation, and I had no opportunity of having any with his Majesty; but he was extremely civil, offering me his cigars,

which I declined, and expressing anxiety that I should not catch cold. He made the same impression on me as before as to his extreme simplicity and the easiness of his intercourse; but I was struck with his appearance being so very *mesquin*, more than I thought at first.

London, August 21, 1855: The Queen as usual has had magnificent weather for her Paris visit, and all has gone well there except that unluckily she arrived after her time at Boulogne and still more at Paris, consequently the Emperor was kept waiting at Boulogne, and the whole population of Paris, which turned out and waited for hours under a broiling sun, was disappointed, for they arrived when it was growing dark. However, in spite of this, the scene appears to have been very fine and animated. Clarendon, who is not apt to be enthusiastic, writes so to Palmerston, and tells him that Marshal Magnan said he had known Paris for fifty years, and had never seen such a scene as this, not even when Napoleon returned from Austerlitz.

September 5, 1855: . . . Clarendon . . . said the Queen was delighted with everything and especially with the Emperor himself, who, with perfect knowledge of women, had taken the surest way to ingratiate himself with her, by making love to her. This it seems he began when he was in England, and followed it up at Paris. As his attentions tickled her vanity without shocking or alarming her modesty, and the novelty of it (for she never had any love made to her before) made it very pleasant, his success was complete. After his visit the Queen talked it all over with Clarendon, and said, "It is very odd; but the Emperor knows everything I have done and where I have been ever since I was twelve years old; he even recollects how I was dressed, and a thousand little details it is extraordinary he should be acquainted with." "*Le coquin*, thought I," said Clarendon to me, "he has evidently been making love to her, and he continued in the same tone at Paris, much to her delight." She has never before been on such a social footing with anybody, and he has approached her with the familiarity of their equal positions, and with all the experience and knowledge of womenkind he has acquired during his long life, passed in the world and in mixing with every sort of society. She seemed to have played her part throughout with great propriety

and success. Old Jérome did not choose to make his appearance till just at the last moment, because he insisted on being treated as a king, and having the title of *Majesté* given him—a pretension Clarendon would not hear of her yielding to.

September 17, 1855: . . . Clarendon said nothing could exceed the delight of the Queen at her visit to Paris, at her reception, at all she saw; and that she was charmed with the Emperor. They became so intimate, and she on such friendly terms with him, that she talked to him with the utmost frankness, and even discussed with him the most delicate of all subjects, the confiscation of the Orleans' property, telling him her opinion upon it. He did not avoid the subject, and gave her the reasons why he thought himself obliged to take that course; that he knew all this wealth was employed in fomenting intrigues against his government, which was so new that it was necessary to take all precautions to avert such dangers. She replied that, even if this were so, he might have contented himself with sequestrating the property and restoring it when he was satisfied that all danger on that score was at an end. I asked Clarendon what he thought of the Emperor himself, and he said that he liked him, and he was very pleasing, but he was struck with his being so indolent and so excessively ignorant. The Prince of Wales was put by the Queen under Clarendon's charge, who was desired to tell him what to do in public, when to bow to the people, and whom to speak to. He said that the Princess Royal was charming, with excellent manners, and full of intelligence. Both the children were delighted with their *séjour*, and very sorry to come away. When the visit was drawing to a close, the Prince said to the Empress that he and his sister were both very reluctant to leave Paris, and asked her if she could not get leave for them to stay there a little longer. The Empress said she was afraid this would not be possible, as the Queen and the Prince would not be able to do without them; to which the boy replied, "Not do without us! Don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they don't want us." The Emperor himself proposed to the Queen to go to the chapel consecrated to the memory of the Duke of Orleans upon the spot where he met with his fatal accident and expired. It is creditable to her that she talks without *gêne* or scruple to the Emperor about

the Orleans family, making no secret of her continued intimacy with them, and with equal frankness to them of her relations with him. She wrote to the Queen Marie Amélie an account of her going to the chapel and of the Emperor taking her there, and received a very amiable reply. The first thing she did on her return was to receive the Duc and Duchesse of Montpensier.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

KING EDWARD'S BOYHOOD

A QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty grows day by day on the mind that is invested with it. Victoria was becoming a power upon her throne.

September 22, 1840: . . . She has just made a fresh regulation as to the precedence of Ministers Plenipotentiary taking from them that which she before gave them, and reducing them to their ancient places, that is giving them no place but what their individual rank entitles them to, and making them as Ministers go after all peers. (Note: This is erroneous, they come after Dukes and Duchesses, but before all others.)

July 14, 1846: Meanwhile the Queen is evidently out of humour, and in various little ways evinces her sentiments. There has been a sort of squabble about some of the appointments; not that anybody has been forced upon her, but she took umbrage at some intention she chose to fancy there was, to propose persons disagreeable to her, which in fact was only an ebullition of ill-humour. The simple truth is that she can't endure any of these people, John Russell especially, and she is miserable at losing Peel and still more Aberdeen.

London, August 28, 1845: . . . He [F. Lamb] said she was often positive and took strange notions into her head, and that one of the greatest difficulties he had ever had with her was to get her to give the Garter to the Duke of Sutherland. I was very much surprised and asked why. He said partly because she disliked the Duchess of Sutherland and partly because she fancied the Duke was already too great with his riches and magnificence and she did not like to aggrandize him. (Note: He said he never could get this done, till he spoke to Albert, and then it was done directly.) . . . Rather curious and what few would believe for she is by no way of being very intimate with the Duchess, who no doubt with all her family fancy the Queen is very fond of her.

August 14, 1849: . . . I saw Lord Lansdowne last night, just returned from Ireland, having had an escape on the railroad, for the train ran off the rail. He said nothing could surpass the success of the Queen's visit in every respect; every circumstance favourable, no drawbacks or mistakes, all persons and parties pleased, much owing to the tact of Lord Clarendon, and the care he had bestowed on all the arrangements and details, which made it all go off so admirably. The Queen herself was delighted, and appears to have played her part uncommonly well. Clarendon of course was overjoyed at the complete success at what was his own plan, and satisfied with the graciousness and attention of the Court to him, which he was not before. In the beginning, and while the details were in preparation, he was considerably disgusted at the petty difficulties that were made, and at what he thought the want of consideration for him they evinced, but he is satisfied now. Lord Lansdowne said the departure was quite affecting, and he could not see it without being moved; and he thinks beyond doubt that this visit will produce permanent good effects in Ireland.

It was by sea, not rail, that the Queen went to Scotland:

September 24, 1842: . . . Peel described the Scotch tour as very nervous, inasmuch as they went through all the disturbed districts, but that loyalty and interest in seeing the Queen triumphed over every other feeling and consideration, and all went off as well as possible.

Adolphus Fitzclarence told me nothing could be more agreeable and amiable than she was, and the Prince too, on board the yacht, conversing all the time with perfect ease and good humour, and on all subjects, taking great interest and very curious about everything in the ship, dining on deck in the midst of the sailors, making them dance, talking to the boatswain, and, in short, doing everything that was popular and ingratiating. Her chief fault, in little things and in great, seems to be impatience; in sea phrase, she always wants to *go ahead;* she can't bear contradiction nor to be thwarted. She was put out because she could not get quicker to the end of her voyage, and land as soon as she wished. She insisted on landing as soon as it was possible, and would not wait till the authorities were ready and the people assembled to receive her. An hour or two

of delay would have satisfied everybody, and though it might be unreasonable to expect this, as Peel said it was, it would have been wise to have conceded it. Adolphus says there was very alarming excitement in the town for a little while, and much discontent among the crowds who had come from distant parts, and who had paid large sums for seats and windows to see her go by.

September 16, 1845: On Saturday [14th] we went to Osborne House, Isle of Wight, to a Council; special train to Gosport in about two hours and a quarter, Black Eagle Steamer to East Cowes, very agreeable trip. Osborne a miserable place and such a vile house that the Lords of the Council had no place to remain in but the Entrance Hall, before the Council. Fortunately the weather was fine, so we walked about, looking at the new house the Queen is building. It is very ugly and the whole concern wretched enough. They will spend first and last a great deal of money there, but it is her own money and not the nation's. I know not where she gets it, but Graham told me she had money. . . . Nothing can exceed the universal indignation felt here by people of every description at the brutal and stupid massacre of the deer, which Albert perpetrated, and at which she assisted. It has been severely commented on in several of the papers, and met by a very clumsy (and false) attempt to persuade people that she was shocked and annoyed. No such thing appeared and nothing compelled her to see it. But the truth is her sensibilities are not acute, and though she is not at all ill-natured, perhaps the reverse, she is hard-hearted, selfish, and self-willed.

May 10, 1851: On the day of the opening of the Great Exhibition [held in what is now the Crystal Palace] I went into the park instead of the inside, being satisfied with fine sights in the way of processions and royal magnificence, and thinking it more interesting and curious to see the masses and their behaviour. It was a wonderful spectacle to see the countless multitudes, streaming along in every direction, and congregated upon each bank of the Serpentine down to the water's edge; no soldiers, hardly any policemen to be seen, and yet all so orderly and good-humoured. The success of everything was complete, the joy and exultation of the Court unbounded. The Queen wrote a touching letter to John Russell, full of delight at the success

of her husband's undertaking and at the warm reception which her subjects gave her. Since that day all the world has been flocking to the Crystal Palace, and we hear nothing but expressions of wonder and admiration. The *frondeurs* are all come round, and those who abused it most vehemently now praise it as much.

June 8, 1851: . . . M. Thiers has just been over here for a week. He came to see the Exhibition, and was lodged at Ellice's house. He was indefatigable while he was here, excessively amused and happy, and is gone back enchanted at his reception in the world, and full of admiration of all he saw. He was met by great and general cordiality, invited everywhere, had long conversations with Palmerston, John Russell, and Aberdeen, dined with Disraeli to meet Stanley, who, however, did not come, and he was the only conspicuous man he missed seeing. He was presented to the Queen at the Exhibition. Hearing he was there (for he usually went early every morning like herself) she sent for him, was very gracious, and both she and the Prince talked to him a good while. He talked very conservative language while he was here, and did not abuse anybody.

July 5, 1851: . . . The question that most interests the public is that of the retention or removal of the Crystal Palace. Curiously enough, the Prince, whose child it is, and who was so earnestly bent on keeping it in existence, has now turned round, and is for demolishing it.

June 22, 1858: . . . Among the events of last week one of the most interesting was the Queen's visit to Birmingham, where she was received by the whole of that enormous population with an enthusiasm which is said to have exceeded all that was ever displayed in her former receptions at Manchester or elsewhere. It is impossible not to regard such manifestations as both significant and important. They evince a disposition in those masses of the population in which, if anywhere, the seeds of Radicalism are supposed to lurk.

During the Crimean Era, we have this:

August 4, 1856: . . . Not a bit of news, the Queen still going on reviewing, she has a military mania on her.

London, September 15, 1849: On Monday, the 3rd, on returning from Hillingdon, I found a summons from John Russell to

be at Balmoral on Wednesday 5th, at half-past two, for a Council, to order a prayer for relief against the cholera. No time was to be lost, so I started by the five o'clock train, dined at Birmingham, went on by the mail train to Crewe, where I slept; breakfasted the next morning at Crewe Hall, which I had never seen, and went on by the express to Perth, which I reached at half-past twelve. I started on Wednesday morning at half-past six, and arrived at Balmoral exactly at half-past two. It is a beautiful road from Perth to Balmoral, particularly from Blairgowrie to the Spital of Glenshee, and thence to Braemar. Much as I dislike Courts and all that appertains to them, I am glad to have made this expedition, and to have seen the Queen and Prince in their Highland retreat, where they certainly appear to great advantage. The place is very pretty, the house very small. [Balmoral Castle was not yet built and there was simply the residence of a Scotch laird.] They live there without any state whatever; they live not merely like private gentlefolks, but like very small gentlefolks, small house, small rooms, small establishment. There are no soldiers, and the whole guard of the Sovereign and the whole Royal Family is a single policeman, who walks about the grounds to keep off impertinent intruders or improper characters. Their attendants consisted of Lady Douro and Miss Dawson, Lady and Maid of Honour; George Anson and Gordon; Birch, the Prince of Wales's tutor; and Miss Hildyard, the governess of the children. They live with the greatest simplicity and ease. The Prince shoots every morning, returns to luncheon, and then they walk and drive. The Queen is running in and out of the house all day long, and often goes about alone, and walks into the cottages, and sits down and chats with the old women. I never before was in society with the Prince, or had any conversation with him. On Thursday morning John Russell and I were sitting together after breakfast, when he came in and sat down with us, and we conversed for about three quarters of an hour. I was greatly struck with him. I saw at once (what I had always heard) that he is very intelligent and highly cultivated, and moreover that he has a thoughtful mind, and thinks of subjects worth thinking about. He seemed very much at his ease, very gay, pleasant, and without the least stiffness or air of dignity. After luncheon we went to the Highland gathering at Braemar

—the Queen, the Prince, four children and two ladies in one pony carriage; John Russell, Mr. Birch, Miss Hildyard, and I in another; Anson and Gordon on the box; one groom, no more. The gathering was at the old Castle of Braemar, and a pretty sight enough. We returned as we came, and then everybody strolled about till dinner. We were only nine people, and it was all very easy and really agreeable, the Queen in very good humour and talkative; the Prince still more so, and talking very well; no form, and everybody seemed at their ease. In the evening we withdrew to the only room there is besides the dining room, which serves for billiards, library (hardly any books in it), and drawing room. The Queen and Prince and her ladies and Gordon soon went back to the dining room, where they had a Highland dancing master, who gave them lessons in reels. We (John Russell and I) were not admitted to this exercise, so we played at billiards. In process of time they came back, when there was a little talk, and soon after they went to bed. So much for my visit to Balmoral. I was asked to stay there the first night, but was compelled to remain there the second, as the Braemar gathering took all the horses, and it was impossible to get away. The Prince was very civil about my staying when this was explained to him.

On Balmoral, Greville added (September 27, 1857), "Dinner formal and tiresome, evening dull. Queen came and said a few words to me just as she was retiring for the night."

January 18, 1845: . . . I returned a few days ago from the Grange, where I met Dr. Buckland and Archdeacon Wilberforce; the latter a very quick, lively, and agreeable man, who is in favour at Court, and has the credit of seeking to be Preceptor to the Prince of Wales, an office to which I should prefer digging at a canal, or breaking stones in the road, so intolerable would be the slavery of it. Buckland gave us a great dose of geology, not uninteresting, but too much of it. Lord Ashburton was in great force, and it is droll to see the supreme contempt which he and Palmerston entertain for each other.

Brocket, January 22, 1848: . . . Lady Beauvale told me some anecdotes of the Royal children, which may some day have an interest when time has tested and developed their characters. The Princess Royal is very clever, strong in body and in mind;

the Prince of Wales weaker and more timid, and the Queen says he is a stupid boy; but the hereditary and unfailing antipathy of our Sovereigns to their Heirs Apparent seems thus early to be taking root, and the Queen does not much like the child. He seems too to have an incipient propensity to that sort of romancing which distinguished his uncle, George IV. The child told Lady Beauvale that during their cruise he was very nearly thrown overboard, and was proceeding to tell her how, when the Queen overheard him, sent him off with a flea in his ear, and told her it was totally untrue.

April 4, 1853: . . . Lady Lyttleton, whom I met at Althorp, told me a great deal about the Queen and her children; nothing particularly interesting. She said the Queen was very fond of them, but severe in her manner, and a strict disciplinarian in her family. She described the Prince of Wales to be extremely shy and timid, with very good principles, and particularly an exact observer of truth, not clever; the Princess Royal is remarkably intelligent. I wrote this because it will hereafter be curious to see how the boy grows up, and what sort of performance follows this promise, though I shall not live to see it. She spoke in very high terms of the Queen herself, of the Prince, and of the simplicity and happiness of her private and domestic life.

December 12, 1858: . . . He entered upon this occasion into many details concerning the education of his children and expressed something like regret or doubt about what he called the "aggressive" system, that the Queen had followed toward them. Clarendon said,

"Your Royal Highness must permit me to express my thoughts with freedom, or I had better not say a word to you on the subject."

The Prince acquiesced, when he resumed by a strong protestation against the word "aggressive" as totally inapplicable to any sound system of education.

"I," he said, "have six children, and after all our children are much like Royal children, and require the same treatment. Now we have never used severity in any shape or way, never in their lives had occasion to punish any of them, and we have found this mode of bringing them up entirely successful."

The Prince said to Clarendon what Stockmar had before said,

that he had always been embarrassed by the alarm he felt lest the Queen's mind should be excited by any opposition to her will and that in regard to the children the disagreeable office of punishment had always devolved upon him. Clarendon said all that he had promised Stockmar he would in backing him up. The Prince listened very complacently to all he said, and when he went away the next day, they both took leave of him in a manner which showed that they had taken all he had said in very good part, and left him with the impression that he had done much good.

He told me that the Prince himself, in spite of his natural good sense, had been very injudicious in his way of treating his children and that the Prince of Wales resented very much the severity which he had experienced. The Queen, it seems, was never really fond of the Princess Royal because she thought her ugly and unlike most mothers who think their children better looking than they are, the Queen was always finding fault with her daughter's looks, and complaining of her being ugly and coarse very unjustly and in which Clarendon said he had often contradicted her Majesty.

September 17, 1855: . . . He [Clarendon] thinks the Queen's severe way of treating her children very injudicious and that the Prince will be difficult to manage as he has evidently a will of his own and is rather positive and opinionated, and inclined to lay down the law; but he is clever and his manners are good. One day in the carriage some subject was discussed, when the Prince said something which Clarendon contradicted to which he replied, "at all events, that is my opinion," when Clarendon said, "then Your Royal Highness's opinion is quite wrong," which seemed to surprise him a good deal. Another day he told him what he ought to do or say and added that the Queen had commanded him to instruct his Royal Highness who said that he was aware of it, the Queen having told him so herself.

London, November 4, 1858: . . . I hear the Queen has written a letter to the Prince of Wales announcing to him his emancipation from parental authority and control, and that it is one of the most admirable letters that ever were penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object, and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would

eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them, that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it him whenever he thought fit to seek it. It was a very long letter, all in that tone, and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince, and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods of tears, and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated its composition.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

BREWING BLOOD

THE prelude to the Crimean War offers a perfect picture of what was meant by the old diplomacy.

In the year 1844, London had a pleasant surprise:

June 10, 1844: For the last week this town has been kept in a fever by the brief and unexpected visit of the Emperor of Russia. Brunnow told me he was at Petersburg, and had given up all idea of coming here, and the very next day the telegraph announced that he was at The Hague, and would arrive in London in twenty-four hours. Nobody knows now what was the cause of this sudden and rapid expedition, for he travelled without stopping, and with extraordinary rapidity, from Petersburg, with the exception of twenty-four hours at Berlin, and forty-eight at The Hague. He alighted at the Palace, embraced the Queen, and after his interview went to establish himself at Brunnow's. He immediately visited all the Royal Family, and the Duke of Wellington. The Duke attired himself in the costume of a Russian Field Marshal to receive the Emperor. On Monday he went to Windsor, Tuesday to Ascot, Wednesday they gave him a Review, which went off very badly, owing to mistakes and bad arrangement, but with which he expressed himself very well satisfied. The sight was pretty, glorious weather, 3,000 or 4,000 Guards, Horse, Foot, and Artillery in the Park, the Queen *en calèche* with a brilliant suite. It was striking when the Duke went and put himself at the head of his regiment, marched past, and saluted the Queen and Emperor. The air resounded with acclamations as the old warrior passed, and the Emperor rode up to him and shook him by the hand. He did the same by the Prince and Duke of Cambridge as they respectively marched by at the head of their regiments, but neither of them was so cheered as the Duke. There was a blunder about the artillery. The Queen cannot endure firing, and the Duke had ordered that the guns should not be fired till she

left the ground. By some mistake (of William de Ros's, who probably interfered) contrary orders were given, and they advanced and fired not far from her Majesty. The Duke was furious, and would not be pacified, though Emperor, Queen, and Prince did their best to appease him; he blew up, and swore lustily, and ordered the luckless artillery into the rear. It was a mighty small concern for the Emperor, who reviews 100,000 men, and sees 15,000 mount guard every day; but he expressed his satisfaction, and when the Queen said her troops were few in number, he told her that she must consider his troops at her disposal exactly the same as her own.

On Thursday they went to Ascot again, where they were received very well by a dense multitude; on Friday to London, where they gave him a stupid party at the Palace, omitting to ask half the remarkable people, especially of the Opposition. On Saturday a breakfast at Chiswick, a beautiful *fête*, and perfectly successful. Everything that was distinguished in London was collected to see and be seen by the Emperor. All the statesmen, fine ladies, poets, artists, beauties, were collected in the midst of a display of luxury and magnificence, set off by the most delicious weather. The Emperor lunched in a room fitted up with his arms and ensigns, and afterward held a sort of circle on the grass, where people were presented to him, and he went round talking to one after another. His appearance on the whole disappointed me. He is not so tall as I had heard he was—about 6 feet 2, I should guess; and he has no remains of the beauty for which he was once so celebrated, and which at his age, forty-eight, need not have so entirely faded away; but the cares of such an Empire may well have ravaged that head on which they sit not lightly. He is become bald and bulky, but nevertheless is still a very fine and grand-looking personage. He accepts his age and its consequences, and does not try to avert them by any artificial appliances, and looks all the better for so doing. Though he has a very imposing air, I have seen much nobler men; he does not bear the highest aristocratic stamp; his general appearance is inferior to that of Lord Anglesey or Lord Granville (both twenty-five years older), and to others. He gives me more the idea of a Thracian peasant raised to Empire, than of a descendant of a line of kings; still his head, and especially his profile, is very fine, and his manners are ad-

mirable, affable without familiarity, cordial yet dignified, and particularly full of deference and gallantry to women. As he moved round the circle all smiling and urbane, I felt a sensation of awe mixed with that of curiosity at reflecting that I saw before me a potentate so mighty and despotic, on whose will and pleasure or caprice depended the fortune, the happiness and the lives of millions of creatures; and when the condition of these subject millions and the frequent exercise of such unbounded power flitted over my mind, I felt a pleasant consciousness that I was beyond the sphere of its influence, free as the birds in the air, at least from him, and I enjoyed that involuntary comparison of my freedom with the slavery of his subjects, which is in itself happiness, or something like it.

The Emperor seems to have a keen eye for beauty, and most of the good-looking women were presented to him. He was very civil to Lord Harrowby, Lord Granville, Lord Lansdowne, to Clarendon, whom he had known in Russia, and to Palmerston. Lord John Russell was not presented to him, which was very wrong and ill-managed. Of all men he ought to have made acquaintance with the remarkable leader of the Whig party; but the Queen in very bad taste and very odiously had not asked him to her party the night before, so that he never approached the Emperor at all. His Majesty thanked Lord Melbourne for having come to the breakfast, and afforded him the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He went away early, and the departure was pretty; the Royal equipages, the escort of Lancers with their pennons glancing in the sun, the steps and balcony clustered over with women to speed the parting guest; and as he bade the Duke of Devonshire a kind farewell, and mounted his carriage, while the Russian Hymn struck up, and he took his departure for ever from the gay scene and brilliant assemblage, proceeding on the march of his high and hard destiny, while we all turned to our humble, obscure, peaceful, and uneventful occupations, it was an exhibition to stir the imagination and excite busy thoughts.

At the Opera, which was crowded from top to bottom, he [the Emperor of Russia] was very well received, and would have been better, if the Queen had had the tact and the grace to bring him forward to receive the burst of acclamations with which the audience was ready to hail him, but she did not, and

he could not present himself of his own accord. They say he is excessively disgusted with the dullness of the Court, and well he may be. The Queen has no conversation, and no attempt was made to amuse him. Lady Glanricarde, to whom he paid a visit, told me that she was struck with his saying not one word expressive of admiration or satisfaction about anybody or anything at Court; not a syllable in praise of the Queen or Prince.

Greville's next entry was that "while we were still gossiping about the Emperor's visit and discussing in great tranquillity all its incidents, we were roused by a rumour, which, as it swelled into importance, soon consigned his Imperial Majesty to oblivion." The Government had been defeated over some sugar duties.

To the press, to Parliament, even to the Cabinet, there was not a hint of the inner meaning of the Czar's visit. The statesmen responsible were as secretive as thieves and Greville wrote and indeed died without an inkling of the one fact that determined the whole situation.

So completely in the dark was Greville that, in March, 1847, he suggests, not that Russia and England had been negotiating apart from France but that Russia and France had been negotiating in "semi-hostility to England." The Czar deposited £2,000,000 in the Bank of France and "the political and commercial world were struck with astonishment."

Behind the back of Europe, the Czar, Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Secretary—to quote Reeve—"drew up and signed a Memorandum, the spirit and scope of which was to support Russia in her legitimate protection of the Greek religion and the holy shrines, and to do so without consulting France. To obtain this agreement was doubtless the object of the Emperor's journey. It bore his own personal signature. The existence of this Memorandum was a profound secret known only to the Queen and to those Ministers who held in succession the seals of the Foreign Department, each of whom transmitted it privately to his successor."

Particulars of this secret treaty are to be found in Lord Malmesbury's *Memoirs* (Vol. I, p. 402). The Treaty "hitherto

unknown, throws an entirely new light on the causes of the Crimean War. The Emperor of Russia naturally relied on the support of the very ministers who had signed the agreement and were again in power, whilst Lord Aberdeen was conscious of having entered into an engagement wholly at variance with the course of policy into which he was reluctantly driven."

As the Czar believed, Britain thus stood pledged to support his ecclesiastical interests in Turkey. Indeed, this was not the whole story. The Czar used to call Turkey "the sick man of Europe." And, after his visit to London, he submitted to Great Britain a memorandum, indicating his view of what should be done with Turkish territory when the end came. From these opinions, Britain expressed no dissent. She accepted the memorandum and, by her silence, appeared to acquiesce in it.

These commitments, real or presumed, and dated 1844, were in the Czar's mind, nine years later. The British Ambassador at St. Petersburg was Sir Hamilton Seymour. From Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary, Greville heard how, with the utmost candour, the Czar had discussed the very aims which he had submitted to Great Britain in 1844 without encountering dissent:

March 24, 1853: . . . I learnt the state of our relations with France and Russia in reference to the Turkish business, and he gave me to read a very curious and interesting despatch (addressed to John Russell) from Seymour, giving an account of a long conversation he had had with the Emperor Nicholas about Turkey and her prospects and condition, and his own intentions and opinions, which were amicable toward us, and very wise and moderate in themselves, contemplating the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, disclaiming in the strongest terms any design of occupying Constantinople—more than that, declaring that he would not do it—but supposing the event to happen, not thinking the solution of the problem so difficult as it is generally regarded. He threw out that he should have no objection, if a partition was ever to take place, that we should appropriate Egypt and Candia to ourselves.

Constantinople was the strategic point of diplomacy and Great Britain was represented there by Stratford Canning, an

Ambassador animated by bitter resentment against Russia and the Czar who, as we have seen, had refused to receive him.

November 10, 1853: Reeve is just returned from . . . Constantinople, and he came home by Vienna. Lord Stratford treated him with great kindness and hospitality, and talked to him very openly. He says that Stratford exercised a great but not unlimited influence and control over the Turkish Government, and of course is very jealous of the influence he possesses; for example, he boasted to Reeve that he had carried a great point and had procured the appointment of the candidate he favoured as Greek Patriarch, an interference which, if it had been made by the Emperor of Russia, whose concern it is much more than ours, would have excited in us great indignation. Such an exercise of influence and in such a matter, of which the Russians are well aware, is calculated to exasperate them.

February 9, 1854: . . . Stratford's despatches are very able, and very well written, but they leave the impression (which we know to be the truth), that he has said and done a great deal more than we are informed of; that he is the real cause of this war, and that he might have prevented it, if he had chosen to do so, I have no doubt whatever. His letters have evidently been studiously composed with reference to the Blue Book, and that he may appear in a popular light. I find he has been all the time in correspondence with Palmerston, who, we may be sure, has incited him to fan the flame, and encourage the Turks to push matters to extremities. I should like to know what Palmerston would have said, when he was at the Foreign Office, if one of his colleagues had corresponded with any one of his Ministers abroad, in a sense differing from that in which he himself instructed him.

Sir James Graham, though in the Cabinet, "fancied" (September 4, 1853) that Palmerston, though only Home Secretary, "has been in communication with Stratford." Palmerston's "hatred of Russia is not extinguished":

February 9, 1854: . . . Granville told me that one day when they were discussing the Eastern question (i. e., Palmerston, Aberdeen, and I don't know who besides), Palmerston said in reference to something, "I have had a letter from Stratford," and pulled a letter out of his pocket and began to read it.

"I have done what I could, and although I don't know how it will be taken at home, *you*, I am sure, will agree with me," when he suddenly stopped and said, "Oh, no, I have made a mistake, this is not the letter," and put it in his pocket again, showing the sort of communication which passed between them.

February 20, 1854: . . . It is disgusting to hear everybody and to see all writers vying with each other in laudation of Stratford Canning, who has been the principal cause of the war. They all think that, if he had been sincere in his desire for peace, and for an accommodation with Russia, he might have accomplished it, but on the contrary he was bent on bringing on war. He said as much to Lord Bath, who was at Constantinople. Lord Bath told him he had witnessed the fleets sailing into the Black Sea, when he replied, "You have brought some good news, for that is *war*. The Emperor of Russia chose to make it a personal quarrel with me, and now I am revenged." This Lord Bath wrote to Lady Ashburton, who told Clarendon. I asked John Russell yesterday why he sent Stratford back to Constantinople. He said when he sent him the quarrel was between France and Russia, and only about the Holy Places; they knew nothing there of Menschikoff's demands, and nobody was so qualified as Stratford to assist in settling the original affairs.

Russia, on her side, sent Prince Menschikoff, also the most violent man who could have been selected to counteract Stratford.

The Emperor Napoleon completed the trio.

November 10, 1853: . . . Nobody knows what is his real motive for sending Baraguay d'Hilliers to Constantinople. Francis Baring, when I told him of this appointment, said it could be only for the purpose of quarrelling, for he was the most violent of men, and was certain to quarrel with whomsoever he had to deal. If this be so, his quarrelling with Lord Stratford is inevitable, and it is by no means improbable that Louis Napoleon is tired of playing second fiddle to us, and sends this General there for the express purpose of counteracting our superior influence, and, by the tender of military counsel and aid, to substitute his own for ours.

Clarendon attributed the action of France to "wounded vanity."

Baraguay d'Hilliers enjoyed an "accompaniment of French officers."

In his zeal to defend the Holy Places, the Czar was not "entirely his own master." He was (June 13, 1853) "pushed on by an ardent and fanatical party in Russia" and (May 30th) was "naturally provoked with the French, who are in fact the real cause of this by their intrigues and extortions about the Holy Places." Also he was "provoked at the Montenegrin affair having been settled by Austria without his having a finger in that pie":

March 24, 1853: . . . Clarendon told me he had seen Brunnow, and after recapitulating to him all the various causes for alarm, resting on facts or on rumours, especially with regard to Russia and her intentions, he said that our government had received the word of honour of the Emperor that he had no sinister or hostile intentions, and disclaimed those that had been imputed to him, and that on his word they relied with such implicit confidence that he had not the slightest fear of disquietude. Brunnow was exceedingly pleased, and said that was the way to treat the Emperor, who would be excessively gratified, nothing being dearer to him than the confidence and good opinion of this country, and he said he would send off a courier the next day, and Clarendon should dictate his despatch. The instructions given to Menschikoff have been enormously exaggerated, the most serious and offensive parts that have been stated (the nomination of the Greek Patriarch, &c.) being totally false. I asked what they were, and he said nothing but a string of conditions about shrines and other ecclesiastical trifles.

Napoleon was conscious that France also was a Defender of the Faith in the East.

March 24, 1853: . . . Clarendon is much dissatisfied with the conduct of the French Government, who were in a great hurry to send off their fleet. . . . They did this, although they knew the despatches were on the road, and that a very few hours would put them in possession of the actual state of the case. Moreover,

Cowley [in Paris] moved heaven and earth to induce Drouyn de Lhuys [the French Foreign Minister] to withdraw the order to sail, but without effect. They persisted in it, after they knew we were not going to stir, and Cowley could not see the Emperor, who he says was evidently avoiding any communication with him. Still very friendly language continues to pass between us, and our government are inclined to attribute this unwise proceeding to the vanity of the French, their passion for doing something, and above all the inexperience and want of *savoir faire* in high matters of diplomacy of the Emperor and his Ministers. There is not one amongst them who is fit to handle such delicate and important questions, the Emperor, who governs everything by his own will, less than any; and Drouyn de Lhuys, who has been for many years engaged more or less in the Foreign Office, is a very poor and inefficient minister.

The British fleet held back. "It is lucky Dundas is a prudent man, and refused to carry his fleet up to the vicinity of the Dardanelles at Rose's invitation, or mischief might have ensued."

But Stratford Canning (March 24, 1853) also wanted to use warships as arguments and asked for "discretionary authority" to summon the fleet. Clarendon "refused."

Even Lord John Russell wrote a letter to Clarendon "full of very wild talk of strong measures to be taken and a fleet sent to the Baltic to make peremptory demands on the Emperor of Russia."

June 13, 1853: . . . The great event has been the sailing of our fleet from Malta to join the French fleet at the mouth of the Dardanelles, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the French Government, who desire nothing so much as to exhibit to all Europe an *entente cordiale* with us; and Walewski said to me that, however the affair might end, this great advantage they had at all events obtained. The Emperor of Russia will be deeply mortified when he hears of this junction; for besides that it will effectually bar the approach of his fleet to Constantinople, if he ever contemplated it; there is nothing he dislikes and dreads so much as the intimate union of France and England.

The first peril was that Russia would fight Turkey and break her up:

May 30, 1853: Great alarm the last two or three days at an approaching rupture between Russia and Turkey, as, if it takes place, nobody can pretend to say what the consequences may be. Vast indignation, of course, against the Emperor of Russia, who certainly appears to have departed from the moderate professions which he made to Seymour a short time ago, and the assurances that were given to us and France. But Clarendon, whom I saw yesterday, is rather disposed to give him credit for more moderate and pacific intentions than his conduct seems to warrant. He says that he is persuaded the Emperor has no idea of the view that is taken of his proceedings here.

The Emperor was about to invade those Turkish provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia which are now Rumania:

June 13, 1853: . . . His Majesty is now so greatly excited that nothing can stop him, and he told Seymour the other day that he would spend his last rouble and his last soldier rather than give way. Still he professes that he aims at no more than a temporary occupation of the Principalities, and renounces all purpose of conquest. The Russian army will therefore certainly march in.

According to Greville, "nobody here would care one straw about the Russian occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia." That was the view of the "peace party," including Cobden. But Clarendon, though for peace, thought "that any discussion in the House of Commons will elicit a disposition for peace *à tout prix*, which would seriously embarrass affairs and only confirm Russia in the course she is pursuing." Disraeli alone (July 9, 1853), "who cares for nothing but making mischief," tried to bring on a debate.

Palmerston wanted war at once:

June 22, 1853: . . . It appears that Palmerston proposed on Saturday last that the entrance of the Russians into the Principalities should be considered a *casus belli*, in which, however, he was overruled and gave way. The Cabinet did not come to a vote upon it, but the general sentiment went with Aberdeen and Clarendon, and against Palmerston.

July 14, 1853: . . . It is evident that he [Palmerston] is *at*

work, and probably, according to his ancient custom, in some underhand way in the press. His flatterers tell him that a majority of the House of Commons would support *him* and a warlike policy.

Also Palmerston's prestige was rising. He was an excellent Home Secretary, and he was Lord John Russell's deputy in Parliament:

September 2, 1853: . . . There, however, I know from other sources, all the popularity is engrossed by Palmerston and by Gladstone, and Lord John has foolishly suffered Palmerston to take his place as leader very often, because he chose to stay away at Richmond and not come near the House.

November 15, 1853: . . . The Queen told Clarendon an anecdote of Palmerston, showing how exclusively absorbed he is with *foreign* politics. Her Majesty has been much interested in and alarmed at the strikes and troubles in the North, and asked Palmerston for details about them, when she found he knew nothing at all. One morning, after previous inquiries, she said to him, "Pray, Lord Palmerston, have you any news?" To which he replied, "No, Madam, I have heard nothing; but it seems certain *the Turks have crossed the Danube*."

Aberdeen was in an awkward position. He had signed the secret agreement with Russia. He knew that the Czar was acting under an impression of British policy which had been allowed to go uncontradicted for years—an impression namely that Britain, while not desiring the break-up of Turkey, would not oppose it. And Greville, knowing nothing of the inner significance of his words, writes:

July 12, 1853: . . . Clarendon tells me that he has no doubt Aberdeen has on many occasions held language in various quarters that was not prudent under the circumstances, and was calculated to give erroneous impressions as to the intentions of the Government, and he thinks that the Emperor himself has been misled by what he may have heard both of the disposition and sentiments of the Prime Minister, and of the determination of the House of Commons and the country at large to abstain from war in every case except one in which our own honour and interests were *directly* concerned.

June 22, 1853: The Opposition papers (especially the *Morning Herald* and the *Press*, Disraeli's new journal) have been making the most violent attacks on Aberdeen and Clarendon, calling for their impeachment on the ground of their conduct in this Eastern quarrel, particularly charging them with having been cognizant of and approved of Menschikoff's demands, which have occasioned all the hubbub. At last it was thought necessary to make a statement in reply, which was done by the *Times* on Thursday last.

The Cabinet was divided:

June 5, 1853: . . . He [Clarendon] has a difficult task to perform, taking a middle position in the Cabinet between the opposite opinions of those who are for more stringent measures and those who, like himself, are for patience and moderation. Palmerston, in whom his ancient Russian antipathies are revived, is for vigour, and as in former times "leading John Russell by the nose," Clarendon and Aberdeen for moderation; but he is beset by different opinions and written suggestions and proposals, and all this worries him exceedingly. I asked him how the Court was, and he said very reasonable, their opinions being influenced of course by Aberdeen.

At Russia's quarrel with Turkey, Clarendon, as Foreign Secretary, became "very gloomy" and was "greatly disgusted at having been deceived by the Emperor."

Various proposals for peace were made to Russia, among them, one from France:

July 18, 1853: . . . Castelbajac took it to Nesselrode, who read it very attentively, and said that he liked it very much, but that he could give no positive answer till he had submitted it to the Emperor. The same afternoon he saw the French Minister again, and told him that he had laid the project before the Emperor Nicholas, and that his Majesty was not only satisfied, but grateful for it, "*non seulement satisfait, mais reconnaissant*," and that the only reason he did not at once close with it was that his ally, the Emperor of Austria, had also submitted a proposal, and he did not like to take another from another Court exclusively without previous communication with him.

At this "very important news," there really seemed "a probability of this Turkish question being amicably settled." As Greville wrote, "to my mind, [it] is decisive on the question of peace." Nesselrode liked the British proposals best of all, only asking that such approaches be made "*from Vienna.*" And "in a very handsome letter," Palmerston himself wrote to Clarendon to say he "rejoiced that the management of our foreign affairs was in such able hands."

Yet (August 8th) "Clarendon does not consider that we are *out of the wood* though he expects on the whole it will end well."

London, August 8, 1853: Ever since last Monday, when Clarendon made a speech in the House of Lords on which a bad interpretation was put in reference to the question of peace or war, there has been a sort of panic, and the public mind, which refused at first to admit the possibility of war, suddenly rushed to the opposite conclusion, and everybody became persuaded that war was inevitable. The consequence was a great fall in the funds, and the depreciation of every sort of security.

The position was that—

London, August 8, 1853: . . . the Emperor had signified his willingness to accept the proposal which was then expected from Vienna, and last night fresh news came that the proposal had arrived, and he had said he would take it, if the Turks would send an ambassador with it, exactly as it had been submitted to him. This I heard late last night, and Granville considered it conclusive of an immediate settlement. But this morning I went to Clarendon and found him not so sure, and not regarding the pacific solution as so indubitable; there still remain some important matters of detail to be settled, though certainly the affair wears a much more favourable aspect, and there is every reason to hope it will all end well. But while this proposal was concocted at Vienna, the Cabinet here (last Saturday week) made some small verbal alterations in it, so that ultimately it will not be presented for the Emperor's formal acceptance word for word the same, and if he wants a pretext to back out of his present engagement, he can therein find one, as he only agreed to take it if it was word for word the same.

August 9, 1853: . . . At Court yesterday Aberdeen was quite confident of the settlement of the Eastern affair, and Brunnow,

who was there with the Duchess of Leuchtenberg to see the Queen, very smiling. . . . The Government are in high spirits at the prospect of winding up this prosperous Session with the settlement of the Eastern Question: nothing else is wanting to their success.

August 11, 1853: . . . Yesterday all the world went to the great naval review at Portsmouth, except myself. It appears to have been a fine but tedious sight, for Granville set off at 5.30 A. M., and only got back at one in the morning.

August 27, 1853: . . . The Session closed with *éclat* by a speech of Palmerston's in his most flashy and successful style. John Russell gave a night at last for the discussion of the Turkish question, and made a sort of explanation, which was tame, meagre, and unsatisfactory. After some speeches expressive of disappointment and disapprobation, Cobden made an oration in favour of peace at any price, and this drew up Palmerston, who fell upon him with great vigour and success. The discussion would have ended languidly and ill for the Government but for this brilliant improvisation which carried the House entirely with it. It was not, however, if analysed and calmly considered, of much use to the Government as to their foreign policy, for it was only an answer to Cobden, and Palmerston did not say one word in defence of the policy which has been adopted, nor identify himself with it, as he might as well have done.

By the action of Russia, therefore, the issue was referred to Turkey, and Clarendon feared Constantinople:

September 3, 1853: . . . There is a strong bigoted violent party for war, disposed to dethrone the Sultan and replace him by his brother. This brother (of whom I never heard before) is a man of more energy than the Sultan, and is connected with the fanatical party. The Sultan himself is enervated by early debauchery and continual drunkenness, and therefore in great danger should he by any unpopular measures provoke an outbreak from the violent faction.

The Turks might thus "make difficulties," and the question was whether "Stratford Canning may not raise obstacles instead of using all his influence to procure their agreement."

August 11, 1853: I saw Clarendon yesterday. Nothing new,

but he said he fully expected Stratford Canning would play some trick at Constantinople, and throw obstacles in the way of settlement.

August 27, 1853: . . . Granville told me that what had occurred showed how much more sagacious Aberdeen had been as to this affair than Palmerston, the former having always maintained that there would be no difficulty with the Emperor, but if any arose it would be from the Turks; whereas Palmerston was always sure the Turks would make none, but that the Emperor would refuse all arrangements.

August 28, 1853: It seems the Turks, after a delay of ten days from receiving the proposition, sent it back to Vienna, asking for some not important alterations; but immediately afterward they required a stipulation for the evacuation of the Principalities, and guarantees that they should not be occupied again. It is very improbable that the Emperor will listen to such conditions. Nesselrode has all along told Seymour that they [the Russians] mean in fulfilment of their pledges to evacuate the Principalities, as soon as they have got the required satisfaction, but that it must not be made *a condition*, and entreated him to abstain from any demand which might give an air of compulsion to the act.

September 3, 1853: . . . Clarendon thinks that Stratford has encouraged the resistance of the Divan to the proposals of the Conference, and that he might have persuaded the Turks to accept the terms if he had chosen to do so and set about it in a proper manner; but Clarendon says that he has lived there so long, and is animated with such a personal hatred of the Emperor, that he is full of the Turkish spirit; and this and his temper together have made him take a part directly contrary to the wishes and instructions of his government. . . . Clarendon is very uneasy because he thinks the Emperor Nicholas' pride will not let him accept the Note as modified by *the Turks*, though he would have accepted the same Note if it had been presented originally by the Conference.

Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty (September 4th), was "very hot against Stratford, to whom he attributes all the difficulties" and was for seeking "the proofs of his treachery" from the Turkish Ministers. Of course, "it would

not do to act on surmises or reports," but only on "clear proofs of Stratford's misconduct, such as will satisfy Parliament." According to Clarendon:

September 8, 1853: . . . It would be impossible to make out any case against him, as he certainly had read to the Turkish Minister all his [Clarendon's] despatches and instructions, and he gave the most positive assurances, which it would be difficult to gainsay, that he had done everything in his power to induce the Turkish Government to give way to the advice of the Conference, and whatever his secret wishes and opinions might be, there was no official evidence to be had that he had failed in doing his duty fairly by his own government; therefore it would be out of the question to recall him.

Clarendon "would lay two to one the Emperor does not accept the modified Note."

The Emperor Napoleon wanted the fleets to "enter the Dardanelles, but only a little way, and not go on to Constantinople; and Clarendon takes the same view, proposing a *mezzo termine*." He wrote, moreover, to the Duchess of Hamilton "that he believes the Russians will not evacuate the Principalities and that he does not care if they stay there."

September 3, 1853: . . . All these circumstances taken together look very like a little intrigue between the Emperor and the Russian Court, which would also be very consistent with his secret, false, and clandestine mode of conducting his affairs. It is probable enough that he may wish to keep on good terms with Russia and at the same time maintain his intimate connection with England. That he is bent on avoiding war there can be no doubt, and for very good reasons, for France is threatened with a scarcity, and he is above all things bent on keeping the people supplied with food at low prices; and for this object the French Government is straining every nerve and prepared to make any amount of pecuniary sacrifice; but the necessity for this, which absorbs all their means, renders it at the same time particularly desirable to maintain peace in Europe.

As a matter of fact, Clarendon told Greville that (September 20th) "the Russian generals had actually received orders to pre-

pare for the evacuation (of the Principalities) which the Emperor would have commanded the instant he heard that the Turks were willing to send the Vienna Note."

On October 3rd, the Turkish Divan sent Russia an ultimatum, demanding that the Principalities be evacuated within fifteen days. Russia answered by declaring war on the Sultan.

The division in the Cabinet was more acute. Lord Aberdeen (October 6, 1853) told Delane of the *Times* "that he was resolved to be no party to a war with Russia on such grounds as the present, and he was prepared to resign rather than incur such responsibility." That was "the marrow of what he said and very important because not unlikely to lead to some difference in the Cabinet and possibly to its dissolution." Clanricarde suggested that this language was calculated to stiffen "the obstinacy" of the Czar which "was entirely caused by his conviction that France and England would never remain united, and that nothing would induce the latter to make war on Russia."

November 27, 1853: . . . He said he had a regular scene with Aberdeen the other day. After this Note (or whatever it was) had been discussed and agreed to in the Cabinet, and all settled, Aberdeen came into his room, and began finding fault with it, and raising all sorts of objections, when Clarendon, out of all patience, broke out: "Really, this is too bad. You come now, after it has all been settled in the Cabinet where you let it pass, and make all sorts of objections. And this is the way you do about everything; you object to all that is proposed, and you never suggest anything yourself. What is it you want? Will you say what you would have done?" He declares he said all this with the greatest vivacity, being really exasperated. Aberdeen had nothing to say, and knocked under. The truth seems to be that the attacks upon him in the newspapers (though they don't know it) are pretty well justified, and very little exaggerated.

On the other hand, there was Palmerston (October 4th) whose "position is curious":

October 4, 1853: . . . He is certainly very popular, and there is a high idea of his diplomatic skill and vigour. He is lauded to the skies by all the Radicals who are the admirers of Kossuth and Mazzini, who want to renew the scenes and attempts of

1848, and who fancy that, if Palmerston were at the head of the Government, he would play into their hands. On the other hand, he is equally an object of the flattery and praise of the Tories, who cannot get over their being succeeded by a Peelite Prime Minister.

October 7, 1853: . . . Lady Palmerston as usual talks *à qui veut l'entendre* of the misconduct of the whole affair, and affirms that, if Palmerston had had the management of it, all would have been settled long ago.

Palmerston was steadily for war:

September 26, 1853: . . . He [Clarendon] showed me a letter from Palmerston, in which he spoke very coolly of such a contingency as war with Russia and Austria, and with his usual confidence and flippancy of the great blows that might be inflicted on both powers, particularly alluding to the possible expulsion of the Austrians from Italy, an object of which he has probably never lost sight.

October 4, 1853: . . . Granville told me last night he thought Palmerston was not at all displeased at the decision of the Turks [to defy Russia] and as he still clings to the idea that Turkey is powerful and full of energy, and he is quite indifferent to the danger to which Austria may be exposed, and would rejoice at her being plunged in fresh difficulties and threatened with fresh rebellions and revolutions, he will rather rejoice than not at the breaking out of hostilities. He has been speechifying in Scotland, where, though he spoke very handsomely of Clarendon, he did not say one word in defence of Aberdeen.

November 10, 1853: . . . Reeve (having been to Constantinople) has a very poor opinion of the power, resources, and political condition of Turkey, and does not doubt the military success of the Russians. He says that the corruption is enormous—everybody bribes or is bribed. The Greek Patriarch whom Stratford got appointed had to pay large sums to Redschid Pasha and his son. The whole State is rotten to the core.

Aberdeen was thus (November 2d) "always opposing measures of hostility toward Russia and Palmerston for pushing them forward." Were we or were we not "to be dragged into a war at the heels of the Grand Council (of Turkey)

which is an assembly of ruffians and fanatics, by whom it would be utterly inconsistent with the dignity of our Crown that our policy should be governed and influenced?"

November 2, 1853: . . . This is a point on which the Queen feels very strongly, and is exceedingly anxious that the honour and dignity of the Crown should not be compromised. Accordingly Clarendon drew up a despatch to this effect, to which the Cabinet acceded, and Palmerston also, though with some reluctance. However, he not only saw the proposed despatch, but he made some alteration in it with his own hand, thereby of course subscribing to it. Just after this Clarendon went to Windsor, and submitted the despatch to the Queen and the Prince; they objected to it that it was not strong enough in their sense, but Clarendon prevailed upon them to waive their objections, and, as it had been agreed to in the Cabinet, to let it go. But before it was gone Clarendon received a letter from Palmerston, strongly objecting to the despatch altogether, and desiring Clarendon to inform Lord Aberdeen that he would be no party to such a communication. This was extremely embarrassing. Clarendon spoke to Aberdeen, and afterward (at Aberdeen's suggestion) informed the Queen what had occurred. Her Majesty said, "I advise you not to attach much importance to this communication. I know Lord Palmerston from much experience, and it is probably only an attempt to bully, which, if you take no notice of it, you will hear no more of." The result justified the Queen's sagacity, for Clarendon sent off the despatch, and at the same time wrote word to Palmerston that he had done so, giving him sundry reasons why he could not do otherwise, to which he received in reply a very good-humoured letter, merely saying that, as it was gone, it was useless to say any more about it, and probably it would do no harm.

November 15, 1853: . . . The Emperor of Russia has taken the unusual step of writing an autograph letter to the Queen. Brunnow, who was rather puzzled, took the letter to Aberdeen, and asked what he was to do with it. Aberdeen told him to take it to Clarendon, who sent it to the Queen. She sent it to him to read, and he suggested certain heads of an answer, but did not communicate the letter, nor the fact of its having been received, to anyone but Aberdeen. The Queen wrote an answer in French, and he says a very good one.

The break came:

December 12, 1853: . . . The Duke of Bedford . . . called on Clarendon on Saturday, when he said to Clarendon that he was very uneasy about Palmerston, and thought he was meditating something, though he did not know exactly what he was at. Clarendon interrupted him—"Certainly, he is meditating breaking up the Government; in fact, he told me so." At this moment it was announced that two or three foreign Ministers were waiting to see him, when he abruptly broke off the conference, and they parted.

London, December 17, 1853: Yesterday morning the news of Palmerston's resignation was made public. It took everybody by surprise, few having been aware that he objected to the Reform measure in contemplation.

On November 30th, the Russians, in the course of their naval operations, had destroyed the Turkish squadron at Sinope. Palmerston wanted action:

Hatchford, December 21, 1853: . . . Delane went to Aberdeen, and asked him for his version of the affair, when he said that the Eastern Question was the cause and the sole cause of Palmerston's resignation. . . . Delane observed, if this was true, Palmerston had acted a very high-minded and disinterested part.

London, December 22, 1853: I went to town this morning, called on Lady Palmerston, found her in good spirits and humour, and vastly pleased at all the testimonies of approbation and admiration he has received. She exclaimed with exultation, "He is always in the right in everything he does," a position I could not confirm, and which I did not care to dispute.

With Britain pushed into the abyss of bloodshed, Palmerston decided, after all, to remain in the Cabinet:

December 24, 1853: . . . On Thursday at the Cabinet the resolution was taken which amounts to war. The French sent a proposal that the fleets should go into the Black Sea, repel any Russian aggression, and force any Russian ships of war they met with to go back to Sebastopol, using force in case of resistance. We assented to this proposal, and orders were sent accordingly. This must produce hostilities of some sort, and

renders war inevitable. It is curious that this stringent measure should have been adopted during Palmerston's absence, and that he had no hand in it. It will no doubt render the reconciliation more agreeable to him. This incident of his resignation and return, which has made such a hubbub not only here but all over Europe for several days, is certainly extraordinary, and will hardly be intelligible.

January 6, 1854: . . . The Black Sea is so dark they can take no observations, and so deep it cannot be sounded, perpetual fogs (which make the darkness) and no harbour where the fleets can take refuge.

Bowood, December 26, 1853: . . . The Tories and the Radicals are equally puzzled, perplexed, and disgusted, and do not know what to say. They accordingly solace themselves with such inventions and falsehoods as it suits their several purposes to circulate.

Greville (December 26th) thought that Palmerston "has made a great fool of himself." But his letter of reconciliation was "artful and cunning." Palmerston, however, was "quite at his ease and just as if nothing had happened, which was exactly like him."

January 6, 1854: All going on very amiably in the Cabinet, and Pam and Johnny the best friends possible, cutting their jokes on each other, and Palmerston producing all his old objections to the Reform Bill just as if it was discussed for the first time.

January 25, 1854: . . . One faint ray of hope for peace has dawned. The Emperor, on receiving our Note, has not recalled Brunnow, but ordered him to ask for explanations, and he is only to withdraw if the answer is of a certain tenor. Clarendon told him he could not give him an answer at the moment, and Seymour had said in the P. S. of his last despatch, "For God's sake, don't give Brunnow any answer for three days." It is clearly one of two things—the Emperor meditates making peace, or he wants to gain time.

February 1, 1854: Parliament met yesterday, a greater crowd than usual to see the procession. The Queen and Prince were very well received, as well as usual, if not better; but all the *enthusiasm* was bestowed on the Turkish Minister, the mob

showing their sympathy in his cause by vociferous cheering the whole way.

February 9, 1854: Nobody now thinks of anything but of the coming war and its vigorous prosecution. The national blood is up, and those who most earnestly deprecated war are all for hitting as hard as we can now that it is forced upon us. The publication of the Blue Books has relieved the Government from a vast amount of prejudice and suspicion. The public judgment of their management of the Eastern Question is generally very favourable, and impartial people applaud their persevering efforts to avert war, and are satisfied that everything was done that the national honour or dignity required. I have read through the thick volumes, and am satisfied that there is on the whole no case to be made against the Government, though there are some things that might perhaps have been better done.

February 15, 1854: Several days ago there was a short discussion in the House of Lords, in which the Government did not cut a good figure. Aberdeen made a declaration in favour of peace, saying "war was not inevitable," which produced an explosion against him, and it was so imprudent *in him*, and so calculated to mislead, that Clarendon was very angry with him and insisted on his rising again and saying that no negotiations were going on, threatening to do so himself if Aberdeen did not. . . . This morning appears in all the newspapers the autograph letter of the Emperor Napoleon to the Emperor Nicholas, which has been so much talked of. If the Emperor of Russia at once closes with it, he will place us in a great dilemma, but it may produce peace. . . . Clarendon told me this was only one of many instances in which the conduct of the French had been very *louche* and insincere. . . . A fine prospect to be married to such a people on a great question; but what can be expected from the Government of such a Sovereign and such Ministers? It confirms my long-settled opinion, that we are always in extreme danger of being thrown over by them.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

PETER PAM HAS HIS WAR

To GREVILLE, the Crimean War was an "egregious folly" which filled him with "dismal forebodings":

March 29, 1854: The die is cast, and war was declared yesterday. We are already beginning to taste the fruits of it. Every species of security has rapidly gone down, and everybody's property in stocks, shares, &c., is depreciated already from twenty to thirty per cent. I predict confidentially that, before many months are over, people will be as heartily sick of it as they are now hot upon it.

November 16, 1854: . . . To overrate the strength and power of the allies, and to underrate that of Russia on her own territory, has been the fault and folly of the English public, and if they find themselves deceived in their calculations and disappointed in their expectations, their rage and fury will know no bounds, and be lavished on everybody but themselves.

August 29, 1854: . . . My present impression is that we shall come to grief in this contest; not that we shall be beaten in the field by the Russians, but that between the unhealthy climate, the inaccessibility of the country, and the distance of our resources, Russia will be able to keep us at bay, and baffle our attempts to reduce her to submission.

Happily, the war was won at once, and, what was best of all, in London itself:

June 25, 1854: . . . The people are wild about this war, and besides the general confidence that we are to obtain very signal success in our naval and military operations, there is a violent desire to force the Emperor to make a very humiliating peace, and a strong conviction that he will very soon be compelled to do so. This belief is the cause of the great rise which has been taking place in the public securities, and all sorts of stories are rife of the terror and dislike of the war which prevail in Russia,

and of the agitation and melancholy in which the Emperor is said to be plunged.

The most audible munitions were knives and forks. The First Lord of the Admiralty was Sir James Graham, "a man of mature age who has been nearly forty years in public life," yet who, at the Reform Club (March 13, 1854), was "so rash and ill-judged" as to announce a war, "short" and "sharp." Lord Palmerston was in the chair and Sir Charles Napier, banqueting on victories still to be won, was the hero of the knife and fork. "Everybody," wrote Greville, "disapproves of the whole proceeding, which is thought to have been unwise and in bad taste."

It was ignorance that was such bliss. Greville was a high official, in close touch with the Cabinet and especially with Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary. Yet neither he nor anyone else knew where or how the Russians were to be beaten:

March 29, 1854: . . . Nobody knows where our fleets and armies are going, nor what they mean to attempt, and we are profoundly ignorant of the resources and power of Russia to wage war against us.

The satisfactory thing was that the Russians would not fight:

November 16, 1854: . . . It would be quite easy to crumple up Russia, and reduce her to accept such terms as we might choose to impose upon her. All the examples which history furnishes were disregarded, and a general belief prevailed that Russia would be unable to oppose any effectual or prolonged resistance to our forces combined. When the successes of the Turks at the beginning of the war became known, this confidence not unnaturally became confirmed.

January 5, 1854: . . . His [the Emperor's] warlike preparations are enormous, and it is said that the Church has granted him a loan of four and one half millions to defray them.

Only people back from Russia suggested that possibly the foe would take the field:

June 25, 1854: . . . But the authentic accounts from St. Petersburg tell a very different tale. They say, and our Consul just arrived from St. Petersburg confirms the statement, that

the Emperor is calm and resolute, that his popularity is very great, and the Russians of all classes enthusiastic in his cause, and that they are prepared to a man to sacrifice their properties and their lives in a vigorous prosecution of the war.

The simplest plan would be for Admiral Sir Charles Napier after his dinner at the Reform Club to proceed to St. Petersburg by way of Cronstadt. The war was thus (October 2, 1854) "principally carried on in the North."

And then nothing much happened. "Those rash and impatient idiots who were so full of misplaced confidence" proceeded, therefore, to raise a "fine clamour":

September 22, 1854: . . . Great indignation is expressed at the prospect of Napier's returning from the Baltic without making any attempt on Cronstadt, or to perform any exploit beyond the Bomarsund affair. He is detested by his officers, and they one and all complain that he has been so little adventurous, and maintain that more might have been done. The justness and correctness of this, time will show.

Napier has thus to "come away as soon as the ice sets in." And there had to be a sideshow, to pass the time, in the Crimea:

September 11, 1854: . . . So certain are they of taking Sebastopol that they have already begun to discuss what they shall do with it when they have got it. Palmerston wrote Clarendon a long letter setting forth the various alternatives, and expressing his own opinion that the Crimea should be restored to the Turks. Clarendon is dead against this, and so, he told me, is Stratford. At Boulogne the Emperor and Newcastle agreed that the best course will be to occupy the Crimea and garrison Sebastopol with a large force of English and French, and hold it *en dépôt* till they can settle something definitive.

November 13, 1854: . . . I am more inclined to the other view, of destroying the place, and if possible the harbour, and, after carrying off or destroying all the ships, to abandon the peninsula and leave the Russians to reoccupy it if they please.

There were those who doubted whether the enterprise was worth while, for instance, Cathcart, victim of Inkerman, who

(November 29, 1854) "was opposed to the expedition to the Crimea, not thinking they [the Allies] were strong enough." The Prince Napoleon also was "strongly opposed to the Crimean Expedition" and "does nothing but cry and is probably a poor creature and a poltroon."

Even the Duke of Cambridge was "backward." "However," adds Greville, "I hope to hear he has done his duty in the field."

But the lure of Gallipoli was already potent even over a "most reluctant" Napoleon and, like a famous character in fiction, the Crimean War "growed":

The Grove, December 31, 1854: . . . Cowley told me this war in its present shape and with these vast armaments had gone on insensibly and from small beginnings, nobody could well tell how. In the first instance, the Emperor told Cowley he had no intention of sending any land forces to the East, and when we proposed to him to despatch there a small corps of 5,000 English and 10,000 French he positively declined. . . . When Raglan was offered the command of the forces we were to send out, he said he would not go with less than 20,000 men; and when we agreed to send this force, the French said that if we sent 20,000 they must send 40,000, and so the expedition began, and it has since swelled to its present magnitude—ours in consequence of the clamour here and pressure from without, and theirs to keep pace with ours in relative proportions.

The French were commanded by Marshal St. Arnaud and the British by Lord Raglan. It was thus a little disconcerting when *en voyage* Marshal St. Arnaud was overcome by seasickness:

October 2, 1854: . . . If it had depended on St. Arnaud, the expedition would have put back even after it had sailed; while actually at sea, St. Arnaud, who stated himself to be ill and unable to move, summoned a council of war on board the *Ville de Paris*. The weather was so rough that it was determined that it would not be safe for Raglan to go, as with his one arm he could not get on board; so Dundas went, and General Brown, and some other officers deputed by Raglan to represent himself, together with the French Admiral. A discussion took place which lasted several hours. St. Arnaud strongly urged that

the expedition should be put off till the spring, and he objected to all that was proposed as to the place of landing—in short, threw every obstacle he could in the way of the whole thing. Dundas and all the English officers vehemently protested against any delay and change of plan, and represented the intolerable shame and disgrace of putting back after having actually embarked, and their opposition to the French general's proposal was so vehement that he ended by giving way, rose from his sick bed, and consented to go on. He declared that he only agreed to the place proposed for landing in consequence of the urgent representations of his allies, and this he wrote home to his own government. He is a very incapable, unfit man, and Clarendon told me that his own army recognized the great superiority of Raglan to him, and that the French were all delighted with the latter.

As at Cronstadt, so in the Crimea, the ships failed to win a war on land:

London, November 13, 1854: . . . There is good reason to believe that our late naval attack on the forts was a blunder, and that it did no good whatever. . . . It was very badly arranged, and this was the fault of the French Admiral, who at the last moment insisted on altering the plan of attack, and (contrary to the advice of all his officers) Dundas gave way to him. In this, however, it is not fair to blame the English Admiral, who may have acted wisely; for his position was delicate and difficult, and he had to consider the alliance of the countries and the harmonious action of the two fleets, as well as the particular operation.

"The clamour against Dundas in the fleet is prodigious [October 2d] and the desire for his recall universal, but he will stay out his time now, which will be up in December."

Where, however, the navy failed to capture Sebastopol, the newspapers succeeded:

October 2, 1854: At the Grove on Saturday, where I generally pick up some scraps of information from Clarendon on one subject or another. On Saturday came the news that Sebastopol had been taken, which we did not believe a word of, but after dinner the same evening we got the telegraphic account of the

victory gained on the 20th on the heights above the Alma, and yesterday Raglan's telegraphic despatch was published.

October 8, 1854: The whole of last week the newspapers without exception (but the *Morning Chronicle* particularly), with the *Times* at their head, proclaimed the fall of Sebastopol in flaming and triumphant articles and with colossal type, together with divers victories and all sorts of details, all of which were trumpeted over the town and circulated through the country. I never believed one word of it, and entreated Delane to be less positive and more cautious, but he would not hear of it, and the whole world swallowed the news and believed it. Very soon came the truth, and it was shown that the reports were all false. . . . When the bubble burst, the rage and fury of the deluded and deluding journals knew no bounds, and the *Times* was especially sulky and spiteful. In consequence of a trifling error in a telegraphic despatch, they fell on the Foreign Office and its clerks with the coarsest abuse, much to the disgust of Clarendon.

Ignorance continued to be the highest strategy. And it was "very curious [September 8th] that neither the Government nor the commanders have the slightest information as to the Russian force in the Crimea or the strength of Sebastopol."

Indeed, one objection to Dundas was that he believed the truth:

September 4, 1854: . . . Some prisoners they took affirmed that there were 150,000 men in the peninsula, but nobody believes that, except Dundas who gives credit to it. They are impatient for the termination of Dundas's period of service, which will be in December, when Lyons will command the fleet.

What had happened was no more and no less than the battle of the Alma:

September 22, 1854: The army has landed in the Crimea without opposition. It is difficult to conceive that the Russians should have been so utterly wanting in spirit, and so afraid to risk anything, as to let the landing take place without an attempt either by land or sea to obstruct it. They have a great fleet lying idle at Sebastopol, and though, if it had come out, its defeat and perhaps destruction would have been certain, it would have been better to perish thus.

October 20, 1854: . . . Ever since the news came of the battle of Alma, the country has been in a fever of excitement, and the newspapers have teemed with letters and descriptions of the events that occurred. Raglan has gained great credit, and his march on Balaklava is considered a very able and judicious operation. Although they do not utter a word of complaint, and are by way of being fully satisfied with our allies the French, the truth is that the English think they did very little for the success of the day, and Burghersh told someone that their not pressing on was the cause (and not the want of cavalry) why the Russian guns were not taken. The French, nevertheless, have been well disposed to take the credit of the victory to themselves. . . .

. . . In this war the Russians have hitherto exhibited a great inferiority in their conduct to that which they displayed in their campaigns from 1807 to 1812, when they fought the battles of Eylau and Borodino against Napoleon. The position of Alma must have been much stronger than that of Borodino, and yet how much more stoutly the latter was defended than the former. Then their having allowed the allies to land without molestation is inconceivable, and there is no doubt that they might have attacked Raglan with great effect as he emerged from the wood on his march to Balaklava, but all these opportunities they entirely neglected.

"The affair," wrote Greville, "does not seem, so far as we can conjecture, to have been very decisive, when only two guns and a few prisoners were taken."

The Charge of the Light Brigade was as yet merely prose:

November 14, 1854: Yesterday morning we received telegraphic news of another battle, from which we may expect a long list of killed and wounded. The affair of the 25th, in which our light cavalry was cut to pieces, seems to have been the result of mismanagement in some quarter, and the blame must attach either to Lucan, Cardigan, Captain Nolan who was killed, or to Raglan himself. Perhaps nobody is really to blame, but, if anyone be, my own impression is that it is Raglan. He *wrote* the order, and it was his business to make it so clear that it could not be mistaken, and to give it conditionally, or with such discretionary powers as should prevent its being vigorously

enforced under circumstances which he could not foresee, or of which he might have no cognizance.

Whether Sebastopol might have been surprised, was an interesting question:

November 26, 1854: . . . I saw a letter yesterday from Charles Windham, a Q. M. General on poor Cathcart's staff, with an account of the battle, and he says that if, directly after the march on Balaklava, Sebastopol had been assaulted, it must have been taken. This corresponds with the reports of Russian deserters, who declare that there were only 2,000 men in the place after the battle of Alma.

August 4, 1856: . . . On the other hand, nothing but miscalculation and bad management prevented the capture of Sebastopol immediately after Alma. My nephew is just returned from a voyage with Lord Lyons to the Crimea, where he went all over the scenes of the late contest, all the positions, and the ruins of Sebastopol as well as the northern forts. He was well treated by the Russians, who showed him everything, and talked over the events of the war with great frankness. They told him that if the allies had marched at once after the battle on the north side, no resistance could have been made, and the other side must have fallen. We had long known that the north side would have fallen if we had attacked it at once. . . . He also said that they had been misled by our newspapers, from which they obtained all their information, and thinking that the announcements there of an intended invasion of the Crimea were made for the purpose of deceiving them, they had withdrawn a great many troops from the Crimea, so that while Sebastopol had been emptied of the garrison to increase the army of Menschikoff, the Russians had not more than 30,000 or 35,000 men at the Alma.

According to Greville's nephew, Cathcart:

November 29, 1854: . . . strongly advised, and in opposition to Raglan, that the place should be attacked immediately after the battle of Alma, while the Russians were still panic struck, and before they had time to fortify the town on the south side.

November 23, 1854: . . . Yesterday morning arrived the despatches with an account of the furious battle of Inkerman, in

which, according to Raglan's account, 8,000 English and 6,000 French resisted the attack of 60,000 Russians, and eventually defeated and drove them back with enormous loss, our own loss being very great. The accounts of Raglan and Canrobert do not quite agree as to the numbers engaged, but, admitting that there may be some exaggeration in the estimate of the numbers of the Russians and of their loss, it still remains one of the most wonderful feats of arms that was ever displayed; and, gallantly as our troops have always behaved, it may be doubted if they ever evinced such constancy and heroism as on this occasion—certainly never greater.

According to Lord Raglan (November 15, 1854) "the Russian force was even greater than at Alma and vastly superior to his own."

As an amateur strategist, Greville was cautious:

November 23, 1854: . . . I have always thought that people who are totally ignorant of military matters, and who are living at ease at home, should not venture to criticize operations of which they can be no judges, and the conduct of men who cannot explain that conduct, and who are nobly doing their duty according to their own judgment, which is more likely to be right than any opinions we can form. With this admission of fallibility, it still strikes me that there was a lack of military genius and foresight in the recent operations.

Yet "in reading the various and innumerable narratives of the battle (indeed, battles) and the comments of the 'correspondents,'" even he "could not avoid coming to some conclusions which may, nevertheless, be erroneous":

November 23, 1854: . . . It is asserted that our position [at Inkerman] was open and undefended, that General Evans had recommended that precautions should be taken and defences thrown up, all of which was neglected, and nothing done, and hence the sad slaughter which took place. This was Raglan's fault, if any fault there really was.

November 29, 1854: . . . My nephew confirms what has been said about the non-fortification of the position, which seems to have been an enormous blunder, against which most of the generals of the division remonstrated.

It has been suggested that Greville hints at the use of military gas at Inkerman. The passage which appears hardly to bear that construction is as follows:

August 4, 1856: . . . History is full of examples of the slight and accidental causes on which the greatest events turn, and of such examples the last war seems very full. Charles Windham told me that nothing but a very thick fog which happened on the morning of Inkerman prevented the English army being swept from their position and totally discomfited. The Russians could see nothing, lost their own way, and mistook the position of the British troops. Had the weather been clear so that they had been able to execute their plans, we could not have resisted them; a defeat instead of the victory we gained would have changed the destiny of the world, and have produced effects which it is impossible to contemplate or calculate.

Sir Edmund Lyons, a close colleague of Raglan, told him how Evans himself, like St. Arnaud, wanted to quit:

March 29, 1856: . . . Evans went to Raglan immediately after the battle of Inkerman, and proposed to him to embark the army immediately, leaving their guns, and (Lyons says he is almost certain) their sick and wounded to the enemy. Raglan said: "But you forget the French: would you have us abandon them to their fate?" He replied, "You are Commander in Chief of the *English* Army, and it is your business to provide for *its* safety. . . ." Raglan would not hear of the proposal. . . . The expression of "*perfide Albion*" had long been current in France, and then indeed it would be well deserved and would become a perpetual term of reproach against us.

Augustus Stafford, formerly an official at the Admiralty, where his conduct had necessitated an enquiry, went to the East and saw things for himself:

December 5, 1854: . . . He says that while nothing could exceed the heroism of our soldiers, the incapacity of their chiefs was equally conspicuous, and that the troops had no confidence in their leaders; he adds, it is essential to give them a good general if the war goes on. This, and much more that I have heard, confirms the previous impression on my mind that Raglan is

destitute of military genius or skill, and quite unequal to the command of a great army. It does not appear, however, that the enemy are better off than we are in this respect, and we do not know that in England a better general would now be found.

September 4, 1854: . . . They are not at all satisfied with Lord Raglan, whom they think old-fashioned and pedantic, and not suited to the purpose of carrying on active operations. They wanted him to make use of the Turkish light cavalry, Bashi-Bazouks, who under good management might be made very serviceable, but he would have nothing to say to them; and still more they are disgusted with his discouragement of the Indian officers who have repaired to the army, and who are, in fact, the most efficient men there are.

November 29, 1854: . . . His personal bravery is conspicuous, and he exposes himself more than he ought. It is said that one of his aides-de-camp remonstrated with him and received a severe rebuff, Raglan telling him to mind his own business, and if he did not like the fire to go to the rear.

October 20, 1854: . . . Burghersh tells two characteristic anecdotes of Raglan. He was extremely put out at the acclamations of the soldiers when he appeared amongst them after the battle, and said to his staff as he rode along the line, in a melancholy tone, "I was sure this would happen." He is a very modest man, and it is not in his nature any more than it was in that of the Duke of Wellington to make himself popular with the soldiers in the way Napoleon used to do, and who was consequently adored by them. The other story is that there were two French officers attached to headquarters, very good fellows, and that the staff were constantly embarrassed by the inveterate habit Raglan had of calling the enemy "the French." He could not forget his old Peninsular habits.

Canrobert "said that our army was commanded by an old woman." He held—

January 6, 1855: . . . that nothing could exceed his admiration of the British soldiers, but he was convinced the army would disappear altogether, for their organization and management were deplorable.

The Grove, December 31, 1854: . . . I asked him [Cowley] what they [the French] thought of our armies and our generals;

he said from the Emperor downwards they had the highest admiration for the wonderful bravery of the troops, but the greatest contempt for the military skill of the commanders, and for all our arrangements and *savoir faire.*

Of Raglan, there was armchair criticism. Had he not (December 20, 1854) "carte blanche from the Government as to money and everything else?"

February 19, 1855: . . . He [Charles Wood] said that Raglan had never asked for anything the want of which had not been anticipated by the Government here, and in no instance was anything required by him which had not been supplied a month or more before the requisition came. Palmerston, too, said to me that nothing could exceed the helplessness of the military authorities there; that they seemed unable to devise anything for their own assistance, and they exhibited the most striking contrast to the navy, who, on all emergencies, set to work and managed to find resources of all sorts to supply their necessities or extricate themselves from danger.

"There are no Wellingtons in our army now," wrote Greville sadly.

January 14, 1855: . . . Having learnt what he knows of war under the Duke, he [Raglan] might at least have known how *he* carried on war, and have imitated his attention to minute details and a general supervision of the different services, seeing that all was in order and the merely mechanical parts properly attended to on which so much of the efficiency as well as of the comfort of the army depended.

It must be remembered that, in those days, generals were not protected by a censorship of the press:

December 24, 1854: . . . Yesterday the *Times* ventured on an article against Raglan as the cause of the disorder and confusion and consequent privations which prevail in the army. Delane wrote to me about it, and said he was aware he should be bitterly reviled for speaking these truths. I agree entirely with what he said, and see no reason why the saddle should not be put upon the right horse.

January 14, 1855: . . . The Court are exceedingly annoyed

and alarmed at Raglan's failure; the Prince showed Clarendon (or told him of) a letter from Colonel Steele, who said that he had no idea how great a mind Raglan really had, but that he now saw it, for in the midst of distresses and difficulties of every kind in which the army was involved he was perfectly serene and undisturbed, and his health excellent! Steele meant this as a panegyric, and did not see that it really conveyed a severe reproach.

Sir Edmund Lyons warmly defended his chief:

March 29, 1856: . . . One of the best authenticated charges against Raglan was that of his not showing himself to his soldiers, and it was said many believed that he had quitted the camp; at last this idea became so prevalent that his own staff felt the necessity of something being said to him about it, but none dared, for it seems they were all exceedingly afraid of him. At last they asked Lyons if he would speak to him and tell him what was said. Lyons said he had no scruple or difficulty in so doing, and told him plainly the truth. Raglan not only took it in good part, but thanked him very much, and said his reason for not riding around all the divisions was that he could not prevent the soldiers turning out to salute him, and he could not bear to see this ceremony done by the men who had been all night in the trenches or otherwise exposed to fatigue, and that this was the sole reason why he had abstained, but henceforward he would make a point of riding round every day, and so he ever after did; so that the main fact as reported by "correspondents" was not devoid of truth.

March 29, 1856: . . . Everything that Lyons said, and it may be added all one hears in every way, tends to the honour and the credit of Raglan, and I am glad to record this because I have always had an impression that much of the difficulty and distress of the army in 1854 was owing to his want of energy and management. He was not a Wellington certainly, and probably he might have done more and better than he did, but he was unquestionably, on the whole, the first man in the army.

"Unity of command" was "impossible." To quote Sir Edmund Lyons:

March 29, 1856: . . . If he [Raglan] had not been continually thwarted by the French, [he] would have done more. While many here were crying out for placing our army under the command of French generals, and recalling Raglan (and I must confess I had myself a considerable leaning that way), he was struggling against the shortcomings or the inactivity of Canrobert and Pélissier. Canrobert acknowledged that he had not nerves sufficient for the duties of his station, and he never could be got to agree to adopt the bold offensive movements which Raglan was continually urging upon him, especially after the battle of Inkerman, when Raglan entreated him to follow up the discomfited Russians, his whole army being ready and not above 1,500 of them having been engaged. With Pélissier, Raglan had very little to do, for his death occurred soon after Pélissier took command.

"Vexation and disappointment" cost Raglan his life:

Paris, June 23, 1855: . . . On my arrival I was greeted with the painful intelligence of the repulse sustained by the French and English on the 18th, in the attack on the Mamelon and Redan batteries, and of the great losses which both armies had suffered. This failure has cast a great gloom over Paris and London, and the disappointment is greater because we had become so accustomed to success that everybody regarded failure in anything as impossible. Cowley told me that the Emperor was excessively annoyed. . . . They had given Pélissier the strongest recommendations to abstain from assaults which they had reason to believe would not be decisive and would cost a vast number of lives.

Paris, July 5, 1855: . . . We received the news of Lord Raglan's death. Though they do not care about it here, there has been a very decent display of sympathy and regret, and the Emperor wrote to Cowley with his own hand a very proper letter.

March 29, 1856: . . . Lyons gave us an interesting account of Raglan's last illness. He seemed to have no idea that he was in serious danger, nor had the people about him. At last, when he was so rapidly sinking that the doctors saw his end was approaching, and it was deemed necessary to apprise him thereof, he would not believe it, and he insisted to his aide-de-camp

who told him of his state that he was better, and he fell into a state of insensibility without ever having been conscious of his dying condition.

The one general who impressed both armies was regarded as unsuitable for promotion:

December 5, 1854: . . . The man, Stafford says, in whom the army seem to have the greatest confidence is Sir Colin Campbell.

March 29, 1856: . . . He [Sir Edmund Lyons] discussed the qualities of the English generals with reference to the command of the army after Raglan's death. He never had well understood why it was that Colin Campbell was always considered out of the question, and his own opinion seemed to be that he was the fittest man. The French thought so, and one of the alleged reasons against him, viz., that he could not speak French, was certainly not true.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

MERELY COMMON SOLDIERS

The realities of war began to come home:

March 5, 1856: . . . It is no wonder that this [French] government want to get their army home when typhus is raging there, and they have by their own account 22,000 men in hospital, while ours is quite healthy. We took all sorts of precautions, and strongly advised the French to do the same, and to adopt a sanitary plan we imparted to them; they held it cheap, did nothing, and here are the consequences.

There was "no news [August 29th] but dreadful accounts of the health of both armies and of the prevalence of cholera both abroad and at home."

The Grove, December 31, 1854: The last day of one of the most melancholy and disastrous years I ever recollect. Almost everybody is in mourning, and grief and despair overspread the land.

January 19, 1855: . . . The accounts from the army are as bad as possible; one third of it is in the hospitals, and the quays of Balaklava are loaded with enormous stores of every kind, which it was impossible to transport to the camp. Very intelligent people therefore entertain the greatest apprehension of some catastrophe occurring whenever the severity of the winter, which has hitherto been comparatively mild, sets in.

December 5, 1854: . . . I saw a letter from Stafford, who is at Constantinople tending the sick and wounded, writing for and reading to them, and doing all the good he can—a very wise and benevolent way of reëstablishing his reputation and making his misdeeds at the Admiralty forgotten. . . . He . . . found the very worst accounts exceeded by the reality, and that nothing could be more frightful and appalling than it all was. It had greatly improved, but still was bad enough.

After each victory, there was a "long interval of suspense to be succeeded by woe and mourning." It was "nervous work

for those who have friends in the army to hear of a desperate battle."

November 23, 1854: . . . My brother lost his youngest and favourite son in this battle—a boy of eighteen, who had only landed in the Crimea a few weeks before, and who was in a great battle for the first and last time. This is only one of innumerable instances of the same kind, and half England is in mourning. It is dreadful to see the misery and grief in which so many are already plunged, and the universal terror and agitation which beset all who have relations engaged in the war.

In July, 1853, Greville "read the pamphlet 'Whom shall we hang?'" It was all very well to accuse Raglan of "incompetence." But was all as it should be nearer home?

January 19, 1855: . . . All the subordinate Boards are miserably administered, and the various useless, inefficient, or worn-out officers have been suffered to remain at their posts, to the enormous detriment of the service. The genius of Lord Chatham or the energy and will of the Duke of Wellington would have failed with such a general staff here, and with such a Commander in Chief as Hardinge, and with the *fainéantise* of Raglan.

December 20, 1854: . . . The great complaint now is the want of organization and good arrangement in the Crimea and generally at and about the seat of war, the confusion that has taken place in forwarding and distributing supplies, and the want of all expedients for facilitating the service in its various branches.

The one lamp amid the gloom was borne by Miss Nightingale, "in her mission of benevolence and charity," in helping whom, Lady Stratford "has been very active and humane."

For efficiency, the Government had a high reputation. "Its principal merit (April 24, 1854) was supposed to be its great administrative capacity and the wonderful way in which the business of the country was to be done." And the Ministers were given every chance:

May 28, 1854: . . . On everything which relates to the war, and on all questions of supply, they can do whatever they please, and have no difficulty, and encounter no opposition. . . . I met Disraeli in the street the next day, when he said,

"Your government is very strong." I said, the war which was supposed to be their weakness turns out to be their strength. They can carry everything which appertains to that, and nothing else.

And yet:

April 24, 1854: . . . It has turned out just the reverse of what was expected, for they commit one blunder after another, and nothing can be more loose, careless, and ignorant than the way in which their business is conducted. All sorts of mistakes and embarrassments are continually occurring in the House of Commons.

In Parliament (December 17th) Ministers were "furiously reproached":

Panshanger, December 14, 1854: The debates on Tuesday night were on the whole satisfactory, and not bad for the Government. Derby made a slashing, effective philippic on the text of "Too late," asserting that the fault of the Government had been that they had done everything too late.

Delane, editor of the *Times*, visited the Crimea, his companion being Kinglake, afterward the historian of the struggle. And in conversation with Greville, he "made strong charges against the Government":

November 26, 1854: . . . When he returned from the East he went to Newcastle and urged him to make an immediate provision of wooden houses against the winter, which would in all probability be required, and he suggested that this should be done at Constantinople, where, all the houses being built of wood and the carpenters very skilful, it might easily be done at a comparatively small expense, and whence the conveyance was expeditious and cheap. His advice was not taken; nothing was done, and now that the winter is come, and the troops are already exposed to dreadful suffering and privation, the work is begun here, where it will cost four times as much and, when done, will require an enormous time to convey the houses to the Crimea, besides taking up the space that is urgently required for other purposes.

"A proof of the blundering way in which our affairs are conducted" was offered by Cowley, the British Ambassador at Paris:

The Grove, December 31, 1854: . . . Newcastle wrote to him lately to beg he would ask the French Government to give us a model of certain carts their army used in the Crimea, the like of which our people there had applied to him for. The French Minister replied that he could give drawings but had no model; but at the same time he advised us not to think of having similar ones, as these carts are so ill adapted for the purpose that they had discarded them, and had ordered others and better ones to be made, which were now in course of construction *at Malta*. So that we propose to get these machines without finding out whether they are suitable or not, while the French supply themselves with the proper article *in our own territory*.

Politics might be suspended, but red tape had still to be cut, and it was "amusing" that, amid these tragedies, the Court of Exchequer (November 14th) was gravely consulting "the Act of Richard II" in order to decide whether, at an Election of Sheriffs, "the puisne judges had a right to vote."

As victory was delayed, there arose a demand for man power:

Panshanger, December 14, 1854: . . . Sidney Herbert made a capital speech, and produced a very good case in a very complete and satisfactory manner. He proved that reinforcements had been sent out month after month, and that they had never folded their hands and stood still as Derby charged them with having done.

December 20, 1854: . . . Raglan wants trained men as soon as possible, and complains that they send nothing but boys, who are of little use at first, and who die in great numbers under the hardships and privations the climate and the operations inflict on them.

November 26, 1854: . . . The *Times*, as usual, has been thundering away about reinforcements, and urging the despatch of troops that do not exist and cannot be created in a moment. I had a great battle with Delane the other day about it, and asked why he did not appeal to the French Government, who have boundless military resources, instead of to ours who

have none at all, and accordingly yesterday there was a very strong article, entirely about French reinforcements.

In the course of our talk he did, I must confess, make some strong charges against the Government, and particularly Newcastle. He complained that after the expedition was sent to the Crimea they remained idle, and made no attempt to form an army of reserve or to send continual reinforcements to supply the casualties which everybody knew must occur, and this is true.

The expedition to the Crimea was still growing:

November 29, 1854: . . . Clarendon says there is no chance of taking Sebastopol this year, nor of taking it at all till we have an army strong enough to drive the Russians out of the Crimea. For this, 150,000 men would be required to make it a certainty; but with this force, no Russian army, however numerous, could resist the allies, and then the place would fall. This is a distant prospect. I expressed my wonder at the Russians being able to obtain supplies, and he said they got them from the Don and from Kertch.

To increase man power, there was a Foreign Enlistment Bill, authorizing the enrollment of 15,000 aliens in the British army. "Dislike" of the measure (December 18, 1854) was "very general." On the third reading, Bright delivered "a very fine speech," which was sure to "make *some* impression in the country," but it failed to "stem the torrent of public opinion, which still clamours for war."

December 20, 1854: . . . The best way of avoiding it (that is, the controversy) would have been to raise a regiment or two without applying to Parliament at all, mustered and arrayed them at Malta or at Heligoland, or wherever they pleased out of England, and sent them off as an experiment to the Crimea. Then, if they had done good service, and Raglan had expressed his satisfaction and asked for more, they might have raised any number and landed them here without cavil or objection; but to have adopted this course they must have seen the necessity of feeling their way, which not one of them did.

Under the Foreign Enlistment Act, many Germans fought for the British cause.

November 23, 1854: . . . The nation is not only as warlike as ever, but if possible more full of ardour and enthusiasm, and thinking of nothing but the most lavish expenditure of men and money to carry on the war; the blood that has been shed appears only to animate the people, and to urge them to fresh exertions. This is so far natural that I, hating the war, feel as strongly as anybody that, now we are in it, and our soldiers placed in great jeopardy and peril, it is indispensable to make every possible exertion to relieve them; and I am therefore anxious for ample reinforcements being sent out to them, that they may not be crushed by overwhelming force.

London, November 13, 1854: . . . We are now talking of sending every soldier we possess to the scene of action, and expending our military resources to the last drop, leaving everything else at home and abroad to take care of itself, a course which nothing but an extreme necessity can justify, while at the same time it cannot be denied that, having gone so far, we cannot stop halfway, and having committed so large a part of our gallant army in this unequal contest, we are bound to make the greatest exertions and sacrifices to prevent their being overwhelmed by any serious disaster.

At St. Petersburg, "the nobles [November 13, 1854] are getting very sick of it [the war] and are very discontented with the Emperor, not so much for having engaged in it as for the manner in which it has been carried on." But "an intense hostility" was aroused. There was no "yielding or any thought of it." The Russians "mean to redouble their efforts next year, and bring into the field far greater forces than they have yet done."

November 14, 1854: It is evidently the plan of the Russians to wear out the allied armies by incessant attacks and a prolonged defence, sacrificing enormous numbers of men which they can afford, but considering that they gain on the whole by the disproportionate, but still considerable, losses they inflict on us. It is quite on the cards, if they can keep up the spirit of their men, who show great bravery though they cannot stand against ours, that they may *cunctando restituere rem*, and compel us at last to raise the siege, and at St. Petersburg they are very confident of this result. Here, though people are

no longer so confident and elated as they were, no human being doubts of our ultimately taking the town [Sebastopol].

November 16, 1854: . . . We now see what sort of a fight the Russians can make; and though the superhuman valour and conduct of our troops still inspire confidence and forbid despair, it is evident that we have rashly embarked in a contest which from the nature of it must be an unequal one, and that we are placed in a position of enormous difficulty and danger.

March 11, 1855: . . . I was surprised to hear Clarendon say that he did not believe the resources of Prussia to carry on the contest to be in any sensible degree exhausted, that her commerce had not suffered at all, and as to her finances she could go on for a good while with her paper money and the gold which, in a certain quantity, she drew from the Ural Mountains.

"A vigorous defence" was now to be expected (October)—the place would be taken, but only after "a bloody struggle and great loss of life." The Russians—

London, November 13, 1854: . . . instead of despairing of being able to hold the place, are full of confidence that they will be able to protract their defence, till our losses, and still more the weather, will compel us to raise the siege, and then they expect to compel us to abandon the Crimea altogether, and to make our reëmbarkation a dangerous and disastrous operation.

November 16, 1854: . . . Menschikoff says that he is assembling all his forces, and preparing to take the offensive, that their numbers are very superior, and he confidently announces that he shall wear us out, and that our army *cannot escape him.* I do not see how the siege is to be continued by an army itself besieged by a superior force and placed between two fires. The reinforcements cannot possibly arrive in time, and even if they were all there now, they would not be sufficient to redress the balance. I dread some great disaster which would be besides a great disgrace.

January 20, 1855: . . . We must conclude either that their [the Russians'] condition is as bad as ours, and that they are unable to attack us, or that their policy is to let the winter do its work, and that they do not think it necessary for them to fight sanguinary battles with very doubtful results when disease is ravaging the allied army and producing effects as ad-

vantageous for them as the most complete victories could do, as surely, only more gradually.

Even the capture of the fortress would be only a step on a long path:

London, November 13, 1854: . . . Sebastopol is not invested, and when the Russian garrison finds itself no longer able to hold the place, there is nothing to prevent its evacuating it on the other side and effecting a junction with the main Russian army. We shall then have to reduce the forts on the northern side, to put the place in a state of defence, and commence a fresh campaign against Menschikoff in the centre of the Crimea. All this presents an endless succession of difficulties, demanding large supplies and resources of all sorts which it will be no easy matter to afford.

CHAPTER XC

MEN AS MICE

In the trenches around Sebastopol, brave men were dying of cold, hunger, and disease. At home, statesmen were still immersed in their usual jealousies and jobbery.

The Prime Minister, Aberdeen, had on his conscience the secret compact that he had signed with the Czar. And as for the war, he—

September 11, 1854: . . . was out of humour with the whole thing, took no interest in anything that was done, and instead of looking into all the departments and animating each as a Prime Minister should do, he kept aloof and did nothing, and constantly raised objections to various matters of detail. In the Cabinet he takes hardly any part, and when differences of opinion arise he makes no effort to reconcile them, as it is his business to do. In short, though a very good and honourable man, he is eminently unfitted for his post, and in fact he feels this himself, has no wish to retain it, but the contrary, and only does so because he knows the whole machine would fall to pieces if he were to resign.

Lord Aberdeen could not conceal his opinions. In the House of Lords he "imprudently spoke in the sense of desiring peace." It was, writes Greville:

June 21, 1854: a speech which has been laid hold of, and drawn down upon him a renewal of the violent abuse with which he has been all along assailed. I see nothing in his speech to justify the clamour, but it was very ill judged in him with his antecedents to say what he did, which malignity could so easily lay hold of.

Happily, Lyndhurst, aged eighty-two years, was "grand" and "greatly admired." The speech doubtless helped to win the war.

According to Clarendon (September 11th) "he and Aberdeen do not very well agree, and therefore Aberdeen does not come to the Foreign Office as he used to do."

October 2, 1854: . . . Clarendon confirmed what I had heard, that Aberdeen is in a state of great dejection and annoyance at the constant and virulent attacks on him in the press; his mind is dejected by the illness of his son, whom he never expects to see again, and this renders him sensitive and fretful, and he is weak enough to read all that is written against him instead of treating it with indifference and avoiding to look at the papers whose columns are day after day full of outrageous and random abuse.

The Secretary for War was a Duke, other than Wellington:

November 26, 1854: . . . Newcastle, with many merits, had the fault of wishing to do everything himself, and therefore much was not done at all. . . . Newcastle, who is totally ignorant of military affairs of every sort, is not equal to his post, and hence the various deficiencies; nor is Sidney Herbert much better.

January 19, 1855: . . . He [Newcastle] has two very great faults which are sufficient to disqualify him: he is exceedingly slow, and he knows nothing of the qualifications of other men, or how to provide himself with competent assistants; nor has he any decision or foresight. He chose for his under secretaries two wholly incompetent men who have been of no use to him in managing and expediting the various details of the service.

In the House of Lords, Newcastle was "dull and feeble, totally unequal to meet Derby in debate."

The Government was suffering from "internal dissensions" which were "a cancer, continually undermining them":

January 26, 1855: . . . I now hear that Lord John Russell has been leading the Cabinet a weary life for many months past, eternally making difficulties, and keeping them in a constant state of hot water, determined to upset them, and only doubting as to what was a fit opportunity, and at last taking the worst that could be well chosen for his own honour and character.

There was "Hayward's abortive appointment," in which Lord John was "in high dudgeon":

January 18, 1855: . . . This business was near producing a difference between him and Gladstone. Though a trifle in the great account, it serves to add to the complication of affairs and leaves a sediment of ill-humour to be productive of consequences.

Lord John Russell had become a mere bundle of nerves. To begin with, he was as a Whig consumed with disloyalty to a Peelite Prime Minister like Aberdeen.

And he had married a second time, so involving himself in miserable femininities.

Discussing Lord Melbourne's government, Greville had told "how jobbing and selfishness and private interests prevail, and how they jostle one another, as well as the more unaccountable fact, of how useless, inefficient, and even mischievous men contrive to get into office and stay there."

A case was to be Clanricarde who, with his wife, were:

June 6, 1843: . . . Excellent members of society, both of them extremely clever, quick, light in hand; he with the blood of twenty generations of De Burghs in his veins, what in his own country would be called a big blackguard, and she descended from a footman and a gambler, [yet] towering with dignity.

The footman and gambler, it is explained in a note, were "Canning's father and Lady Canning's father, General Scott."

December 21, 1857: . . . [Grey] wanted to know if I thought Clanricarde would be objected to on account of the old scandal in which he figured three or four years ago, but which I told him I thought was forgotten, though it might be raked up by the Tory papers.

March 17, 1858: . . . He [Clanricarde] sits on the front Opposition Bench in the midst of his late colleagues who are evidently ashamed of his presence and would be glad to be rid of him.

Another case of "imbecility in employment" touched Lord John Russell:

February 21, 1840: . . . For a long time this Government has been embarrassed by having such a man as Minto among them, and in such an office as First Lord of the Admiralty, where there is enormous patronage and where the navy is the department most anxiously and jealously regarded by the country. He is in all respects incompetent, cannot speak, and never opens his lips but to blunder, expose himself, and injure the Government, and he is besides a great and notorious jobber, and more than suspected of a want of political integrity. Still, there he is, and after having hustled out the amiable, honourable, and really able Glenelg, they endure this imbecile and worthless fellow, because he is bolstered up by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, and because they don't well know how to get rid of him.

Lord Minto (September, 1839), "the most incapable of all the Ministers," was thus "supported by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland" whose "influence preserves him." Minto's family name was Elliot:

May 2, 1841: The worst thing we have upon our hands is the China question. Between the two Elliots, first the Admiral and now the Captain, we have just got into a pretty mess. Auckland is excessively disgusted and everybody here dissatisfied, and all the while, Minto has never ceased jobbing. After his brother's failure, and sudden resignation of the command on the plea of ill health, Minto resolved to send out Parker [Lord of Admiralty] to take the command and to put Elliot as soon as he arrived into the vacant seat at the Board. This was so gross a job, that it stuck in the throats of half the Cabinet, and there has been a vast deal of skirmishing and remonstrating, and private management to prevent its being carried into effect. For a long time nothing was settled. Duncannon, the Mercury of the Cabinet, who goes between everybody, and manages everything, was to try his hand, but Minto was very obstinate and resolved to carry his point if possible. Melbourne, who as Prime Minister, ought to exercise a regulating authority in such matters as these, will not stir hand or foot, and Johnny who was courting Lady Fanny Elliot, was rather disposed to uphold his future father-in-law.

(By permission of the National Portrait Gallery, London)

LORD ABERDEEN
by J. Partridge

July 14, 1838: Minto cut so poor a figure, that there is talk of his resignation, not probably that he has any thoughts of the kind, and we are used nowadays to see Ministers cut poor figures with perfect impunity.

March 12, 1839: Glenelg, however, was evidently feeble and dastardly, and his faculties seem to have been entirely benumbed ever since the flagellations he got from Brougham in the beginning of last Session. His terror of Brougham is so intense that he would submit to any humiliation rather than again expose his back to such a merciless scourge. This craven fear has been lately exemplified in a way not very creditable.

February 24, 1839: In the debate on the Navy, Minto made a deplorable exhibition, which made everybody ask why was Glenelg dismissed when such a man as Minto is retained. But he is one of those geese of whom his friends continue to make swans. He was said to have written some good despatches from Berlin when Minister there.

Over Russell (October 12, 1853) the "influence" of his wife, Minto's daughter, was "very great." As Russell's colleague, Clarendon (September, 1854) was "disgusted with his perpetual discontent and the bad influence exercised over him by his wife, her family and confidants."

When he went to stay at Minto, "his mind has been as usual unsettled and perverted by his wife and her belongings." With Lady John and "her satellites" forming his "entourage," and themselves "in rabid opposition," we read (December, 1854) that "John Russell is in a bad disposition of mind." His wife (August 21, 1855) was "the bane of his political life":

August 21, 1855: She has just cleverness enough to do a great amount of mischief and her total want of judgment joined with her unfortunate influence over him have made him commit the innumerable faults which have reduced him to his present degraded and apparently hopeless position.

March 1, 1853: . . . His wife [Lady John Russell], whose tongue is an unerring index of his mind, says spiteful things when she has an opportunity and evinces an unfriendly disposition toward the Government.

Lady John and Lady Palmerston were not immune from jealousy. If Lord John's government was defeated in the House:

February 28, 1851: . . . Lord John, who is rather sore, and not unconscious of the blame that attaches to him, said with some bitterness to Granville yesterday, "Lady Palmerston called on Lady John for the purpose of telling her that all that has happened is my fault. Lady John might have told her that if Palmerston had chosen to be present on Locke King's motion, and have spoken, it probably would not have happened at all." Lady Palmerston is evidently provoked that Palmerston has not been thought of to form a government in all this confusion, and at hearing so much of Clarendon and Graham, and nothing of her husband.

Newmarket, October 12, 1853: . . . Lady John . . . writes at the same time in a strain of discontent, and she is particularly provoked at all the compliments and flatteries of which Palmerston has been made the object in Scotland, and is amazed and indignant at his being apparently so much more popular than John.

All kinds of offices were proposed about this time for Lord John Russell. Said Clarendon:

January 14, 1855: . . . Lord John never is and never will be satisfied without being again Prime Minister, which is impossible. I said the Duke of Bedford assured me that his brother did not *now* want (or she either) to be Prime Minister. "What does he want then?—to retire altogether?" "Yes," said Clarendon, "that is his intense selfishness; utterly regardless of the public interests, or of what may happen, he wants to relieve *himself* from the responsibility of a situation which is not so good as he desires, and to run away from his post at a moment of danger and difficulty. If we had some great success—if Sebastopol were taken, for example—we should hear no more of his retirement."

Lady John could not bear to see Lord John in any position, save the highest. And so when Lord Derby resigned, Lord John declared he would "take no office but that of Premier, considering any other a degradation." Then he said he would

"serve under" Lansdowne, which "evinced great magnanimity."

It mattered nothing to Lady John that her brother-in-law, Duke of Bedford (December 22, 1852), "said that it was evident Lord John could not make a government and that he was himself conscious of it." Why had not the Duke, when consulted by the Queen, advanced "John's" name?

September 2, 1853: . . . John told him [the Duke of Bedford] he did not wish to be sent for. After this he could not resent the advice the Duke [of Bedford] gave [to the Queen], but his wife did, reproached him bitterly, and did all she could to set him himself against the coalition, and to persuade him to have no concern with it. The Duke defended himself by urging that John had himself expressed his desire not to be sent for. She replied, "You ought not to have taken him at his word." Happily John for once was firm, resisted the conjugal blandishments or violence, and acted on the dictates of his own conscientious judgment and the sound advice of his friends.

If Russell agreed to join a Peelite administration, it was because—

London, December 21, 1852: . . . Macaulay was announced while Lord John was still there. Lansdowne told him the subject of their discussion, and the case was put before Macaulay with all its pros and cons for his opinion. He heard all Lansdowne and Lord John had to say, and then delivered his opinion in a very eloquent speech, strongly recommending Lord John to go on with Aberdeen, and saying that, at such a crisis as this, the refusal of his aid, which was indispensable for the success of the attempt, would be little short of treason. Lord John went away evidently shaken.

January 29, 1853: . . . [Lord Clarendon] is much disheartened . . . at the evident indisposition and uncordial feeling of John toward the concern he has joined. He hates his own position and his discontent is no doubt aggravated, by his wife and his own and her belongings, and this bodes ill for the concern.

With England at war with Russia (April 15, 1854) Lord John Russell was asked to drop for the time being his later Reform

Bill. "Encouraged by his foolish, mischievous wife and her father and her entourage of flatterers," he would "listen to no reason." Nothing mattered but "what his wife wants." Lord John "could not sleep and was in a terrible state of vexation and perplexity."

April 3, 1854: . . . The Duke told me that the Queen told him the other day that she had herself written to Lord John urging him to give up bringing up his Bill. Not long ago the Queen was in favour of proceeding with it, but circumstances were very different at that time.

After a week of hesitation during which Lord Palmerston offered to resign, Lord John surrendered and made—

April 15, 1854: . . . a very good speech, full of emotion and manifestation of sensibility which succeeded completely with the House, and he was greeted with prodigious cheering and compliments and congratulations on all sides.

Yet, though a Reformer, he did not hesitate to forswear his principles:

June 25, 1854: . . . Last week John Russell opposed the motion for the abolition of Church rates in a flaming High Tory and Church speech. The motion was rejected by a slender majority, but his speech gave great offence to the Liberal party and his own friends. Immediately afterward came on the motion in the University Bill for admitting Dissenters to the University. This John Russell opposed again, although in his speech he declared he was in favour of the admission of Dissenters, but he objected to the motion on various grounds. The result was that he went into the lobby with Disraeli and the whole body of the Tories, while the whole of the Liberal party and all his own friends and supporters went against him and defeated him by a majority of 91.

October 2, 1854: . . . He wrote to Clarendon the other day, and alluded to the necessity of having an autumn session, to which Clarendon replied that he was not so fond of Parliament as Lord John was, and deprecated very much any such measure. To this Lord John sent as odious and cantankerous an answer as I ever read, and one singularly illustrative of his character. He said that he was not fonder of Parliament than

other people, and his own position in the House of Commons had not been such as to make him the more so.

Russell's tactics made him, at any rate, for the moment, "totally unfit to be the leader of the Government in the House of Commons."

The Privy Council had to issue (April 14, 1854) licences to trade over sea. According to Lord Granville it would be futile to send for Lord John Russell, who "could not bear details." Granville "doubted if he would come, and, if he did [it] would be of no use, as he would be sure to go to sleep." This was "the way business of the greatest importance is transacted."

And it was no wonder that a private member called Roebuck (January 24, 1855) gave notice of a motion "for a committee to enquire into the conduct of the war." The Cabinet (January 26th) unanimously resolved not to resign but to face the music.

But there was one absentee—Lord John Russell, who "took no time to consider, but sent his resignation at once, the moment he returned from the House." His reason was that "he could not and would not face the nation." The Peelites "might defend the conduct of the war, but he could not."

The retort was obvious. "He will naturally be asked how long he has been dissatisfied with its management and why he did not retire long ago."

January 26, 1855: . . . I saw John Russell in the afternoon, and told him in very plain terms what I thought of his conduct, and how deeply I regretted that he had not gone on with his colleagues and met this attack with them. He looked astonished and put out, but said, "I could not. It was impossible for me to oppose a motion which I think ought to be carried." I argued the point with him, and in the middle of our talk the Duke of Bedford came in. I asked him if he did not think the remaining Ministers were right in the course they have taken, and he said he did. I then said, "I have been telling John how much I regret that he did not do the same," when John repeated what he had said before, and then went away. After he was gone the Duke said, "I am very glad you said what you did to John."

January 30, 1855: . . . John Russell made a cunning and

rather clever speech in explanation of his resignation, George Grey a good one and strong against Lord John. . . .

. . . They tell me he is in high spirits, and appears only to be glad at having at last found the opportunity he has so long desired of destroying the Government. Everybody appears astonished at the largeness of the majority. Gladstone made a very fine speech, and powerful, crushing against Lord John, and he stated what Lord John had never mentioned in his narrative, that he had been expressly asked in December whether he still wished the change to be made which he had urged in November, and he had replied that he did not, that he had given it up. This *supressio veri* is shocking, and one of the very worst things he ever did.

January 31, 1855: . . . John Russell's explanation, had he spoken the truth, would have run in these terms: "I joined the Government with great reluctance, and only at the earnest entreaty of my friends, particularly Lord Lansdowne. From the first I was disgusted at my position, and I resolved, unless Lord Aberdeen made way for me, and I again became Prime Minister, that I would break up the Government. I made various attempts to bring about such a change, and at last, after worrying everybody to death for many months, I accomplished my object, having taken what seemed a plausible pretext for doing it."

February 1, 1855: . . . We are exhibiting a pretty spectacle to Europe, and I don't think our example will tempt other nations to adopt the institutions of which we are so proud; for they may well think that liberty of the press and Parliamentary government, however desirable they may be when regulated by moderation and good sense, would be dearly purchased at the expense of the anarchy and confusion which they are producing here.

February 4, 1855: No one can remember such a state as the town has been in for the last two days. No government, difficulties apparently insurmountable, such confusion, such excitement, such curiosity, everybody moving about craving for news, and rumour with her hundred tongues scattering every variety of statement and conjecture. At last the crisis seems to be drawing to a conclusion. The Queen has behaved with admirable sense of her constitutional obligations. When Aber-

deen took down his resignation, she told him she had made up her mind what to do, that she had looked at the list of the division, and found that the majority which had turned out her government was composed principally of Lord Derby's adherents, and she should therefore send for him. Aberdeen said a few words rather discouraging her; but she said, though Lord Palmerston was evidently the popular man, she thought, according to constitutional practice, Lord Derby was the man she ought to send for.

Lord Derby failed to form a government. Lord John Russell, despite his lady's pretensions, did not succeed.

February 5, 1855: . . . Yesterday afternoon I saw Clarendon, who confirmed his refusal to join Lord John, but with some slight difference as to the details. He said he had spoken very openly to him, but so gravely and quietly that he could not take offence, and he did not. It was not till he received Clarendon's final refusal that he wrote to the Queen and threw up his commission.

"The Queen wrote a civil and even kind answer to Lord John's note giving the task up."

With Aberdeen, Russell, and Derby eliminated, who was there left? Fate pointed her finger to an impossible man who had become inevitable:

October 18, 1853: . . . In a letter this morning, from my brother, he says, "Lady Palmerston goes crowing on at all the blunders of the Government, and the luck that it is for Palmerston."

Palmerstonians had been "indignant" that (June 11, 1854) Newcastle had been appointed to the War Office. And the Court itself was relenting:

December 22, 1852: . . . I had heard recently that the Court had changed their sentiments about Palmerston and particularly that they were satisfied with his move on Villier's motion, but Clarendon informed me that though this latter fact might be true, there was not much difference as to their feelings generally, and that when Derby formed his government and proposed to her Majesty that Palmerston should be invited, she had said she would not oppose his being in the Cabinet,

but never would consent to his being either at the Foreign Office or Leader of the House of Commons, and she then said, and has since repeated, that no Minister whatever would be able to go on, who committed the lead in the House of Commons to Palmerston's hands. (Note: Curious and not true.)

Aldenham, January 6, 1855: I saw Cowley yesterday, who has been to Windsor, and tells me that he finds by conversations he has had with Stockmar that the Queen is much softened toward Palmerston and no longer regards him with the extreme aversion she did. On the other hand, she is very angry with John Russell, and this is, of course, from knowing what he has been doing, and resentment at his embarrassing and probably breaking up the Government. This relaxation in her feelings toward Palmerston is very important at this moment, and presents the chance of an alternative which, if this government falls, may save her from Derby and his crew, whom she cordially detests.

February 4, 1855: . . . The Queen will play her last card, and have recourse to *the man of the people!*—to Palmerston, whom they are crying out for, and who, they fondly imagine, is to get us out of all our difficulties.

February 5, 1855: . . . Her Majesty had seen Palmerston the day before, and told him if Lord John failed she should send for him, and accordingly she did so yesterday evening.

The Duke of Bedford admitted that his illustrious brother "had an invincible repugnance to taking the Duchy of Lancaster or any inferior office. He insisted on being Lord President of the Council although "they had been obliged to go back to the reign of Henry VIII to find a precedent for a Commoner" holding that office. "They say there was one," adds Greville, "but I don't know who he was."

June 11, 1854: . . . It seems that they wanted him [John Russell] to be Colonial Secretary but this he would not hear of and Lady John set her face against it on the score of his health.

When he took this office, Greville wrote (February 24, 1855), "if his wife had been with him, I don't believe he would have done it."

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LORD DERBY
by F. R. Say

It was one of those occasions when (March, 1850) this husband was "urged by his wife and her clique to be firm."

In Palmerston's second cabinet, Russell was promoted to be Foreign Secretary:

London, October 30, 1859: . . . John was quite overwhelmed with the duties . . . of the weight of which he had no idea when he undertook it and that being extremely ignorant of Foreign Affairs, he relied entirely upon Palmerston, that he himself was constantly thinking of what would look well in a blue book and be listened to with applause in the House of Commons.

Lord John Russell—"sure to be very soon a *frondeur*"—

February 7, 1855: . . . told Clarendon "he meant to give his best support to the Government." Clarendon said, "You do; well, at what do you think I value your support?" "What?" he asked. "Not one sixpence."

February 6, 1855: . . . His popularity, which is really extraordinary, will carry him through all difficulties for the present. It was supposed that his popularity had been on the wane, but it is evident that, though he no longer stands so high as he did in the House of Commons, and those who know him can easily see he is not the man he was, in the country there is just the same fancy for him and sanguine opinion of him as ever.

October 16, 1853: . . . He [Russell] became popular again in the House and would have been more so if he had not chosen to quit the House early every afternoon and go down to his wife and his nursery at Richmond.

CHAPTER XCI

ALL FOR NOTHING

"Pam" was at last Prime Minister. His Secretary for War was Lord Panmure "who never knows anything and is just as confident and positive as if he was well informed." And "in derision, his colleagues call him . . . the God of War."

Palmerston is interested in:

Hatchford, October 8, 1857: . . . the management of no department but that of Foreign Affairs, in which he does pretty much as he likes, but in all else he is quite inefficient and he is besides entirely under the influence of Panmure.

November 17, 1857: . . . It is his long course of insolent and overbearing conduct, which has alienated all Europe from us, and made us universally disliked. Clarendon said this to me again this evening, and he is now on the best and most intimate terms with Palmerston, but I take it in his capacity of Minister for Foreign Affairs he finds himself perpetually met and embarrassed by the effects of this incorrigible propensity.

Lord Palmerston did not bring in at once, as had been hoped, his new heaven and his new earth.

In his Valhalla, there were soon some vacant pews. For the Peelites only joined the Cabinet on the understanding that there be no enquiry affecting their conduct of the war. And when Palmerston (February, 1855) had to "knock under about the Roebuck Committee," they resigned.

On that investigation, it is enough to say that, in due course (July, 1853), there was "a very good case for the late government, especially Newcastle."

February 2, 1855: . . . Last night the Duke of Newcastle defended himself in the House of Lords against John Russell, and replied to his statements in the House of Commons, and did it very successfully, carrying the House with him. . . .

The Duke's statement was crushing, and appears to me not to admit of a rejoinder. It ought to cover him and his wretched clique with confusion; but they will probably attempt to brazen it out, and doggedly to insist that John was justified in all he did. The discussion last night was very characteristic of Derby. If ever there was an occasion in which seriousness and gravity seemed to be required of a man in his position, it would seem to be that of last night; but his speech was nothing but jeering at the late Cabinet and chaffing Newcastle; it was really indecent, but very smart and funny, if it had not been so unbefitting the occasion.

There were proposals for what later came to be called a khaki election:

February 8, 1855: Now that all is settled there is a momentary lull, and people are considering what sort of an arrangement it is, and how it is likely to succeed. Many of those who know better what Palmerston really is than the ignorant mob who shout at his heels, and who have humbugged themselves with the delusion that he is another Chatham, entertain grave apprehensions that the thing will prove a failure, and that Palmerston's real capacity will be exposed and his *prestige* destroyed. Some wish for a dissolution while his popularity is still undiminished, fancying it will give him a sure majority and will protect him against any change of opinion.

February 20, 1855: Nothing certainly could be more mortifying than the reception Palmerston met from the House of Commons on the first night when he presented himself as Minister, nothing more ungracious or more disheartening.

March 2, 1855: . . . There seems something like a lull here for the moment, and less of excitement and violence than there was. Palmerston has not been in office a fortnight, and already he is enormously *baissé;* his speeches night after night are miserable. . . . Then he seems supine and undecided; he does not fill up the vacant places or seemingly endeavour to do so, and he does not put good men in the places he does fill up, all of which does him harm in general estimation. Clarendon has told Lady Palmerston very frankly that he will soon ruin himself in public opinion if he goes on in this way. Few things are more extraordinary than the notion that was abroad of Palmerston's

fitness and efficacy. Never was there a greater delusion, and never one that is so rapidly being dissipated.

Palmerston's style in Parliament did not affect, however, the events in the Crimea:

March 31, 1855: . . . The war goes languidly on, and I hear Raglan and Canrobert are squabbling instead of acting.

Early in the struggle, Greville had written:

August 29, 1854: . . . The French particularly, who have lost the most, are said to be completely demoralized and disheartened, and to abhor the war which they always disliked from the beginning.

But, in the final attack on Sebastopol, it was the French who carried the Malakoff while the British were repulsed at the Redan:

September 28, 1855: No fresh news, but a letter from Charles Windham (the hero of the Redan), in which he gives an account of that affair which corresponds very closely with the report of Russell, the *Times* Commissioner. He gives a poor character of the generals in the Crimea, and says the troops, except some of the old soldiers, behaved by no means well. The whole thing seems to have been grievously mismanaged on our part.

The fall of the city, when it came, was sudden:

September 17, 1855: . . . We were kept in suspense all Sunday, but on Monday morning read in the *Times* that the Malakoff was taken, but we had no idea then that the city with all its vast defences would fall immediately after, but I heard it the same night at the Huntingdon station.

The nation had grown incredulous of all save ill news. In fact, a new war had to be considered:

December 4, 1855: . . . Pélissier has sent word he is in a fix, as he cannot advance or expel the Russians from their positions; and James Macdonald told me the Duke of Cambridge is going again to Paris to represent us at a grand council of war to be held there, to decide on future operations.

Impotent in war, as Greville thought, the British and French governments displayed impotence also when the task was to make peace.

Amid the "madness," there stood forth one man and only one whose majesty of wisdom no cynicism has been able to assail. He was John Bright, the Quaker.

April 2, 1854: . . . The war fever is still sufficiently raging to make it impossible for any man who denounces the war itself to obtain a patient hearing. Nobody ventures to cry out against it but Bright in the House of Commons, and Grey in the House of Lords, but already I see symptoms of disquietude and alarm. Some of those who were most warlike begin to look grave, and to be more alive to the risks, difficulties, and probably dangers of such a contest. I cannot read the remonstrances and warnings of Bright without going very much along with him; and the more I reflect on the nature of the contest, its object, and the degree to which we are committed in it, the more uneasy I feel about it, and the more lively my apprehensions are of our finding ourselves in a very serious dilemma, and being involved in great embarrassments of various sorts.

John Bright published his views, first in the *Times*, then "with *pièces justificatives* extracted from the Blue Books and other sources," in a pamphlet. In Greville's opinion, "he makes out a capital and unanswerable case."

December 11, 1854: . . . He does not, indeed, prove, nor attempt to prove, that the Emperor of Russia is in the right absolutely, but he makes out that he is in the right as against England and France, and he shows up the conduct of the Western Powers very successfully. But in the present temper of the country, and while the war fever is still raging with undiminished violence, all appeals to truth and reason will be totally unavailing. Those who entertain such opinions either wholly or in part do not dare to avow them, and all are hurried along in the vortex. I do not dare to avow them myself; and even for holding my tongue, and because I do not join in the senseless clamour which everywhere resounds, I am called "a Russian."

"Bright," adds Greville on February 28, 1855, "made an admirable speech, the peroration of which was very eloquent."

During the South African War, Lord Rosebery pleaded for "a wayside inn" where friend and foe could meet. In 1855, the wayside inn was Vienna.

Soldiers were dying by the thousand. The Czar himself succumbed to that winter. And yet there was doubt over the aims of the war. And it was "no easy matter to get the Cabinet to agree upon the wording of the communications" sent to Russia. It was only "by degrees" that Greville could "unravel the truth." Granville, from the Cabinet, admitted that they "were in a great diplomatic mess, France always finessing and playing a game of her own."

The Points at issue with Russia were not Fourteen but Four:

1. That Russia should abandon all control over Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia.
2. That Russia should relinquish her claims to control the mouths of the Danube.
3. That all treaties calculated to give Russia a preponderance in the Black Sea should be abrogated.
4. That Russia should renounce the claim she made to an exclusive right to protect the Christians in the Ottoman Dominions.

When the Czar accepted all these points as a basis of discussion (January 12th) he was "suspected" of perpetrating "a dodge to paralyse Austria." And Aberdeen (January 19th) said, "the negotiations will not last half an hour."

It was the third point that caused the trouble. Was Russia or was she not to be predominant in the Black Sea?

January 14, 1855: . . . Gortschakoff, in a passion, said, "I suppose you mean to limit our naval force, or to dismantle Sebastopol, or both"; to which they replied, "Yes"; but nothing was put in writing to this effect. This makes a great difference, but I do not despair.

Austria was the outstanding neutral. And British diplomacy had a double aim, not only to make peace, but to bring Austria into the war as a belligerent. Lord John Russell told Greville "that Austria has never given in her adherence to our condition of making the destruction of Sebastopol a *sine qua non* of peace," and (March 31st) she "will not join us in forcing hard conditions on Russia."

Despite "his recent misdeeds," Lord John was, as we have seen, back in a Cabinet over which Palmerston presided. And, by "a happy stroke of Clarendon's," it was Lord John who was sent to Vienna "as Plenipotentiary to treat for peace." M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the Foreign Minister, represented France.

The question was at once whether the peace was to be dictated or negotiated:

Bath, July 19, 1855: . . . They were not the bearers of an ultimatum, they did not go to give law to Russia, or as judges to pronounce sentence upon her. They went to confer and to negotiate, to endeavour to obtain the precise terms which would be entirely satisfactory to their two Governments, and failing in this to see what they could obtain.

The authority to negotiate was the more timely because the Czar had just died:

March 2, 1855: . . . A disputed succession is not impossible, as it has long been reported that the Grand Duke Constantine was disposed to contest the succession with the Cesarewitch, but this will probably turn out to be a fable. It is supposed the new Emperor has been all along inclined to peace, and that he was in disgrace with his father on that account.

Yet "the hopes of peace" (March 31st) "waxed faint." Lord Cowley, in Paris, thought that "the continuance of the war [was] unavoidable." If it had been left to him, said Clarendon, "there would have been no peace at all."

April 20, 1855: . . . Clarendon thinks we shall get the better of Russia, but that it will be by blockading her ports and ruining her commerce, and not by military operations, and that this may take two or three years more, but is certain in the end.

On May 21st, Parliament was told that the Conference had broken down. And Guizot (July 6th) described it to Greville as "only a series of diplomatic blunders," including "a wonderful want of *invention*, not to strike out some new means of adjusting this quarrel." And added Greville grimly, "I agree with him."

The Allies (March 31st) had "proposed the reduction of the [Russian] fleet; the Russians refused."

Bath, July 19, 1855: . . . Russia rejected it on the ground of its

incompatibility with her honour and dignity. Then Russia made proposals, which the Allies, Austria included, rejected as insufficient. John Russell and Drouyn de Lhuys appear to have fought vigorously in the spirit of their instructions, but when they found there was no chance of the Russians consenting to the limitation, they both became anxious to try some other plan by which peace might possibly be obtained, and they each suggested something.

"As a last hope and chance," Count Buol, on behalf of Austria, proposed "that each of the powers should have the right to maintain a limited naval power in the Black Sea." Instead of "limitation" of naval power, there was to be "counterpoise." And they:

Bath, July 19, 1855: . . . were the same thing in principle, and the only difference between them one of mode and degree. Buol's counterpoise involved limitation, our limitation was to establish a counterpoise.

The difference was merely one of terms. And both the Plenipotentiaries agreed to it.

Lord Cowley was "a gentleman and a man of honour and veracity" (January 17, 1856) but "sensitive, touchy, and ill-tempered." He insisted that Drouyn de Lhuys had betrayed the Allied cause and demanded of the Emperor Napoleon that the Foreign Minister be repudiated. And the French plenipotentiary resigned.

His successor was Walewski:

January 17, 1856: . . . an adventurer, a needy speculator, without honour, conscience, or truth, and utterly unfit both as to his character and his capacity for such an office as he holds. Then it must be owned that it must be intolerably provoking to Walewski or any man in his situation to see Cowley established in such strange relations with the Emperor, being at least for certain purposes more his Minister for Foreign Affairs than Walewski himself.

The Grove, December 26, 1855: . . . A curious anecdote showing the strange terms the parties concerned are on: One day Cowley was with Walewski (at the time the question of terms was going on between France and Austria) and the courier from Vienna

was announced. Walewski begged Cowley, who took up his hat, not to go away, and said he would see what the courier brought. He opened the despatches and gave them to Cowley to read, begging him not to tell the Emperor he had seen them. In the afternoon Cowley saw the Emperor, who had then got the despatches; the Emperor also gave them to Cowley to read, desiring him not to let Walewski know he had shown them to him!

There has been a dreadful *rixe* between Walewski and Persigny. I have forgotten exactly the particular causes, but the other day Persigny went over to Paris partly to complain of Walewski to the Emperor. He would not go near Walewski, and told the Emperor he should not; the Emperor, however, made them both meet in his Cabinet the next day, when a violent scene took place between them, and Persigny said to Walewski before his face all that he had before said behind his back; and he had afterward—according to his own account to Clarendon—a very long conversation with the Emperor, in which he told him plainly what danger he was in from the corruption and bad character of his *entourage*, that he had never had anything about him but adventurers who were bent on making their own fortunes by every sort of infamous *agiotage* and speculation, by which the Imperial Crown was placed in imminent danger. "I myself," Persigny said, "am nothing but an adventurer, who have passed through every sort of vicissitude; but at all events people have discovered that I have clean hands and do not bring disgrace on your Government, like so many others, by my profligate dishonesty." "Well," said the Emperor, "but what am I to do? What remedy is there for such a state of things? Persigny replied that he had got the remedy in his head, but that the time was not come yet for revealing his ideas on the subject. . . . His [the Emperor's] own position is very strange, insisting upon being his own Minister and directing everything, and at the same time from indolence and ignorance incapable of directing affairs himself, yet having no confidence in those he employs. The consequence is that a great deal is ill done, much not done at all, and a good deal done that he knows nothing about.

Paris, June 17, 1855: . . . I asked Cowley how Walewski was likely to go, and he said wretchedly, and that he was not of a calibre to fill such a post. . . . The Emperor says it is a great

misfortune that there are no men of capacity or character whose services he can command, nor in fact any men, if he could command their services, in whom the public would be disposed to place confidence.

And then to the "consternation" of England, Lord John Russell (July 19th), from his place in the House of Commons, coolly made an "announcement to the whole world that the English Minister as well as the French one was willing to accept the terms proposed by Austria."

London, July 13, 1855: . . . I found Brooks's in a state of insurrection, and even the Attorney-General [Cockburn] told me that the Liberal party were resolved to go no further with John Russell, and that nothing but his resignation could save the Government, even if that could; that they might be reconciled to him hereafter, but as long as the war lasted they repudiated him.

Lord John Russell was held to be "bereft of his senses," and, like M. Drouyn de Lhuys (July 19th), he had to resign. His brother, the Duke of Bedford (October 7th), thought it "probable that his career as a statesman is closed."

For the difference between "limitation" and "counterpoise," the war went on for eleven months. At the time, it stimulated trade which was "steady and flourishing." And as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Cornewall Lewis said to Greville:

London, August 21, 1855: . . . History recorded nothing like the profusion with which the present House of Commons was inclined to spend money. It was impossible to ask for too much.

But the taxes are stern teachers:

London, November 24, 1855: . . . Our warlike propensities may be probably restrained by the alarming prospect of financial difficulties which Lewis rather gloomily sees looming in the distance. He said to me, "I am sure I do not know how I shall provide ways and means next year, for the enormously high prices will be a great blow to consumption, and the money market is in a very ticklish state." I said, "You will have to

trust to a great loan, and ten per cent. income tax," to which he assented.

But there also began to be (November 27th) "a second edition of the Vienna Conference"—"a prospect of putting an end to this odious war."

"It was universally admitted that every man in France desires peace ardently." On the former occasion (November 27, 1855) Napoleon had "knocked under to us and reluctantly agreed to go on with the war."

He was (December 26th) still "divided between his anxiety to make peace and his determination to have no difference with England." One day "it was not without difficulty that he was deterred from ordering his army away from the Crimea."

Hatchford, January 2, 1856: . . . Clarendon showed me a letter from Francis Baring from Paris the other day, which told him that the Emperor wished to make peace, because he knew that France, with all her outward signs of prosperity, was unable to go on with the war without extreme danger, that she is in fact "using herself up," has been going on at a rate she cannot afford.

Another day, he and Britain—

The Grove, December 26, 1855: . . . were entirely reconciled; they were now agreed as one man, and no power on earth should induce him to separate himself from England or to take any other line than that to which he had bound himself in conjunction with her.

Moreover, though the fact has nothing to do with the reasons for which ostensibly the war was fought, Greville reminds us that Palmerston was now seventy not forty years old. He was thus "by no means so stiff and so bent on continuing the war as was generally supposed."

And yet:

December 4, 1855: . . . I am persuaded Palmerston and Clarendon will do all they can to prevent peace being made on any moderate terms, and the only hope is that the Emperor Napoleon may take the matter into his own hands and employ a *douce violence* to compel us to give way.

Indeed:

November 27, 1855: . . . Charles Villiers told me that Palmerston had already thrown out a feeler to the Cabinet to ascertain if they would be willing to carry on the war without France, but this was unanimously declined. I can hardly imagine that even Palmerston really contemplated such a desperate course.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis expressed—

November 27, 1855: . . . his disgust at the pitiful figure we cut in the affair, being obliged to obey the commands of Louis Napoleon, and, after our insolence, swagger, and bravado, to submit to terms of peace which we have already scornfully rejected; all which humiliation, he justly said, was the consequence of our plunging into war without any reason and in defiance of all prudence and sound policy.

Once more, there arose the question whether peace should be negotiated or dictated.

December 14, 1855: . . . It was quite extraordinary, he said, how eager Palmerston was for pursuing the war. I gathered from him that our government has been vehemently urging that of France, through Cowley, to be firm in pressing the most stringent terms on Russia, and particularly not to consent to any negotiation, and to compel her to accept or refuse.

"My hopes of peace," wrote Greville, "never very sanguine, are now completely dashed."

December 17, 1855: . . . To send to Russia and propose to her to make peace, and accompany the proposal with an ultimatum and an announcement that they would listen to no remonstrances or suggestions, much less any alterations, and that she must say Yes or No at once, is a stretch of arrogance and dictation not justified by the events of the war and the relative conditions of the belligerents, or by any usage or precedent that I ever heard of.

On behalf of Austria:

The Grove, December 26, 1855: . . . Esterhazy was to communicate the project to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and say he had reason to believe that the Allies would be willing to make

peace on those terms; he was then to wait nine days. If in that time the Russian Government replied by a positive negative, he was, as soon as he got this notification, to quit St. Petersburg with all his embassy; if no answer was returned at the end of nine days, he was to signify that his orders were to ask for an answer in ten days, and if at the end thereof the answer was in the negative, or there was no answer, he was to come away, so that there was to be no ultimatum in the first instance. "But," I said, "what if Russia proposed some middle course and offered to negotiate?" "His instructions were not to agree to this."

Incredible though it may seem, the hope was that Austria and Prussia might be drawn into the struggle:

The Grove, December 23, 1855: . . . He [Lewis] thinks, moreover, that, when Austria has declared war, Russia will attack her defenceless frontier, and that as any attack upon Austria will compel the whole of Germany to assist her and to take part in the war against Russia, this offer will lead to Prussia and the whole of the German States being engaged on the side of the Allies, and that such a confederacy cannot fail to bring the war to a successful issue, because Russia would be absolutely incapable of offering any resistance to it. This is a new view of the policy and motives of France, but I very much doubt if the whole of the Emperor's scheme will be realized. Even though Austria may take up arms, it is probable that Russia will act strictly on the defensive, and will avoid giving any cause to the German States to depart from their neutrality. We both agreed that the conduct of Austria is quite inexplicable, and that Russia will never forgive her for the part she has acted and is acting now.

Over this universal Armageddon, the Cabinet was divided, Palmerston's paper, the *Morning Post* (January 1, 1856), "put forth an article indecently violent and menacing against Prussia."

It had seemed, indeed, that the war fever had abated:

London, November 24, 1855: . . . I think that, in spite of the undiminished violence of the press, the prevailing opinion is that there is the beginning of a change in the public mind, and

an incipient desire for peace; and I agree with Disraeli, who thinks that, when once the current has fairly turned, it will run with great rapidity the other way.

Even Disraeli, representing the Opposition (December 5th), told the Government that he would be "ready to support any peace they may now make." And yet—

London, January 22, 1856: . . . The intelligence of peace being at hand, or probable, gives no satisfaction here, and the whole press is violent against it, and thunders away against Russia and Austria, warns the people not to expect peace, and incites them to go on with the war. There seems little occasion for this, for the press has succeeded in inoculating the public with such an eager desire for war that there appears a general regret at the notion of making peace. When I was at Trentham, I asked Mr. Fleming, the gardener, a very intelligent man, what the general feeling was in that part of the world, and he said the general inclination was to go on with the war until we had made Russia, besides other concessions, pay all its expenses.

Greville wrote to Clarendon begging him "to slacken his desperate course." But, he tells us, "Clarendon's sole wish is to stand well with the country, that is to do anything foolish or ruinous which the country would approve."

Indeed, a week or two later, Clarendon went so far as to urge Greville to write to Mme. de Lieven to—

February 7, 1856: . . . suggest to her that it would be a very good thing and very wise policy on his part if the Emperor Alexander were to instruct his plenipotentiaries at the Congress not to haggle and bargain about concessions, but to offer at once to concede all the Allies required, relying on their not asking anything inconsistent with his honour, with a good deal more to the same purpose. . . . I did a letter with which he was quite satisfied, but I was not, and I not only doubt its producing any effect but think it most likely Madame de Lieven will *se moquer de moi*, and think me very extravagant gravely to propose that the Emperor should voluntarily offer to give us all we want merely to enable us to gratify the English public with a greater show of triumph over Russia. The idea of Clarendon seems to me very singular.

It was under these circumstances that the Emperor Napoleon III supplemented inefficiency by eloquence:

Hatchford, January 2, 1856: The speech which Louis Napoleon addressed to the Imperial Guard the day before yesterday, when they marched into Paris in triumph, gives reason for suspecting that the manifesto against Prussia in the *Morning Post* was French, for there is no small correspondence between the speech and the article. In the article Prussia is openly threatened and told, if she will not join the allies in making war on Russia, the allies will make war upon her; in the speech the Guards are told to hold themselves in readiness and that a great French army will be wanted.

In fighting Russia, Great Britain and France had allies, and tried to increase their number:

London, April 2, 1860: . . . *À propos* of the Russian War, I heard lately an anecdote for the first time that surprised me. Everybody knows that we beat up for allies and even mercenary aid against Russia in every direction, but it is not known that our government earnestly pressed the Portuguese Government to join in the war, and to send a contingent to the Crimea, and that on the refusal of the latter to do so, the Ministers made the Queen appeal personally to Lavradio and urge him to persuade his government to comply with our wishes; but Lavradio represented to her Majesty, as he had done to her Ministers, that Portugal had no quarrel with Russia, and no interest in joining in the war; on the contrary, Portugal was under obligations to the Emperor of Russia, and she therefore would have nothing to do with the contest. This was a most extraordinary proceeding, and it was contrary to all usage as well as all propriety to make the Queen interpose in person on such an occasion.

Over the treatment of these Allies in the negotiations for peace, Greville had a talk with Sir George Cornewall Lewis:

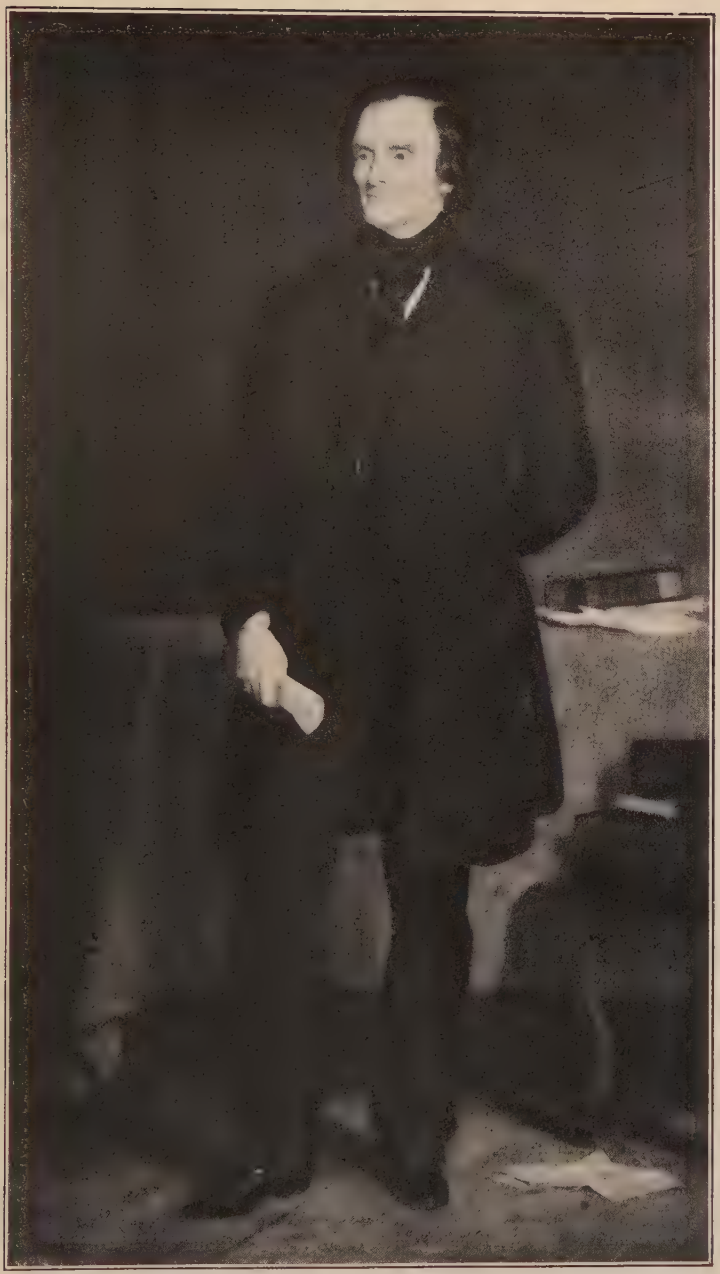
The Grove, December 24, 1855: . . . "Think," he said, "that this is a war carried on for the independence of Turkey, and we, the allies, are bound to Turkey by mutual obligations not to make peace but by common consent and concurrence. Well, we have sent an offer of peace to Russia of which the following

are among the terms: We propose that Turkey, who possesses one half of the Black Sea coast, shall have no ships, no ports, and no arsenals in that sea; and then there are conditions about the Christians who are subjects of Turkey, and others about the mouths of the Danube, to which part of the Turkish dominions are contiguous. Now, in all these stipulations so intimately concerning Turkey, for whose independence we are fighting, Turkey is not allowed to have any voice whatever, nor has she ever been allowed to be made acquainted with what is going on, except through the newspapers, where the Turkish Ministers may have read what is passing, like other people. When the French and Austrian terms were discussed in the Cabinet, at the end of the discussion someone modestly asked whether it would not be proper to communicate to Musurus [the Turkish Ambassador in London] what was in agitation and what had been agreed upon, to which Clarendon said he saw no necessity for it whatever; and indeed Musurus had recently called upon him, when he had abstained from giving him any information whatever of what was going on. Another time, somebody suggesting in the Cabinet that we were bound to Turkey by treaty not to make peace without her consent, Palmerston, who is a great stickler for Turkey, said very quietly that there would be no difficulty on that score; in point of fact, the Turk evidently.

Stands like a cypher in the great account.

Then there was the King of Sardinia, visiting Queen Victoria:

London, December 11, 1855: . . . The King and his people are far better satisfied with their reception here than in France, where, under much external civility, there was very little cordiality, the Emperor's intimate relations with Austria rendering him little inclined toward the Piedmontese. Here the Queen was wonderfully cordial and attentive; she got up at four in the morning to see him depart. His Majesty appears to be frightful in person, but a great, strong, burly, athletic man, brusque in his manners, unrefined in his conversation, very loose in his conduct, and very eccentric in his habits. When he was at Paris his talk in society amused or terrified everybody, but here he seems to have been more guarded. It was amusing to see all the religious societies hastening with their



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EARL RUSSELL
by Sir F. Grant

addresses to him, totally forgetting that he is the most debauched and dissolute fellow in the world; but the fact of his being excommunicated by the Pope and his waging war with the ecclesiastical power in his own country covers every sin against morality, and he is a great hero with the Low Church people and Exeter Hall. My brother-in-law said that he looked at Windsor more like a chief of the Heruli or Longobardi than a modern Italian prince, and the Duchess of Sutherland declared that, of all the Knights of the Garter she had seen, he was the only one who looked as if he would have the best of it with the Dragon.

London, December 11, 1855: . . . [Clarendon] thinks well of the King, and that he is intelligent, and he has a very high opinion indeed of Cavour, and was especially struck with his knowledge of England, and our Constitution and constitutional history. I was much amused, after all the praises that have been lavished on Sardinia for the noble part she has played and for taking up arms to vindicate a great principle in so *unselfish* a manner, that she has after all a keen view to her own interest, and wants some solid pudding as well as so much empty praise. The King asked Clarendon what the Allies meant to do for him, and whether he might not expect some territorial advantage in return for his services. Clarendon told him this was out of the question, and that, in the state of their relations with Austria, they could hold out no such expectation; and he put it to the King, supposing negotiations for peace were to take place, and he wished his pretensions to be put forward by us, what he would himself suggest that a British Minister could say for him; and the King had the candour to say he did not know what answer to give. Cavour urged the same thing, and said the war had already cost them forty millions of francs, instead of twenty-five which they had borrowed for it and was the original estimate, and they could only go on with it by another loan and fresh taxes, and he did not know how he should propose these to the Chambers without having something advantageous to offer to his own country, some Italian acquisition. They would ask for what object of theirs the war was carried on, and what they had to gain for all their sacrifices and exertions. Clarendon said they must be satisfied with the glory they had acquired and the high honour their conduct

had conferred on them; but Cavour, while he said he did not repent the part they had taken, thought his countrymen would be very little satisfied to have spent so much money and to continue to spend more without gaining some Italian object. They complained that Austria had, without any right, for a long time occupied a part of the Papal territory, and suggested she should be compelled to retire from it; but Clarendon reminded him that France had done the same, and this was a very ticklish question to stir.

From Windsor, Lord John Russell wrote:

December 6, 1855: . . . "I asked Cavour what was the language of the Emperor of the French; he said it was to this effect: France had made great efforts and sacrifices, she would not continue them for the sake of conquering the Crimea; the alternative was such a peace as can now be had by means of Austria, or an extension of the war for Poland," etc. The Sardinians, Ministers and King, are openly and warmly for the latter course. I suspect Palmerston would wish the war to glide imperceptibly into a war of nationalities, as it is called, but would not like to profess it openly now. I am convinced such a war might suit Napoleon and the King of Sardinia, but would be very dangerous for us in many ways. Cavour says, if peace is made without anything being done for Italy, there will be a revolution there. Clarendon is incredulous and unfavourable.

A general war was thus the great idea!

Hatchford, January 2, 1856: . . . Nothing is more within the bounds of probability than that the Emperor may determine, if he is obliged to make war, to make it for a French object, and on some enemy from whom a good spoil may be taken, a war which will gratify French vanity and cupidity, and which will therefore not be unpopular. He may think, and most probably not erroneously, that in the present temper of this country the people would be quite willing to let him do what he pleases with Prussia, Belgium, or any other part of the Continent, if he will only concur with us in making fierce war against Russia. But though this I believe to be the feeling of the masses, and that their resentment against Prussia is so strong that they would rejoice at seeing another Jena followed by similar

results, the minority who are elevated enough in life to reason and reflect will by no means like to see France beginning to run riot again, and while we have been making such an uproar about the temporary occupation of the Principalities and the crossing of the Pruth by Russia, that we should quietly consent to, nay, become accomplices in the passage of the Rhine and an aggression on Germany by France. The very possibility of this shows the necessity of putting an end to a war which cannot continue without so many and such perilous contingencies. Nothing, in fact, can exceed the complications in which we can hardly help being plunged, and the various antagonistic interests which will be brought into collision, creating perplexities and difficulties which it would require the genius of a Richelieu to unravel and compose. The earth under our feet may be mined with plots; we know not what any of the Great Powers are really designing; the only certainty for us is that we are going on blindly and obstinately spending our wealth and our blood in a war in which we have no interest, and in keeping Europe in a state of ferment and uncertainty the ultimate consequences of which it is appalling to contemplate.

London, January 9, 1856: . . . Colloredo called on Clarendon the other day, and after some unimportant talk, asked him if he had ever heard, or had reason to believe, that Russia had made a communication to France to the effect that if France had a mind to take the Rhenish Provinces and make peace with her, she should not oppose such a design. Clarendon replied that he knew nothing of it, but thought it not at all improbable.

Bernstorff had a conversation with Reeve the other day in which he told him that he was much put out at the isolated condition of Prussia, and gave him to understand that he should like the King to join the alliance, but he did not think anything would induce him to do so. It might perhaps be prudent, but it would be enormously base if Prussia were to come *au secours des vainqueurs* and, now that Russia is in exceeding distress, to join England and France, to whom she certainly is under no obligations, in crushing her.

But Russia had had enough of it:

December 6, 1855: . . . The terms which it will be most difficult for her to swallow are the neutralization of the Black Sea,

which as worked out is evidently worse than limitation, for she is to have no fortress and no arsenal there, so that she will, in fact, be quite defenceless, while the other powers can at any time collect fleets in the Bosphorus and attack her coasts when they please. Then she is to cede half Bessarabia to the Turks, including the fortress of Ismail, the famous conquest of Souvaroff when he wrote to the Empress Catherine, "*L'orgueilleuse Ismailoff est à vos pieds*"; and they are not to repair Bomarsund, or erect any fortress on the Aland Isles.

January 16, 1856: . . . Nobody will approve of the continuation of the war merely to obtain an Austrian object, which the cession of Bessarabia is, and the article about Bomarsund, which has nothing to do with the avowed object of the war. I have not the least doubt one half of the Cabinet, at least, are in their hearts of this opinion, but I am afraid they will not have the courage to stand forth, avow, and act upon it.

January 17, 1856, 12 o'clock: Payne has just rushed in here, to say that a telegraphic message, dated Vienna, ten o'clock last night, announces that "Russia accepts *unconditionally* the proposals of the allies."

The explanation of the peace was curious:

January 18, 1856: . . . The conditions offered to Russia contained none of the points insisted on by our government. I believe that the French and Austrians believed, very likely were certain, that if they had been sent Russia would have refused them, and, being bent on peace, they resolved to leave them out, and excuse themselves to England as they best could.

Russia was told by France, through Austria, that unless she accepted the mutilated proposition, "nothing would . . . prevent the English points being brought forward and made absolute conditions of any fresh preliminaries." Russia thus closed the deal and "Austria positively refuses to send on supplementary conditions to St. Petersburg." It was indeed "impossible [that] the *entente cordiale* with France can go on when the people here are passionate for war and in France they are equally passionate for peace."

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good:

January 17, 1856, 12 o'clock: . . . The consequence of this

astounding intelligence was such a state of confusion and excitement on the Stock Exchange as was hardly ever seen before. The newspapers had one and all gone on predicting that the negotiations would lead to nothing, and that the war would go on, so that innumerable people continued to be "bears," and they were all rushing to get out as fast as they could. It remains yet to be seen whether it is really true; if it is, the Russians will be prodigiously provoked when they find that this concession was superfluous, and that the allies would have accepted *their* terms.

January 18, 1856: Though the account in the *Times* was not exactly correct, it proved substantially so. The right message came from Seymour soon after. There was such a scene in the Stock Exchange as was hardly ever witnessed; the funds rose three per cent., making five in the last two days. The newspapers had gone on telling their readers that there was sure to be no peace, that there was therefore a prodigious scramble to get out and a regular panic among the sellers. The Rothschilds, and all the French who were in the secret with Walewski, must have made untold sums.

April 1, 1856: . . . News of peace reached London on Sunday evening, and was received joyfully by the populace, not from any desire to see an end of the war, but merely because it is a great event to make a noise about. The newspapers have been reasonable enough, except the *Sun*, which appeared in deep mourning and with a violent tirade against peace.

CHAPTER XCII

WORD FROM UNCLE SAM

In the pages of Greville there are a number of allusions to the new world of America:

August 10, 1831: . . . In the evening Talleyrand talked of Franklin. I asked him if he was remarkable in conversation; he said he was from his great simplicity and the evident strength of his mind.

It was Lord Holland who said (November 13, 1839) that "there was nothing like real oratory in Parliament before the American War."

September 7, 1834: . . . Once in the House of Lords, on a debate during the American war, he [Lord Chatham] said he hoped the King might be awakened from his slumbers. There was a cry of "Order! order!" "Order, my Lords?" burst out Chatham, "Order? I have not been disorderly, but I *will* be disorderly. I repeat again, I hope that his Majesty may be awakened by such an awful apparition as that which drew King Priam's curtains in the dead of the night and told him of the conflagration of his empire." Holland regretted much that he had never heard Lord North, whom he fancied he should have liked as much as any of his great opponents; his temper, shrewdness, humour, and power of argument were very great. Tommy Townshend, a violent foolish fellow, who was always talking strong language, said in some debate, "Nothing will satisfy me but to have the noble Lord's head; I will have his head." Lord North said, "The honourable gentleman says he will have my head. I bear him no malice in return, for though the honourable gentleman says he will have my head, I can assure him that I would on no account have his."

Lord North could lose an empire but, on the other hand, he could coin a repartee.

Old Thomas Grenville remembered the statesman:

October 26, 1842: . . . He talked much of Lord North, whose speaking he thinks would not be admired now. It was of a sing-song, monotonous character. His private secretary used to sit behind him, and take notes of the debate, writing down every point that it was necessary for him to answer, with the name of the speaker from whom it proceeded. When he got up he held this paper in his hand, and spoke from it, sometimes blundering over the sheets in a way Mr. Grenville imitated, and which would certainly be thought very strange now, but he had great good-humour and much drollery. He told me a story of Lord North and his son Frank, afterward Lord Guildford, of whom he was very fond, though he was always in scrapes and in want of money. One day, Frank seemed very much out of spirits, and his father asked him what was the matter. With some hesitation, real or pretended, he at last said, "Why, Father, the truth is, I have no money, and I am so distressed that I have even been obliged to sell that little mare you gave me the other day." To which Lord North replied, "Oh, Frank, you should never have done that; you ought to have recollected the precept of Horace, '*Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.*'"

Lord Harrowby told how a careless phrase embittered a great career:

March, 8, 1829: . . . He talked a great deal of Fox and Pitt, and said that the natural disposition of the former was to arbitrary power and that of the latter to be a reformer, so that circumstances drove each into the course the other was intended for by nature. Lord North's letter to Fox when he dismissed him in 1776 was, "The King has ordered a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name." How dear this cost him, and what an influence that note may have had on the affairs of the country and on Fox's subsequent life!

According to Lord Holland, King George III "liked Lord North" but "hated the Duke of Richmond":

September 5, 1834: . . . The Duke of Richmond in 1763 or 1764, after an audience of the King in his closet, told him that "he had said that to him which if he was a subject he should

not scruple to call an untruth." The King never forgave it, and the Duke had had the imprudence to make a young king his enemy for life. This Duke of Richmond, when Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, during the American War, sailed in a yacht through the fleet, when the King was there, with American colours at his masthead.

August 6, 1828: . . . I brought Adair back to town, and he told me a great many things about Burke, and Fox and Fitzpatrick, and all the eminent men at that time with whom he lived when he was young. He said what I have often heard before, that Fitzpatrick was the most agreeable of them all, but Hare the most brilliant.

Fitzpatrick was the friend of Fox who fought in the Royal Army at Brandywine and told his Whig friends at Westminster that the Colonists were winning.

How the visit of the British to the city of Washington affected Marshal Blücher in Paris was explained to Greville by Wellington:

December 10, 1820: . . . When we arrived at Sir Philip Brookes' it rained, and we were obliged to sit in the house, when the Duke talked a great deal about Paris and different things. He told us that Blücher was determined to destroy the Bridge of Jena (built over the Seine near the Trocadero). The Duke spoke to Müffling, the Governor of Paris, and desired him to persuade Blücher to abandon this design. However, Blücher was quite determined. He said the French had destroyed the pillar at Rosbach and other things, and that they merited this retaliation. He also said that the English had burnt Washington, and he did not see why he was not to destroy this bridge. Müffling, however, concerted with the Duke that English sentinels should be placed on the bridge, and if any Prussian soldiers should approach to injure it, these sentinels were not to retire. This they conceived would gain time, as they thought that previous to making any attempt on the bridge Blücher would apply to the Duke to withdraw the English sentinels. This was of no avail. The Prussians arrived, mined the arches, and attempted to blow up the bridge, sentinels and all. Their design, however, was frustrated, and the bridge received no injury. At length Müffling came to the Duke, and said that he was come to propose to

him a compromise, which was that the bridge should be spared and the column in the Place Vendôme should be destroyed instead. "I saw," said the Duke, "that I had got out of the frying pan into the fire. Fortunately at this moment the King of Prussia arrived, and he ordered that no injury should be done to either." On another occasion Blücher announced his intention of levying a contribution of 100 millions on the city of Paris. To this the Duke objected, and said that raising such enormous contributions could only be done by common consent, and must be a matter of general arrangement. Blücher said, "Oh! I do not mean to be the only party who is to levy anything; you may levy as much for yourselves, and, depend upon it, if you do, it will all be paid; there will be no difficulty whatever." The Duke says that the two invasions cost the French 100 millions sterling. The Allies had 1,200,000 men clothed at their expense; the allowance for this was 60 francs a man. The army of occupation was entirely maintained; there were the contributions, the claims amounting to ten millions sterling. Besides this there were towns and villages destroyed and country laid waste.

The Americas were still remote:

November 12, 1829: . . . Moore told several stories which I don't recollect, but this amused us: Some Irish had emigrated to some West Indian colony; the Negroes soon learnt their brogue, and when another shipload of Irish came soon after, the Negroes, as they sailed in, said, "Ah, Paddy, how are you?" "Oh, Christ!" said one of them, "what, y're become black already!"

November 22, 1829: . . . One day in America, near the Falls of Niagara, Moore saw this scene: An Indian whose boat was moored to the shore was making love to the wife of another Indian: the husband came upon them unawares; he jumped into the boat when the other cut the cord, and in an instant it was carried into the middle of the stream, and before he could seize his paddle was already within the rapids. He exerted all his force to extricate himself from the peril, but finding that his efforts were vain, and his canoe was drawn with increasing rapidity toward the Falls, he threw away his paddle, drank off at a draught the contents of a bottle of brandy, tossed the empty bottle into the air, then quietly folded his arms, extended

himself in the boat, and awaited with perfect calmness his inevitable fate. In a few moments he was whirled down the Falls, and disappeared forever.

November 15, 1830: . . . Another story [Henry] Taylor told (we were talking of the Negroes and savages) of a girl [in North America] who had been brought up for the purpose of being eaten on the day her master's son was married or attained a certain age. She was proud of being the *plat* for the occasion, for when she was accosted by a missionary, who wanted to convert her to Christianity and withdraw her from her fate, she said she had no objection to be a Christian, but she must stay to be eaten, that she had been fattened for the purpose and must fulfil her destiny.

Henry Taylor was a high official who managed the West Indies.

There were compliments to oversea efficiency. The Assistant Secretary "who advises, directs, legislates" at the Board of Trade was called Hume. He had "made the business a science," and wrote Greville:

December 12, 1830: . . . I believe he is one of the ablest practical men who have ever served, more like an American statesman than an English official. I am anxious to begin my Trade education under him.

May 17, 1840: . . . Lord Ashburton, . . . told me an anecdote of General Maitland [Sir Thomas], which happened at some place in the West Indies or South America. He had taken some town, and the soldiers were restrained from committing violence on the inhabitants, when a shot was fired from a window, and one of his men killed. They entered the house, went to the room from the window of which the shot had been fired, and found a number of men playing at billiards. They insisted on the culprit being given up, when a man was pointed out as the one who had fired the shot. They all agreed as to the culprit, and he was carried off. Sir Thomas, considering that a severe example was necessary, ordered the man to be tied to the mouth of a cannon, and shot away. He was present, but turned his head away when the signal was given for blowing this wretch's body to atoms. The explosion took place, when to his amazement the man appeared alive, but with his hair literally standing "like quills

upon a fretful porcupine," with terror. In the agony of the moment he had contrived to squeeze himself through the ropes, which were loosely tied, and get on one side of the cannon's mouth, so that the ball missed him. He approached Maitland and said, "You see, General, that it was the will of Heaven my life should be spared; and I solemnly assure you that I am innocent." Maitland would not allow him to be executed after this miraculous escape, and it turned out, upon further enquiry, that he *was* innocent, and it was some other man who had fired the shot.

November 30, 1833: . . . The day before yesterday I met Sydney Smith at dinner at Poodle Byng's, when a conversation occurred which produced a curious coincidence. We were talking of Vaughan, the Minister in America, how dull he appeared, and yet how smart and successful had been *The Siege of Saragossa*, which he published at the time of the Spanish War. Sydney Smith said that the truth was he had not written a word of it, and on being questioned further said that he was himself the author. Vaughan, who was a friend of his, had given him the materials, and he had composed the narrative.

With the development of industry, the Atlantic trade grew in importance.

There happened to be a dispute between the United States and France, arising out of the detention of ships by Napoleon under the Continental system. The claim was settled for 25 million francs and, incidentally, led to the fall of a French ministry. But, although Britain was not directly concerned, she was, in fact, vitally affected:

December 10 and 11, 1835: Our government are in a great alarm lest this dispute between the French and Americans should produce a war, and the way in which we should be affected by it is this: Our immense manufacturing population is dependent upon America for a supply of cotton, and in case of any obstruction to that supply, multitudes would be thrown out of employment, and incalculable distress would follow. They think that the French would blockade the American ports, and then such obstruction would be inevitable. A system like ours, which resembles a vast piece of machinery, no part of which can be disordered without danger to the whole, must be

always liable to interruption or injury from causes over which we have no control.

November 13, 1836: . . . The nervousness in the City about the monetary state, the disappearance of gold, the cessation of orders from America, and the consequent interruption to trade, and dismissal of thousands of workmen who have been thrown out of employment, present a prospect of a disquieting winter. It is remarkable that all accounts agree in stating that so great is the improvidence of the artisans and manufacturing labourers that none of those who have been in the receipt of the highest wages have saved anything against the evil days with which they are menaced.

Latin America was breaking away from the tutelage of Latin Europe. And there arose the question whether the Holy Alliance was to exercise its sway in the New World:

August 9, 1827: . . . From the moment Mr. Canning came into the Cabinet he laboured to accomplish the recognition of the South American Republics, but all the Cabinet were against him except Lord Liverpool, and the King would not hear of it. The King was supported in this opposition by the Duke of Wellington and by Lieven and Esterhazy, whom he used to have with him; and to them he inveighed against Canning for pressing this measure. The Duke of Wellington and those Ambassadors persuaded his Majesty that if he consented it would produce a quarrel between him and his allies, and involve him in inextricable difficulties. Canning, who knew all this, wrote to Mrs. [afterward Lady] Canning in terms of great bitterness, and said if the King did not take care he would not let him see these Ambassadors except in his presence, and added, "I can tell his Majesty that his father would never have acted in such a manner." At length, after a long contest, in the course of which Peel came round to him, he resolved to carry the measure or resign. After a battle in the Cabinet which lasted three hours, and from which he came heated, exhausted, and indignant, he prepared a memorial to the King, and Lord Liverpool another, in which they tendered their resignations, alleging at length their reasons, and this they submitted to the Cabinet the following day. When their colleagues found they were in earnest they unanimously surrendered, and agreed upon a declaration to the

King that they would all resign unless the measure was adopted. This communication was made to his Majesty by the Duke of Wellington, who told him that he found Canning was in earnest, and that the Government could not go on without him, and he must give way. The King accordingly gave way, but with a very ill grace. When he saw Canning he received him very ill, and in a letter to him signifying his assent to the measure he said that it must be his business to have it carried into effect in the best way it would admit of. Canning took fire at the ungracious tone of the letter, and wrote for answer that he feared he was not honoured with that confidence which it was necessary that the King should have in his Ministers, and that his Majesty had better dismiss him at once. The King sent no answer, but a gracious message, assuring him he had mistaken his letter, and desiring he would come to the Cottage, when he received him very well. From that time he grew in favour, for when the King found that none of the evils predicted of this measure had come to pass, and how it raised the reputation of his Minister, he liked it very well, and Canning dexterously gave him all the praise of it, so that he soon fancied it had originated with himself, and became equally satisfied with himself and with Canning.

Of Canning's association with the Monroe Doctrine, Greville tells us nothing. And on Canning's most famous utterance, we merely have this:

London, December 14, 1826: . . . Canning's speech the night before last was most brilliant; much more cheered by the Opposition [the Whigs] than by his own friends. He is thought to have been imprudent, and he gave offence to his colleagues by the concluding sentence of his reply, when he said, "*I* called into existence the new world to redress the balance of the old." The *I* was not relished. Brougham's compliment to Canning was magnificent, and he was loudly cheered by Peel; altogether it was a fine display.

From the diary of a member, present at the scene—quoted in Robert Bell's *Life of Canning*—we may supplement Greville with a line or two:

"The effect was actually terrific. It was as if every man in the

house had been electrified. Tierney, who before that was shifting in his seat, and taking off his hat and putting it on again, and taking large and frequent pinches of snuff, and turning from side to side, till he, I suppose, wore his breeches through, seemed petrified, and sat fixed, and staring with his mouth open for half a minute! Mr. Canning seemed actually to have increased in stature, his attitude was so majestic. I remarked his flourishes were made with his left arm; the effect was new, and beautiful; his chest heaved and expanded, his nostril dilated, a noble pride slightly curled his lip; and age and sickness were dissolved and forgotten in the ardour of youthful genius; all the while a serenity sat on his brow that pointed to deeds of glory. It reminded me, and came up to what I have heard, of the effects of Athenian eloquence."

Alike over foreign policy and home affairs, the attitude of King George IV, expressed in December, 1827, was that "he did not see why he was to be the only gentleman in his dominions who was not to eat his Christmas dinner in quiet, and he was determined he would."

Tom Moore was writing Byron's life and it was Washington Irving who "manages the publication" in America. At Roehampton, Greville found the distinguished literary agent "very agreeable," also "lively and unassuming, rather vulgar, but very good-humoured." He adds that Irving—

November 21, 1829: . . . wants sprightliness and more refined manners. He was in Spain four years, at Madrid, Seville, and Granada. While at the latter place he was lodged in the Alhambra, which is excellently preserved and very beautiful; he gives a deplorable description of the ignorance and backward state of the Spaniards. When he returned to France he was utterly uninformed of what had been passing in Europe while he was in Spain, and he says that he now constantly hears events alluded to of which he knows nothing.

December 21, 1829: At Roehampton from Saturday; Maclane, the American Minister, Washington Irving, Melbourne, Byng, and on Sunday the Lievens to dinner. Maclane a sensible man with very good American manners which are not refined. Even Irving, who has been so many years here, has a bluntness which is very foreign to the tone of good society. Maclane gave me a curious account of Gallatin. He was born at Geneva, and went

over to America early in life, possessed of nothing; there he set up a little huxtering shop in—I forget what state—and fell in love with one of the daughters of a poor woman at whose house he lodged, but he was so destitute that the mother refused him. In this abject condition accident introduced him to the celebrated Patrick Henry, who advised him to abandon trade, and go into the neighbouring state and try to advance himself by his talents. He followed the advice, and soon began to make himself known.

It was in the United States that Napoleons reverted to the normal. Murat, born an innkeeper's son, had married the Emperor's sister, Caroline, but their son, Achille, was living with his wife in Alpha Road, Regent's Park:

February 17, 1831: . . . Went to Lady Dudley Stewart's last night; a party; saw a vulgar-looking fat man with spectacles, and a mincing, rather pretty pink and white woman, his wife. The man was Napoleon's nephew, the woman Washington's granddaughter. What a host of associations, all confused and degraded. He is a son of Murat, the King of Naples, who was said to be "*Le dieu Mars jusqu'à six heures du soir.*" He was heir to a throne, and is now a lawyer in the United States, and his wife, whose name I know not, Sandon told me was Washington's granddaughter. (This must be a mistake, for I think Washington never had any children.)

Henry Reeve states that Mme. Murat was said to be Washington's grandniece—"She was certainly not his granddaughter."

October 7, 1856: . . . He [Clarendon] says the Emperor Napoleon has a great horror of a Muratist movement [in Naples], the Prince Murat, his cousin, being a most worthless blackguard; but his son, who married Berthier's granddaughter and heiress, is a young man full of merit of every sort.

Buckingham, October 25, 1830: . . . Here we have an American of the name of Powell, who was here nineteen years ago, when he was one of the handsomest men that ever was seen, and lived in the society of Devonshire House. Three years of such a life spoilt him, as he confesses, for the nineteen which followed in his native country; and now he is come back with a wife and

five children to see the town he recollects become a thousand times more beautiful, and the friends who have forgotten him equally changed, but as much for the worse as London is for the better; he seems a sensible, good sort of fellow.

The family of Kemble to which Mrs. Siddons belonged was at its zenith:

November 9, 1829: . . . I saw Miss Fanny Kemble for the first time on Friday, and was disappointed. She is short, ill made, with large hands and feet, an expressive countenance, though not handsome, fine eyes, teeth, and hair, not devoid of grace, and with great energy and spirit, her voice good, though she has a little of the drawl of her family. She wants the pathos and tenderness of Miss O'Neill, and she excites no emotion; but she is very young, clever, and may become a very good, perhaps a fine actress. Mrs. Siddons was not so good at her age. She fills the house every night.

February 27, 1830: . . . Charles Kemble talked of his daughter and her success—said she was twenty, and that she had once seen Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Randolph* when she was seven years old. She was so affected in *Mrs. Beverley* that he was obliged to carry her into her dressing room, where she screamed for five minutes; the last scream (when she throws herself on his body) was involuntary, not in the part, and she had not intended it, but could not resist the impulse. She likes Juliet the best of her parts.

February 26, 1830: Intended to go to the House of Lords to hear the debate on Lord Stanhope's motion (state of the nation), but went to see Fanny Kemble in *Mrs. Beverley* instead. She had a very great success—house crowded and plenty of emotion—but she does not touch me, though she did more than in her other parts; however, she is very good and will be much better.

March 16, 1832: . . . Fanny Kemble's new tragedy came out last night with complete success, written when she was seventeen, an odd play for a girl to write. The heroine is tempted like Beatrice in *Measure for Measure*, but with a different result, which result is supposed to take place between the acts.

May 30, 1835: . . . The father and mother both occupied with their daughter's book, which Kemble told me he had "never read till it appeared in print, and was full of sublime things and

vulgarities," and the mother "was divided between admiration and disgust, threw it down six times, and as often picked it up."

At dinner (March 17, 1831), Greville found that Fanny Kemble had a "skin dark and coarse" while "her manner wants ease and repose." But her mother "was a very agreeable woman."

Of Fanny Kemble's later career, we have this, hitherto unpublished:

December 8, 1842: . . . I have been seeing lately a great deal of Mrs. Butler, whose history is a melancholy one, a domestic tragedy without any tragical events. She went to America ten years ago in the high tide of her popularity and when she was making a fortune. There Pierce Butler fell in love with her and she fell in love with him. She gave up her earnings (£6,000) to her father, left the stage, married and settled in America. And now after wasting the best years of her life in something very like solitude near Philadelphia, with two children, whom she is passionately fond of, what is her situation? She has discovered that she has married a weak, dawdling, ignorant, violent tempered man, who is utterly unsuited to her, and she to him, and she is aware that she has outlived his liking, as he has outlived her esteem and respect. With all her prodigious talents, her fine feelings, noble sentiments, and lively imagination, she has no tact, no judgment, no discretion. She has acted like a fool, and he is now become a brute; the consequence is she is supremely and hopelessly wretched. She sees her husband brutal and unkind to her, ruining himself and the children by his lazy, stupid management of his affairs, and she lives in perpetual terror lest their alienation should at last mount to such a height that their living together may become impossible, and that then she shall be separated from her children for whom alone she desires to exist. Among the most prominent causes of their disunion is her violent and undisguised detestation of slavery while he is a great slave proprietor. She has evinced the feeling (laudable enough in itself) without a particle of discretion, and it has given him deep offence. . . .

It was from Fanny's sister Adelaide, that Greville heard other details of a marriage which in 1848 ended in divorce.

One of the Kembles, herself a composer and gifted with a voice, had been married to a son of Sir Richard Arkwright, the cotton spinner:

January 26, 1834: . . . Arkwright told me that it was reported by those who were better informed than himself of his father's circumstances, that he is worth from seven to eight millions. His grandfather began life as a barber, invented some machinery, got a patent, and made a fortune. His son gave him offence by a marriage which he disapproved of, and he quarrelled with him, but gave him a mill. Arkwright, the son, saw nothing of his father for many years, but by industry and ability accumulated great wealth. When Sir Richard served as Sheriff, his son thought it right to go out with the other gentlemen of the county to meet him, and the old gentleman was struck with his handsome equipage, and asked to whom it belonged. Upon being informed, he sought a reconciliation with him, and was astonished to find that his son was as rich as himself. From that time they continued on good terms, and at his death he bequeathed him the bulk of his property.

January 25, 1837: On the 24th, I walked about Paris, dined at the Embassy, and went to Court at night; above fifty English, forty Americans, and several other foreigners were presented. The Palace is very magnificent; the present King has built a new staircase, which makes the suite of rooms continuous, and the whole has been regilt and painted. We were arranged in the throne-room by nations, the English first, and at a quarter before nine the doors of the royal apartment were opened, and the Royal Family came forth. We all stood in a long line (single file) reaching through the two rooms, beginning and ending again at the door of the King's apartment. The King walked down the line attended by Lord Granville, then the Queen with the eldest Princess under her arm, then Madame Adélaïde with the other, and then the Duke of Orleans. Aston attended the Queen, and the attachés the others. They all speak to each individual, and by some strange stretch of invention find something to say.

In the references to negotiations between Great Britain and the United States, there is no suggestion of the larger obligations which are to-day recognized:

September 11, 1842: . . . There is a very general feeling of satisfaction at the termination of the boundary dispute with the Americans (that is in Maine) and it will be impossible for Palmerston, who is ready to find fault with everything the Foreign Office does, to carry public opinion with him in attacking this settlement. He showed his disposition in a conversation he had lately with M. de Bacourt (just come over from America), to whom he said that we had made very important concessions. But Charles Buller, who was with me when M. de Bacourt told me this, said he for one would defend Lord Ashburton's Treaty, let Palmerston say what he would. He never would quarrel with any tolerable arrangement of such a question as that. I heard yesterday a curious thing relating to this matter. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, called on me, and told me that about three months ago they were employed by the Foreign Office in searching for documents relating to the original discussions on the boundary question. . . . While thus occupied, he recollected that there was an old map of North America, which had been lying neglected and tossed about the office for the last twenty-five years, and he determined to examine this map. He did so, and discovered a faint red line drawn all across certain parts of it, together with several pencil lines drawn in parallels to the red line above and below it. It immediately occurred to him that this was the original map supposed to be lost (for it never could be found), which was used for marking and settling the boundary question, and he gave notice to the Foreign Office of what he had discovered. The map was immediately sent for and examined by the Cabinet, who deemed it of such importance that they ordered it to be instantly locked up and that nobody should have access to it. First, however, they sent for the three most eminent and experienced men in this line of business, Arrowsmith and two others, and desired them to examine closely this map and report their opinions, separately, and without concert, upon certain questions which were submitted to them. These related principally to the antiquity of the red and pencil lines, and whether the latter had been made before or after the former. They reported as they were desired to do. They all agreed as to the age of the line, and they proved that the pencil marks had been made subsequently to the red line. I forget the other particulars, but so much importance was

attached to the discovery of this map, which was without doubt the original, that an exact account of its lines and marks was made out for Lord Ashburton, and a messenger despatched to Portsmouth with orders to lay his hands on the first Government steamer he could find, no matter what her destination or purpose, and to go off to America forthwith. As soon afterward as possible the Boundary question was settled, and it is certainly reasonable to suppose that this discovery had an important effect upon the decision.

November 30, 1842: . . . On Sunday morning I called on Lord John Russell, and we had an argument about Lord Ashburton and his treaty, which he abused very roundly. . . . I have a great respect for Lord John, who is very honest and clever, but in this matter he talks great nonsense. Palmerston is much more consistent and takes a clear and broad view of it. He says, "We are all in the right, and the Americans all in the wrong. Never give up anything, insist on having the thing settled in your own way, and if they won't consent, let it remain unsettled."

February 9, 1843: . . . A great sensation has been made here by the publication of the proceedings in the secret session of the Senate at Washington, when the Treaty was ratified. This brought out the evidence of Jared Sparks, who told them of Franklin's letter to Vergennes, and of the existence of the map he had marked, with a boundary line corresponding precisely with our claim. People cry out lustily against Webster for having taken us in, but I do not think with much reason. Lord Ashburton told me it was very fortunate that this map and letter did not turn up in the course of his negotiation, for if they had, there would have been no Treaty at all, and eventually a scramble, a scuffle, and probably a war. Nothing, he said, would ever have induced the Americans to accept our line, and admit our claim; and with this evidence in our favour, it would have been impossible for us to have conceded what we did, or anything like it. *He* never would have done so, and the matter must have remained unsettled; and after all, he said, it was a dispute *de lanâ caprinâ*, for the whole territory we were wrangling about was worth nothing, so that it is just as well the discovery was not made by us. At the same time, our successive governments are much to blame in not having ransacked the archives at Paris, for they could certainly have done for a public object

what Jared Sparks did for a private one, and a little trouble would have put them in possession of whatever that repository contained.

On a grant of money to Maynooth College in Ireland, Sir Robert Peel "made a speeech which has excited universal admiration and applause":

April 22, 1845: . . . He declined noticing any of the attacks on himself, and with much gravity and seriousness urged the necessity of passing the measure; but he alluded to America as if a quarrel was really to be apprehended, and he spoke of the disposition of Ireland in reference to such a contingency in a tone which everybody said was a recognition of the truth of what O'Connell had so recently said in his very clever and ingenious speech at Dublin.

April 25, 1845: . . . The condemnation of Peel's speech last week is general. His colleagues admit the imprudence and unbecomingness of his allusion to Ireland and America. Lyndhurst told Clarendon the paper dropped from his hands when he read it, and he could hardly believe what he read.

Yet Peel's warning that Ireland might stand between Great Britain and the United States was no more than the truth:

May 11, 1834: . . . O'Connell spoke for five hours and a quarter and [Spring] Rice [whose descendant was to be Ambassador at Washington] for six hours; each occupied a night, after the manner of the American orators.

A leader of the Young Ireland party was grandfather to a Mayor of New York:

May 30, 1848: . . . The account of Mitchell's conviction has given great satisfaction here, and compensated for the defeats in the other cases. The good of it is that the Government have proved to the Irish and to the world that they have the means of punishing these enormous offenders, and that they will not be able to pursue their turbulent and factious course with impunity.

August 8, 1848: . . . On arriving in town yesterday found the news of Smith O'Brien's capture, which some think a good thing and some a bad one; some say he is mad, some are for hanging

him, some for transporting, others for letting him go; in short, *quot homines tot sententiæ*. He is a good-for-nothing, conceited, contemptible fellow, who has done a great deal of mischief and deserves to be hung, but it will probably be very difficult to convict him.

Old and Young Ireland did not always agree:

May 3, 1848: . . . Mitchell, Meagher, and O'Brien were near being killed at Limerick by an O'Connellite mob, and were saved by the interposition of the Queen's troops. Smith O'Brien was severely beaten, and has renounced the country, and says he will retire into private life. Mitchell, who meant to meet the law and the Government face to face, and dared them to the fight, has recourse to every sort of chicanery, and avails himself of all the technical pleas he can find to delay his trial. All these things have drawn both ridicule and contempt on these empty boasters, who began by blustering and swaggering, and who now crouch under the blows that are aimed at them.

It was Peel who admitted American wheat:

London, December 5, 1845: . . . Yesterday the American Mail went off, and it took with it the morning papers, and consequently this article in the *Times*. It was exactly what Aberdeen wanted. As Foreign Secretary his most earnest desire is to get over the Oregon affair as well as he can, and he knows that nothing will have so great an effect in America, nothing tend so materially to the prevalence of pacific counsels, as an announcement that our Corn Laws are going to be repealed.

Between the United States and Britain, diplomacy was conducted in shirt-sleeves:

March 30, 1841: . . . The new President's [Tyler's] inaugural speech, pedantic and ridiculous as it was, had the merit of being temperate; and Webster had already written to Evelyn Denison desiring him not to judge of the real sentiments of America by the trash spoken and the violence exhibited in Congress, or by the mob of New York. John Bull, too, who had begun to put himself into a superfine passion, and to bluster a good deal in the French vein, is getting more tranquil, and begins to see the

propriety of going to work moderately and without insisting on having everything his own way.

August 9, 1852: . . . We [Graham and Greville] then talked of the quarrel with America about the fisheries, which Graham looked upon as very serious being in the hands of such ignorant blunderers as Pakington and Malmesbury, whose precipitancy and imprudence had created the difficulty.

On May 28, 1856, there was a dispute with the United States over Foreign Enlistment, and Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, received his passports. The Danish Minister there wrote that "the clouds will disperse and there will be no serious quarrel." But Greville found things "more and more alarming":

June 1, 1856: . . . Yesterday I met Thackeray, who is just returned from the United States. He thinks there is every probability of the quarrel leading to war, for there is a very hostile spirit, constantly increasing, throughout the States, and an evident desire to quarrel with us. He says he has never met with a single man who is not persuaded that they are entirely in the right and we in the wrong, and they are equally persuaded if war ensues that they will give us a great thrashing; they don't care for the consequences, their riches are immense, and 200,000 men would appear in arms at a moment's notice. Here, however, though there is a great deal of anxiety, there is still a very general belief that war cannot take place on grounds so trifling between two countries which have so great and so equal an interest in remaining at peace with each other. But in a country where the statesmen, if there are any, have so little influence, and where the national policy is subject to the passions and caprices of an ignorant and unreasoning mob, there is no security that good sense and moderation will prevail. . . . It has often been remarked that civil wars are of all wars the most furious, and a war between America and England would have all the characteristics of a civil and an international contest. . . . We have reason to congratulate ourselves that the Russian war is over, for if it had gone on and all our ships had been in the Baltic, and all our soldiers in the Crimea, nothing would have prevented the Americans from seizing the opportunity of our hands being full to bring their dispute with us to a crisis.

November 17, 1857: . . . Then, as if we had not embarrassments enough on our hands, America is going to add to them, for that old rascal Buchanan, who hates England with a mortal antipathy, is going to repudiate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty upon the pretence that we have not abided by its conditions and he means to propose to the Senate to declare it null and void, which the Senate will do at his bidding. This is a flagrant violation of good faith, and of the obligations by which all civilized nations consider themselves bound, but which the Americans, who in reality are not civilized, make nothing of breaking through.

Buchanan, who represented the United States in London, was later elected President. Greville assures us (November 17, 1857) that he "hates England with a mortal hatred," but, in fact, he did not "repudiate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty," dealing as it did with "the eventual construction of a passage through the isthmus of Central America.

Amid these amenities, Lord Clarendon:

Newmarket, October 21, 1859: . . . suggested that he should hold out to Buchanan the prospect of a visit from the Prince of Wales, who it seems is going to Canada some time or other. This the Duke mentioned at the Cabinet, where the proposal was highly approved, but when it was broached to the Queen, her Majesty objected to anything being said about the Prince of Wales going to the United States, so it fell to the ground.

As a matter of fact, the future King Edward was excellently received in the United States. And there was no war after all.

CHAPTER XCIII

INDIAN SUMMER

In the Crimean War, Great Britain fought for the road to India. It was thus an irony indeed that, after her struggle with Russia was over, India herself should develop a revolt:

April 27, 1859: . . . It was a prophetic saying of Mackintosh forty years ago at Roehampton that it remained to be proved whether the acquisition of our Indian Empire was in reality a gain to us, and we must hope that the remark will not be illustrated in our days by seeing England herself placed in danger by her exertions to retain or reconquer India, whose value is so problematical and of which nothing is certain but the immense labour and cost of her retention.

The Commander in Chief in India himself wrote Greville a warning:

May 1, 1857: . . . George Anson writes to me from India that there is a strange feeling of discontent pervading the Indian army from religious causes, and a suspicion that we are going to employ our irresistible power in forcing Christianity upon them. It is not true, but the natives will never be quite convinced that it is not, as long as Exeter Hall and the missionaries are permitted to have *carte blanche* and work their will as they please in those regions.

In the conflict that followed, the fear was that France would turn and rend her former ally:

July 13, 1859: . . . There is no denying that the Emperor Napoleon has played a magnificent part, and whatever we may think of his conduct, and the springs of his actions, he appears before the world as a very great character. Though he can lay no claim to the genius and intellectual powers of the first Napoleon, he is a wiser and soberer man, with a command over himself and a power of self-restraint.

July 15, 1857: . . . The alarm created here by the Indian news is very great, and Ellenborough (reckoned a great authority on Indian matters) does his best to increase it. The serious part of it is that no one can tell or venture to predict what the extent of the calamity may be, and what proportions the mischief may possibly assume. It is certain that hitherto the Government and the East India Company have been in what is called a fool's paradise on the subject. They have been so long accustomed to consider our Empire there as established on so solid a foundation, and so entirely out of the reach of danger, that they never have paid any attention to those who hinted at possible perils. . . . The Press, and the public who are always led by the Press, took the same easy view of the subject. While the Russian War was going on a clamour was raised against Government for not calling away *all* the British troops in India and sending them to the Crimea, and those who went mad about the Crimean War would willingly have left India without a single European regiment, and have entrusted all our interests to the fidelity and attachment of the native army. Though our government was willing enough to enter into anything that the passion of the multitude suggested, they were not so insane as all that; but as it is, we may consider it most providential that the mutiny did not show itself during the Russian, or indeed during the Persian war. If it had happened while we were still fighting in the Crimea, we could not have sent out the force that would have been indispensable to save India. At the present moment the interest of the public is not greater than its apprehensions and alarm.

July 19, 1857: Although it is impossible that any fresh accounts should have come from India, reports are rife of fresh insurrections and of all sorts of evils. Amidst all the bad news from India, the good fortune is that so many of the native troops, and not only the military, but the whole population of the Punjab, have shown so much fidelity and attachment to the British Government. It is the strongest testimony to the wisdom and justice of our rule, and of the capacity of the natives to appreciate the benefits they derive from it, for, beyond all question, the introduction of European civilization into the East, and the substitution of such a government as that of England for the cruel, rapacious, and capricious dominion of

Oriental chiefs and dynasties, is the greatest boon that the people could have had conferred upon them. Our administration may not have been faultless, and in some instances it may have been oppressive, and it may have often offended against the habits and prejudices of the natives, but it is certainly very superior in every respect, and infinitely more beneficent than any rule, either of Hindoos or Mahometans, that has ever been known in India. However, people much more civilized and more sagacious than the Indians do not always know what is best for them, or most likely to promote their happiness, so it will not be surprising if these disorders should continue to increase, supposing the means of immediately and effectually suppressing them should be found wanting.

December 8, 1857: . . . The account of Lucknow just come by telegram is very alarming, and keeps one in a state of nervous excitement, difficult to describe.

The recent memory of Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava had dispelled the glamour of "the civil war in India, for such it may be called":

September 22, 1857: . . . It is a curious circumstance (which I have heard no one else remark) that, with all the deep interest universally felt on account of this Sepoy war, not only as it regards our national interests, but out of feeling and sympathy for the vast numbers of our countrymen and women exposed to its horrors and dangers, it does not produce the same degree of enthusiasm as the Crimean War did, in which we had no real interest concerned, and which was only a gigantic folly on our part. People are very anxious about this war, and earnestly desire that the mutiny may be put down and punished, but they regard the war itself with aversion and horror, whereas they positively took pleasure in the war against Russia, and were ready to spend their last guinea in carrying it on. A subscription has been set on foot, but although there never was an occasion on which it might have been expected that vast sums would be subscribed, the contributions have been comparatively small in amount, and it seems probable that a much less sum will be produced for the relief of the Indian sufferers than the Patriotic Fund or any of the various subscriptions made for purposes connected with the Crimean War.

Indeed, Greville was "so struck with the backwardness of the Government in rewarding General Havelock for his brilliant exploits" that he wrote a letter of protest, after which Havelock "got a good service pension, is made Major General and K.C.B."

After all, Lucknow was a long way off. And (October 19th) Greville's racing friends at Newmarket "were too much occupied with the business of the place to think much about India."

Dunrobin Castle, October 2, 1857: . . . We are justly punished for our ambition and encroaching spirit, but it must be owned we struggle gallantly for what we have perhaps unjustly acquired. Europe behaves well to us, for though we have made ourselves universally odious by our insolence and our domination, and our long habit of bullying all the world, nobody triumphs over us in the hour of our distress, and even Russia, who has no cause to feel anything but ill will toward us, evinces her regret and sympathy in courteous terms. Whatever the result of this contest may be, it will certainly absorb all our efforts and occupy our full strength and power, so that we shall not be able to take any active or influential part in European affairs for some time to come. The rest of the Great Powers will have it in their power to settle everything as seems meet to them without troubling themselves about us and our opinions. For the present we are reduced to the condition of an insignificant power. It is certain that, if this mutiny had taken place two years earlier, we could not have engaged at all in the Russian (that is, the Crimean) War.

Lord Shaftesbury, the evangelical leader, pointed the moral:

London, December 2, 1857: . . . Shaftesbury too, who is a prodigious authority with the public, and who has all the religious and pseudo-religious people at his back, does his utmost to make the case out to be as bad as possible and to excite the rage and indignation of the masses to the highest pitch. He is not satisfied with the revolting details with which the Press has been teeming, but complains that more of them have not been detailed and described, and that the particulars of mutilation and violation have not been more copiously and circumstantially given to the world. I have never been able to comprehend what his motives are for talking in this strange and extravagant

strain, but it is no doubt something connected with the grand plan of Christianizing India, in the furtherance of which the High Church and the Low Church appear to be bidding against each other; and as their united force will in all probability be irresistible, so they will succeed in making any government in India impossible.

January 7, 1858: . . . The real meaning, however, of the Exeter Hall clamour is, that we should commence as soon as we can a crusade against the religions of the natives of India, and attempt to force Christianity upon them.

For the Mutiny also, there was ordered "a day of humiliation," to arrange for which Greville was summoned to Balmoral:

September 22, 1857: . . . I was in hopes this miserable cant and humbug would not have been repeated on this occasion, but the pseudo-religious part of the community never lose an opportunity of clamouring for such pious manifestations and the Government never dare to treat their nonsense with the contempt it deserves.

Gordon Castle, September 27, 1857: Granville told me the Queen was furious at having any fast day at all, and when she was compelled to order one she wanted to have it on Sunday, but Palmerston (who he believed was goaded on by Shaftesbury and William Cowper) said it must be on a week day, and very reluctantly she gave way. What made the whole thing more ridiculous was that she gave a ball (to the gillies and tenants) the night before this Council.

London, October 6, 1857: . . . Clarendon said that if it was possible for Havelock to maintain himself a short time longer, and that reinforcements arrived in time to save the beleaguered places, the tide would turn and Delhi would fall; but if he should be crushed, Agra, Lucknow, and other threatened places would fall with renewals of the Cawnpore horrors, and in that case the unlimited spread of the mutiny would be irrepressible, Madras and Bombay would revolt, all the scattered powers would rise up everywhere, and all would be lost.

Frognal, November 14, 1857: The news of the capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow excited a transport of delight and triumph, and everybody jumped to the conclusion that the

Indian contest was virtually at an end. Granville told me he thought there would be no more fighting, and that the work was done. I was not so sanguine, and though I thought the result of the contest was now secure, I thought we should still have a great deal on our hands and much more fighting to hear of before the curtain could drop. But I was not prepared to hear the dismal news which arrived to-day, and which has so cruelly damped the public joy and exultation. It appears that Havelock is in great danger and the long-suffering garrison of Lucknow not yet out of their peril, for the victory of Havelock had not been complete, the natives were gathering round the small British force in vast numbers, and unless considerable reinforcements could be speedily brought up, the condition of the British, both military and civilians, of men, women, and children would soon again be one of excessive danger.

December 29, 1857: . . . By the Indian papers just arrived it appears that the relief of the Residency of Lucknow and the deliverance of all who were confined in it was complete, but there was no great battle (which everybody expected), though much severe fighting, and Lucknow itself was still untaken. The mutineers, though always worsted, seem to fight better than they were thought capable of doing, and everything tends to show that the suppression of the Mutiny is still far from being accomplished.

The Cabinet differed as to "the calling out of the militia":

November 17, 1857: A council was held yesterday at Windsor to summon Parliament, where I found the Ministers much dejected at the news from India. There was a letter from Colin Campbell, expressing great alarm at the position of Outram and Havelock, whom he thought to be in a great scrape, though without any fault of theirs, and there was also a report from Sir John Lawrence that affairs were in a ticklish state in the Punjab, and expressing a great anxiety for reinforcements, which he had very little prospect of getting; in short, the apparently bright sky in which we were rejoicing only a few days ago seems to be obscured by black clouds, and the great result to be as uncertain as ever.

January 7, 1858: . . . We have news of . . . the death of Havelock, the hero of this war, who, after escaping unhurt through

battle after battle, has succumbed to disease, not having lived long enough to know all that is said of him and all that has been done for him here. It is impossible not to feel the loss of this man as if he belonged to one individually, so deep is the interest which his gallantry and his brilliant career have excited in every heart.

Curiously, it was the Sikhs—lately in arms against Britain—who helped to save the situation:

London, December 17, 1857: . . . Captain Lowe, lately aide-de-camp to poor George Anson, and who was in the storm of Delhi, an intelligent officer . . . says that nothing can be more inexpedient than the scheme, propounded here with great confidence, of forming the native force, on which we are hereafter to rely, of Sikhs instead of Hindoos. He says that, inasmuch as they are very brave and excellent soldiers, it would only be to place ourselves in a state of far greater danger and uncertainty, for though the Sikhs have proved very faithful to us, and rendered excellent service, it is impossible to predict how long this humour may last, and whether circumstances may not arise to induce them to throw off our yoke and assert their own independence. It is marvellous and providential that on this occasion the Sikhs were disposed to side with us instead of against us, for if they had taken the latter course, it would have been all up and nothing could have saved us. *À propos* of this consideration, he told me a curious anecdote. A Sikh was talking to a British officer in a very friendly way, and he said, "Don't you think it very strange that we, who were so recently fighting against you, should be now fighting with you? and should you be very much surprised if a year or two hence you should see us fighting against you again?"

Toward India, the nation, conscious of depressed trade, was resentful:

November 17, 1857: . . . A general cry is getting up for making India pay for the expense of this Indian war, which, even supposing it to be just and reasonable, will make the ultimate settlement of the Indian question more difficult, and a measure little calculated to reconcile the native population to our rule.

London, December 2. 1857: Yesterday morning Lord Sydney

received a letter from Lady Canning, who said that although undoubtedly many horrible things had happened in India, the exaggeration of them had been very great, and that she had read for the first time in the English newspapers stories of atrocities of which she had never heard at Calcutta, and that statements made in India had turned out to be pure inventions and falsehoods. Yet our papers publish everything that is sent to them without caring whether it may be true or false, and the credulous public swallow it all without the slightest hesitation and doubt.

The Governor General, son of the great Prime Minister, was ridiculed as "Clemency Canning":

November 2, 1857: . . . The Press goes on attacking Canning with great asperity and injustice, and nobody here defends him. Though I am not a very intimate or particular friend of his, I think him so unfairly and ungenerously treated that I mean to make an effort to get him such redress as the case admits of, and the only thing which occurs to me is that Palmerston, as head of the Government, should take the opportunity of the Lord Mayor's dinner to vindicate him, and assume the responsibility of his acts. His "Clemency" proclamation, as it is stupidly and falsely called, was, I believe, not only proper and expedient, but necessary, and I expect he will be able to vindicate himself completely from all the charges which the *Times* and other newspapers have brought against him, but in the meantime they will have done him all the mischief they can.

Greville, mindful of his early loyalty to the elder Canning, appealed to Granville, leader in the House of Lords, to defend the Governor General. And "not trusting to Palmertson" (November 4, 1857)—which phrase, writes Greville, "he [Granville] begged me not to breathe to anyone"—made such a speech at a Mansion House dinner to the Duke of Cambridge:

Hatchford, November 8, 1857: . . . He writes me word it was "rather uphill work," and I was told it was not very well received, but nevertheless it produced an effect, and it acted as a check upon the *Times*, which without retracting (which it never does) has considerably mitigated its violence. It was the first

word that has been said for Canning in public, and it has evidently been of great use to him.

Palmerston followed at the Lord Mayor's Dinner with "a glowing eulogium on Canning . . . which will infallibly stop the current of abuse against him" and "has already turned the *Times*." In other respects, "this swaggering speech was bad enough, full of jactance and bow-wow, but well enough calculated to draw cheers from a miscellaneous audience. He told them we had a military force now embodied as strong as we had before the Indian Mutiny, which I take to be a downright falsehood.

According to Clarendon, the Prime Minister, Palmerston "was very flippant and offhand in his views of Indian affairs." He "had jumped to the conclusion that the Company must be extinguished."

London, October 19, 1857: . . . At the Cabinet on Friday last he said, "They need not meet again for some time, but they must begin to think of how to deal with India when the revolt was put down. Of course everybody must see that the India Company must be got rid of."

February 3, 1858: . . . In a Committee on Indian affairs and the intended bill [to abolish the Company], at which Bethell was present, on some objection or possible objection being suggested by one of the members, Palmerston said in his usual jaunty way, "Oh, they will fall in love with our bill when they see it"; when Bethell, in his niminy-piminy manner and simper, said, "Oh, my dear Lord!"

"This brief announcement did not meet with any response" and "it is clear that the Company do not mean to be summarily extinguished without a struggle."

December 7, 1857: . . . Lyndhurst is decidedly against any strong and subversive measure about India, and is for improving and not upsetting the present system. Public opinion, led by the Press, has hitherto leant to the dissolution of the Company and the Directorial Government; but as time advances and the extreme difficulty of concocting another system becomes apparent, people begin to dread the idea of destroying an ancient system, without any certainty of a better one replacing it.

And why should Vernon Smith, merely "a diligent clerk," have the duty of reorganizing "the Indian Empire"? Hitherto, "the Leadenhall Administration" of the Company had been everything and the Board of Control, representing the nation, had been "looked upon as a very subordinate department, and one of mere routine, which anybody might fill." Lord John Russell had offered it to Sir James Graham, who had "treated the proposal as an insult." Greville was lachrymose:

January 7, 1858: . . . I begin to have the most dismal forebodings upon this Indian question. I continue indeed to believe that by dint of enormous exertions, by a vast expenditure of money, and sending out every man we can raise and make a soldier of we shall sooner or later conquer the mutineers and suppress the rebellion, but I expect we shall lose our Indian Empire. I may possibly not live to see the catastrophe, but those who are twenty or maybe ten years younger than I am in all probability will. All our legislation is conducting us to this end. We are taking this moment of war and confusion to revolutionize our Indian Empire and government, to root up all that the natives have been accustomed to regard with veneration, and to pronounce sentence of condemnation upon the only authority of which they know anything, and which has been the object of their fears and hopes. And sometimes of their attachment. The Government is about to hurry into this measure as if the existing system had been the cause of the present rebellion and conflict, and that the one they propose to substitute would be so much better and capable of repairing the mischief which the government of the Company has caused by its alleged mismanagement. I have no prejudice or partiality for the Company but I believe any great change at this moment to be fraught with danger, and that the notion of improving the state of affairs by the abolition of what is called the double government is a mere delusion.

Happily he was able, a few weeks later, to be a little more cheerful:

March 12, 1858: . . . The great question of suppressing the rebellion and reëstablishing our rule is virtually settled, and though we may yet have a great deal of trouble and even difficulty, all serious danger is at an end, and . . . we are as secure of

possessing India as of any of our colonies. The apprehensions I had on the subject, and which I have expressed, have been very far from realized, and those who took more sanguine and confident views of the issue of the contest have been justified by the event.

All parties were agreed that John Company must depart. What was proposed by Palmerston, a Whig, was carried out by his Tory successor, Lord Derby.

CHAPTER XCIV

THE PRINCE THAT DIED

To ENGLAND, the rise of Italy was as the unchaining of an Andromeda. There was a little incident that revealed the national sentiment:

July 5, 1844: . . . However, this affair had hardly subsided before another storm was raised about opening letters at the Post Office. Tom Duncombe, indefatigable for mischief, and the grand jobman of miscellaneous grievances, brought forward the case of M. Mazzini, whose letters had been opened by Sir James Graham's warrant. This matter, in itself most ridiculous, inasmuch as Graham had done no more than what every other Secretary of State did before him, soon acquired a great and undue importance. The press took it up. . . . It lit up a flame throughout the country. Every foolish person who spoils paper and pens fancied his nonsense was read at the Home Office. . . . It was very wrong and very unfair of John Russell not to make common cause with him, not to vindicate the law and its exercise, and to say manfully at once that he had done the same thing when he was in office; instead of this, he both spoke and voted against Graham.

To liberate Andromeda, what an enterprise! No Napoleon could be deaf to such a call.

It was to win glory, after all, that the French Emperor had waged the Crimean War. He had wanted himself to go to the front. And Cowley, the British Ambassador in Paris, had told Greville why the Emperor stayed at home:

Paris, June 17, 1855: . . . All the Ministers deprecated it and did all they could to prevent it. They suggested that, if any misfortune occurred while he was there, he could not quit the army; if any success, he would infallibly stay to pursue it, so that his speedy return could not be counted on. This failed to move him. The intention was that Jérome should be,

not Regent, but Chief of the Council of Ministers, and they advised Jérome only to consent to take his office on condition that he was invested with the same despotic power as the Emperor himself. This his Majesty would not consent to, as the Ministers foresaw, and this was the reason why the expedition was given up.

When Greville was talking with the Emperor, he betrayed his yearning for adventure:

June 26, 1855: . . . A little while after, when we were talking of the siege of Sebastopol, he asked if I had ever seen a very good engineer's map of the whole thing; and when I said I had not, he said, "Then I will show you one"; and he again went into his Cabinet and brought it out. After this long palaver he took leave of me, shaking hands with much apparent cordiality.

On the surface, Paris was brilliant. Greville, no mean judge of horseflesh, went (March 8, 1856) "to see the Imperial stables, a wonderful establishment; and then the stallions, near Passy."

March 3, 1856: Went about visiting yesterday, and at night to the Tuileries, an evening party and play, two small pieces; the Emperor was very civil to me as usual, came up to me and shook hands; he talked to Orloff and to Clarendon, then the Grande Maîtresse told him the Empress was ready, when he went out and came back with her on his arm, Mathilde, Princess Murat, and Plon Plon following. As the Emperor passed before me, he stopped, and presented me to the Empress. . . . This morning I went to see the opening of the legislative bodies, and hear the Emperor's speech. It was a gay and pretty sight, so full of splendour and various colours, but rather theatrical. He read his speech very well and the substance of it gave satisfaction; it was not easy to compose it, but he did it exceedingly well, and steered clear of the ticklish points with great adroitness and tact. It sounded odd to English ears to hear a Royal speech applauded at the end of each paragraph, and the shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" from the Senators and Deputies.

Greville adds that they were "all so vulgar-looking." The Empress Eugénie "does not look her best, of course"—there

was a reason for that—"but I was much disappointed with her beauty."

Paris, March 1, 1857: . . . I was much struck with the ugliness of the women, and the extreme *recherche* of their costumes. Nature has done nothing for them, their *modistes* all that is possible.

March 6, 1856, at night: Just before dinner came an invitation to go to the Tuileries to-night, which with much reluctance I was forced to do. Two *petites pièces* as on Sunday. I did not attempt to get into the gallery, and sat in the next room, first with Brunnow, then with the Grand Vizier, who is become a great friend of mine. The Emperor did nothing but take off one plenipotentiary after another.

It was the inside of affairs that was so rotten:

February 15, 1856: . . . He [Cowley] thinks the Emperor honest and true, but that he is surrounded by a parcel of men every one of whom is dishonest and false. The Emperor knows this, and knows what is thought of his Ministers, but he says, "What am I to do? and where can I find better men who will enter my service?"

Everything was "intrigue and jobbery," and Cowley told Greville about "a sort of gang of which Morny is the chief who all combine for purposes of peculation":

February 11, 1858: . . . The penal laws enacted or to be enacted in France are considered as the inauguration of a reign of terror, and there is rapidly growing up the same sort of feeling about the French Empire that there is here about the Palmerston Government. Nobody pretends to foresee what will happen but everyone thinks that the state of France is rendered more combustible, and that any spark may produce an explosion.

In April, 1858, "Cowley said that the Emperor's nerves were shaken to pieces by the *attentat*, and he was greatly changed." Under the circumstances, Greville believed "the country to be in nearly equal danger from Louis Napoleon abroad and Mr. Bright at home."

The "distrust" of Napoleon was "incurable." He was (April

20, 1859) "this rascally adventurer." And (March 28, 1860) here was "the Triumvirate of Palmerston, John Russell and Gladstone, who have it all their own way . . . playing into the Emperor Napoleon's hands." Soon, he would be "able to treat all Europe, England included, in any way he pleases." Charles Villiers—

July 17, 1860: . . . thought it probable that any attempt on Belgium would be deferred till after King Leopold's death (who is seventy-five years old), at which time in all probability the annexation would be attempted, and with very reasonable prospects of being assented to by the Belgians themselves, an idea which had not struck me, but which I think exceedingly likely.

Greville, when in Paris, dined with the Sardinians (March, 1856) and wrote, "Knowing none of the people, it was a bore; I found nobody to converse with but Cavour and Flahault." It was Cavour's cause that Napoleon espoused. And as long as Napoleon supported Cavour, Palmerston supported Napoleon:

January 7, 1860: . . . When Cowley was here some months ago I remember his telling me that, one day when he met Cavour, either at Compiègne or Paris, I forget which, when it was the question of the Congress before the war, Cavour said to him, "So you are going to have a Congress." "Yes," said Cowley, "thanks to you and all you have been doing in Italy." "Thanks to *me!*" cried Cavour, "I like that; why don't you say thanks to your own Minister at Turin, to Sir James Hudson, who has done ten times more than ever I did?"

Hatchford, January 12, 1860: . . . The people dislike Austria and wish well to the Italians, but they want not to interfere in the affairs of either, and I doubt if they would give a man or a shilling to help Palmerston in blotting Austria out of the map of Europe and giving Sardinia a much larger slice of the map. That twofold object amounts to monomania now with Palmerston, and I believe he would sacrifice office to attain it, which is the highest test of his sincerity. The three confederates are Palmerston, John Russell, and Gladstone.

Buxton, August 11, 1860: . . . The Irishmen held off, indignant at Palmerston's having mentioned with approval the landing of Garibaldi on the mainland. This was held to be an insult to the

Pope, so More O'Farrell, Monsell, Sir John Acton and eight or ten more would not vote at all.

The war of Italian Independence was a triumph for France:

July 15, 1859: . . . The friends of the Emperor Napoleon say that they believe his motive for making peace on any terms he could get to have been principally that he was so shocked and disgusted at the fearful scenes of pain and misery that he had to behold after the battle of Solferino in addition to the other battlefields, and at the spectacle of thousands of killed and wounded presented to his eyes, that his nerves could not bear it. Lady Cowley told me that he was so tender-hearted that he could not bear the sight of pain, much less being the cause of inflicting it, and she had seen him quite upset after visiting hospitals at the sufferings he had witnessed there, which of course are not to be compared with the horrible scene of a battlefield.

Hatchford, March 7, 1860: . . . Palmerston had been highly elated, and he and Lord John had been exulting in the fancied glory of being the Liberators of Italy, and of having procured the complete success of their own objects. As Clarendon wrote to me, "The Emperor must greatly enjoy the helplessness of Europe, and in feeling that he may do just what he likes with perfect impunity. Russia is crippled, Austria rotten, Germany disunited, and England, though growling, occupied in gnawing the Treaty bone he has tossed to her. All must submit to the laws made known to them through the *Moniteur*."

Amid it all, a child was born:

March 16, 1856: We passed the day in momentary expectation of hearing of the Empress's confinement. No news arrived, but at six in the morning we were awakened from our beds by the sound of a cannon of the Invalides, which gave notice of a son. Will his fortune be more prosperous than that of the other Royal and Imperial heirs to the throne whom similar salvos have proclaimed? It is a remarkable coincidence that the confinement was as difficult and dangerous as that of Marie Louise, with the same symptoms and circumstances, and that the doctor *accoucheur* [Dubois] in this instance was the son of the Dubois who attended the other Empress. From all I hear, the

event was received here with good will, but without the least enthusiasm, though with some curiosity, and the Tuileries Gardens were crowded. People were invited by the police to illuminate.

Who would have imagined that it would be the assegais of Zulus which would pierce the Prince Imperial to the heart?

CHAPTER XCV

THE PRINCE THAT LIVED

For the later years of his career as diarist, Charles Greville was like an inveterate first-nighter who lingers in the stalls while his favourite actors, whether heroes or villains, take their repeated curtains.

March 1, 1855: . . . I am busy on the task of editing a volume of Moore's correspondence left to me by John Russell, and finishing the second article upon King Joseph's Memoirs. These small literary occupations interest and amuse me, being quite out of the way of politics, and seeing nobody, except Clarendon at rare intervals.

Deaf and troubled with gout, he writes gloomily (November 10, 1853) of "the signs of the times which are very grave and alarming—nothing but strikes and deep-rooted discontent on the part of the working classes." Why need Lord John Russell "propose a lower franchise" so accelerating "the further progress of democratic power?"

Palmerston was still to be twice Prime Minister, but he protested that "he was not prepared *at his time of life* to encounter endless debates in the House of Commons on such a measure." And Clarendon said it was the first time he had ever heard Palmerston "acknowledge that he had *a time of life*."

It began to be "an age of political Methuselahs." And even Greville surrendered at last to the most active of them all:

Hillingdon, August 17, 1856: . . . This country is profoundly tranquil and generally prosperous; everybody seems satisfied with Palmerston and his administration. I myself, who for so many years regarded him politically with the greatest aversion and distrust, have come to think him the best Minister we can have, and to wish him well.

The Queen also accepted the inevitable:

London, November 10, 1856: . . . When Clarendon went to the

Queen and explained his own conduct to her, and she expressed to him the embarrassment which she felt, and asked him what she could do, he at once said, "Send for Lord Palmerston, who is the only man, in the present temper of the people and state of affairs, who can form a government that has a chance of standing. Send for him at once, place yourself entirely in his hands, give him your entire confidence, and I will answer for his conduct being all that you can desire." The Queen took the advice, and has had no reason to repent of it.

June 20, 1857: . . . Clarendon said he was always very earnest with her to bestow her whole confidence on Palmerston, and not even to talk to others on any subjects which properly belonged to him, and he had more than once (when, according to her custom, she began to talk to him on certain things) said to her, "Madam, that concerns Lord Palmerston, and I think Your Majesty had better reserve it for your communications with him."

So "rising seventy-three" and "beginning to show some symptoms of physical weakness"—especially "a bad leg with a sore that it had been difficult to heal"—Palmerston was "loaded with the weight of public affairs"—sustaining the load into his eighties.

February 3, 1858: . . . He is always asleep both in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons, where he endeavours to conceal it by wearing his hat over his eyes. Clarendon made me laugh heartily the other day at his account of the Cabinet, where one half of them seem to be almost always asleep, the first to be off being Lansdowne, closely followed by Palmerston and Charles Wood. I remember his giving me a very droll account of Melbourne's Cabinet, and of the drowsiness which used to reign there, more particularly with Melbourne himself.

"Lady Palmerston tells the Duke of Bedford that Palmerston 'has a great affection for John.'" But, said Greville acidly, though, as it turned out, untruly, "the two Kings of Brentford will not long continue to smell the same nosegay."

As the man on the sidelines, Greville let fall a remark of which we can now discern the profound sagacity: "In the more comprehensive view of the balance of power," wrote he on January

9, 1856, "it would be far wiser to leave the power of Russia undiminished." Russia had no "designs of conquest." On the contrary, she was the "pacificator" that in 1848 had "prevented a great war between Austria and Prussia which would have made all Germany a scene of havoc and bloodshed."

September 15, 1856: . . . The coronation at Moscow appears to have gone off with great *éclat*, and to have been a spectacle of extraordinary magnificence, the prodigious cost of which betrays no sign of exhaustion or impoverishment by the late war. We were probably mistaken, as we were in so many other things, in fancying that the power and resources of Russia were very greatly impaired, but during the war, whatever we wished we were ready to believe.

September 21, 1856: The old Crimean correspondent of the *Times* has despatched a very interesting and graphic account of the coronation at Moscow, and Granville writes word that whereas he had estimated the cost of it at a million sterling, he was now led to believe it would be not much less than three. The coronation of George IV cost £240,000, which was considered an enormous sum and a monstrous extravagance. Our two last coronations cost from £30,000 to £50,000.

The Prussia that Greville knew was the Prussia that antedated Bismarck and Moltke. In 1848, the Prince of Prussia, afterward Emperor William I, had fled to England for refuge from his future subjects, then in revolt:

November 15, 1848: . . . The King inspires no confidence. The Prussian affair points a great moral, and reads an important lesson. It shows at once the danger of resistance to just demands and reasonable desires, and the dangers and evils of full democratic sway, sweeping everything before it. If the King of Prussia had long ago fulfilled his promises, and given a constitution to his country while he could have done so gracefully and safely, the new institutions would have had time to develop and consolidate themselves, and would in all probability have proved the security of the Crown when the flood of revolution broke over Europe. He refused, and fought it off so long that at last his people grew discontented and angry, and when the French Revolution set all Germany on fire the work was so far

from being perfected that the Crown was left to battle with the democratic fury that broke forth, and its own weakness and vacillation rendered the power irresistible which might have been coerced and restrained. Whether it is still time to retrace his steps remains to be seen.

London, January 2, 1849: . . . In Prussia better things might have been expected, for there at least the people are better educated, and they have enjoyed municipal institutions, and do know something of the practice of civil administration; nevertheless, Prussia has not shown until lately much more moderation and wisdom than Rome. This, however, now appears to have been entirely the King's fault. If he had displayed more firmness and decision he would have rallied round him the Conservative feelings and interests of the country; but when these interests found themselves abandoned by a sovereign who commanded 200,000 faithful troops, and they saw him bowing his head to the dictation of the rabble of Berlin, they lost all heart, and democracy became rampant and unrestrained.

While the future Emperor of Germany was a fugitive in England, he learned (May 22, 1848) that Russia was restraining one Prussian ambition—"the Emperor of Russia had determined to make common cause with the King of Denmark." When the Prussian Prince "went to pay a visit to the Queen" and alluded to this important communication, the Queen was excessively embarrassed, for she had never heard a word of it, Palmerston having omitted to tell her":

November 27, 1850: . . . The Queen wrote a letter to Palmerston, which was of course Albert's production, in which she talked of Denmark wresting Schleswig from Germany, and that the triumph of Austria would be fatal to the constitutional cause. . . He replied that he had never heard that Schleswig belonged to Germany, and as to the constitutional cause, it was more in danger from the King of Prussia, whose conduct was putting all thrones in jeopardy. It was to this effect, as Beauvale told me, not exactly.

November 21, 1850: . . . I find their aversion to Palmerston is rather greater than ever, for to his former misdeeds is now added the part he takes about German affairs on which Albert

is insane, so that they hated him before for all he did that was wrong, and they hate him now for doing what is right. However, their love or their hate makes no difference to him.

It was a Prussia still conscious of Napoleon's victories. Actually, the King looked to England for his generalissimo:

September 1, 1841: . . . He [the Duke] said that a war was not improbable in the unsettled state of European politics, and in the event of its breaking out he should most likely have to take command of an allied army in Germany, thus exhibiting his own reliance on his moral and physical powers. I did not know (what I heard yesterday) that last year the King of Prussia sent to the Duke, through Lord William Russell, to know if he would take the command of the forces of the German Confederation in the event of a war with France. He replied that he was the Queen of England's subject, and could take no command without her permission; but if that was obtained, he felt as able as ever, and as willing to command the King's army against France.

The King of Prussia was the Czar's brother-in-law. And during the Crimean War, the Czar had employed him as a spy. Greville mentions:

September 4, 1854: . . . A very good letter written by Prince Albert to the King of Prussia, who had written to him a hypocritical letter, asking where the English and French fleets were going to winter, and whether he might depend on them in case he was attacked by Russia in the Baltic, which Clarendon said was a mere artifice to obtain knowledge of our plans, that he might impart them to the Emperor Nicholas, as he well knew he was in no danger of being attacked by Russia. The Prince wrote an excellent answer, giving him no information, and entering into the whole question of Prussian policy without reserve.

January 4, 1855: . . . Clarendon says the King in his heart hates Russia and winces under the influence he submits to, that he is indignant at the insults which have been heaped on him by his Imperial brother-in-law, and the contumely with which he has been treated, but, being physically and politically a coward, he has not energy to shake off the yoke he has suffered to be imposed on him.

The attitude of Prussia affected Austria:

July 19, 1854: Within a few days everything is changed. In respect to Austria, the intrigues of Russia with Prussia, and the determination of the King to do everything that he can or that he dares to assist his Imperial brother-in-law, have had the effect of paralysing the Austrian movements, and suspending the operation of her treaty with Turkey. She cannot venture to declare war against Russia and to march her army into the Principalities while there is a large Russian force on the borders of Galicia, and the Prussians are in such an ambiguous attitude and disposition, that she can not only not depend upon Prussia to execute their defensive treaty by protecting her dominions in the event of their being attacked by Russia, but she cannot depend upon not being taken in flank by Prussia as the ally of Russia.

It was "found that the commerce of Russia has not been materially diminished." The question, here as in other wars, was whether a blockade should be attempted:

October 20, 1854: . . . A blockade of the Prussian ports in the Baltic has been suggested—a measure, as it seems to me, very questionable in point of right and political morality, and certain to be attended by the most momentous consequences. Such a measure may not be without precedent; but no power with anything like self-respect or pride could tamely submit to such an outrage and such an insult, and as it would certainly afford a *casus belli* Prussia could hardly, without abandoning all claims to be considered a great power, abstain from declaring war *instanter;* and, whatever may be the sentiments of the Prussian nation and of the Germans generally with regard to Russia, it is by no means unlikely that such an arbitrary and imperious proceeding would enlist the sympathies and the passions of all Germans without exception in opposition to us, and to France if she became a party to it.

The Queen visited the Fatherland:

September 16, 1845: . . . We hear of nothing but the dissatisfaction which the Queen gave in Germany, of her want of civility and graciousness and a great many stories are told, which are probably exaggerated or untrue. It is clear, however, that the general impression was not favourable.

January 13, 1842: A ridiculous thing happened the other day. Reeve, who corresponds with the editor of the *State Gazette* at Berlin, sent him a very bitter philippic against Palmerston, and a severe critical examination on his *modus operandi* in the Foreign Office. The article hinted at a project of his, under certain contingencies, to stay in office with a Tory Government and a Whig Household, and talked of doing this with the aid of "a woman not less able and ambitious than himself," evidently alluding to Lady Palmerston. When the article was translated in German and appeared, it produced a great sensation, but Burghersh, who does not understand German, and to whom it was translated, very stupidly fancied that the woman meant the Queen, and he hurried off to make his complaints of the audacity and insolence of the article. A great hubbub ensued, and to satisfy the English Minister, the order for the dismissal of the editor was signed; but in the meantime the matter was brought before the King, who had the good sense to see at once what the real meaning was, put a stop to the proceedings and exonerated the editor. Burghersh had, however, written home on the subject, and told the story to the Foreign Office. The next day (at Berlin) a softener appeared in the *State Gazette* with some civilities to Palmerston, and the article has fortunately never found its way into our newspapers.

Even against Denmark and Austria, the Court was thus pro-Prussian. Nor was the Queen really favourable to a Prussian constitution. The architect of reaction visited England:

November 1, 1850: . . . Meanwhile Radowitz arrived, and had hardly set foot in England before he was invited to Windsor, the pretext being that he brought over a letter from the King. It was considered by everybody a very indecent and unbecoming proceeding to have him at Windsor, considering the part he has been, and is still, acting, which our government considers as mischievous and profligate. Palmerston too was not there, and John Russell left the Castle the day he arrived. The consequence of this ill-timed invitation was a rattling article in the *Times* on Friday which will have fallen like a shell on the breakfast table at the Castle, and have put them in a great rage. This article gave great satisfaction at Brocket, made a great sensation here, and was very generally approved of. It is a very

good thing that there should be some channel through which truth is forced upon these great ones, and such articles as this, in such a paper as the *Times*, do not fail to produce an effect.

London, September 15, 1849: . . . Aberdeen spoke much of the Queen and Prince, of course with great praise. He said the Prince's views were generally sound and wise, with one exception, which was his violent and incorrigible German unionism. He goes all lengths with Prussia; will not hear of the moderate plan of a species of federalism based on the Treaty of Vienna and the old relations of Germany; and insists upon a new German Empire, with the King of Prussia for its head. I saw by his conversation at dinner that his opinions were just what Aberdeen represented them to be.

So much for what Lord Beauvale (November 26, 1850) called "the violent and inveterate prejudices of the Court."

December 13, 1850: . . . I then asked him [Palmerston] what Prince Albert said to the turn affairs had taken. He said Prince Albert was reasonable enough; that he condemned the King of Prussia [over the Papal Quarrel] as much as anybody could; that he had been in favour of strengthening Prussia, and against the old federation, because he thought the influence of Austria in it was too great, and that it was mischievously exercised; that the condition that no organic change in the Diet could take place there without a unanimous vote could not be endured; and that he thought, while the influence of Austria remained paramount, the liberal cause, and all advances in civilization and general improvement, must be paralysed; and this was to a certain degree true. I said no doubt it was desirable to see changes and improvements, and for various reasons that Prussia should be powerful, if her power was only acquired by fair means, and without trampling on the rights of others, and on all obligations human and divine. He said, "Exactly, that is the real case; but her conduct has been so wanting in prudence, in consistency, and in good faith, that she had arrayed against her those who wish best to her."

At the christening of the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII:

January 24, 1842: The King of Prussia landed on Saturday at

Greenwich, and was met by the Duke of Wellington in Prussian field marshal uniform, with the Black Eagle. The King instantly seized both his hands and said, "My dear Duke, I am rejoiced to see you. This is indeed a great day."

February 1, 1842: For the last week the King of Prussia and his activity have occupied the world. He has made a very favourable impression here. In person he is common-looking, not remarkable in any way; his manners are particularly frank, cordial, and good-humoured; he is very curious and takes a lively interest in all he sees, and has, by all accounts, been struck with great admiration at the conduct and bearing of the people, as well as the grandeur and magnificence he has found both at Court and elsewhere. Whether the order, and more especially the loyalty, he has witnessed, will induce him to entertain with more complacency the idea of a free constitution for his own kingdom, remains to be seen, not that what he finds here ought necessarily to imply that results equally happy would follow the concession of liberal constitutions in Prussia. He has been in London almost every day from Windsor, one day breakfasting with Peel, who collected the men of letters and science and the most distinguished artists to meet him. On Sunday he went to church at St. Paul's and then lunched with the Lord Mayor. Another day he went to Westminster Abbey, when he evinced great curiosity to learn all the local details of the Queen's coronation. Yesterday he went in the morning and paid a visit to Mrs. Fry, with whom he went to Coldbath Fields prison; in the evening to Drury Lane. He wanted to see one of Shakespeare's plays, and he had no other opportunity, so he got the play acted at six instead of seven, and made the Duke of Sutherland, with whom he was to dine, have his dinner at nine. He asked for *Macbeth*, but they told him it would take a month to get it up. They gave him the choice of the *Merchant of Venice* or the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and he took the latter. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the fête the Duke of Sutherland gave him, dinner and party after it.

February 5, 1842: Parliament met on Thursday: a great crowd, and the Queen well enough received. The King of Prussia went down in state, and sat in the House of Lords on a chair near the Woolsack. On Friday he went away, having made a short but uncommonly active visit, mightily pleased with his

reception by Queen and all classes of people, from highest to lowest; splendid entertainments from the rich, and hearty acclamations from the poor. All the world has been struck with his intelligence, activity, affability, and *appetite*, for since Louis XIV, I have never heard of a monarch who eats so copiously and frequently. The oddest thing he did was to go and lunch with Mrs. Fry, and the way of going not less odd, but that was the vagary of his rude, unmannered attendant, Lord Hardwicke. After visiting some prison, Mrs. Fry asked him to lunch at her house, some four or five miles off, through the city, and he agreed. The coachman represented that the horses could not accomplish this jaunt, when it was proposed to send for post horses; but Hardwicke would not have four, and insisted on a pair being attached as outriggers to the Queen's coach horses, to the unspeakable disgust of the coachman, who, if the spirit of Vatel had been in him, would have cast himself from his box rather than submit to such an indignity. They say that nothing has struck the King so much as the behaviour of the people, their loyalty, orderly, peaceable demeanour, and he is naturally gratified at the heartiness and cordiality of his own reception. Some think that what he has witnessed will incline him to grant a free constitution to his own subjects; but as he can't create the foundations on which our constitutional system rests, and the various and complicated safeguards which are intertwined with it, he will hardly be induced to jump to any such conclusion. He made magnificent presents at parting to all the officers of the Royal Household: snuffboxes of 500 guineas apiece to the Lord Chamberlain, Master of Horse, and Lord Steward; boxes and watches to others, and he left £1,500 with Charles Murray to be distributed among the three classes of servants at the Palace.

Greville was having his last glimpses:

Gordon Castle, September 27, 1857: . . . The outside of the new house of Balmoral, in the Scotch and French style, is pretty enough, but the inside has but few rooms, and those very small, not uncomfortable, and very simply decorated; the place and environs are pretty.

October 19, 1859: . . . But to return to the Queen and Clarendon. He was unfortunately attacked by gout and confined to his

room. He was sitting there with Lady Clarendon, when Lady Gainsborough came in and told him that she was desired by the Queen to beg he would if possible move into the next room (the lady in waiting's room) and establish himself there; that the Queen would come in, when all the ladies present were to go away and leave her tête-à-tête with him. All this was done, and she remained there an hour and a half, talking over everything, pouring all her confidences into his ears, and asking for his advice about everything. He said he had endeavoured to do as much good as he could by smoothing down her irritation about things she did not like. As an example, he mentioned that while the Prince was with him a box was brought in with a despatch from Lord John, which the Prince was to read. He did so with strong marks of displeasure, and then read it to Clarendon, saying they could not approve it, and must return it to Lord John. Clarendon begged him not to do this, that it was not the way to deal with him, and it would be better to see what it contained that really was good and proper, and to suggest emendations as to the rest. He persuaded the Prince to do this, advised him what to say, and in the end Lord John adopted all the suggestions they had made to him. On another occasion the Queen had received a very touching letter from the Duchess of Parma imploring her protection and good offices, which she sent to Lord John desiring he would write an answer for her to make to it. He sent a very short, cold answer, with which the Queen was disgusted and would not send. She asked Clarendon to write a suitable one for her, which he did, but insisted that she should send it to Lord John as her own. She did so, Lord John approved, and so this matter was settled.

Ominous to think that, during all this routine, the fates were weaving the web of war. It happened that the Crown Prince of Prussia was introduced to the Princess Royal of England:

December 12, 1859: . . . Royal marriages are in almost all cases affairs of diplomatic arrangement, in which the parties have seldom seen each other before they are contracted, but in no private station was there ever a more complete love match than that of the Princess Royal. No negotiation had ever taken place, no communication between the respective parents. The young Prince went to Balmoral resolved to see what the Princess was

like, and if he did not find her attractive to retire without making any sign, and never more to return to England. But after a week passed in her society, he fell over head and ears in love with her, and one day, walking on the hills, he asked her whether she could like him enough to leave her country and family and become his wife. The sentiment was mutual, and she at once replied in the affirmative; she was only fourteen and a mere child. When she got home she was terrified at what she had done, and went in great agitation and in floods of tears to confess to her parents what she had done, which she seemed to think would be considered a great crime. She found herself forgiven, and from that time the engagement was concluded, but the Queen and Prince regretted that they had suffered her to be exposed to such temptation, and to become contracted in marriage before she was out of the nursery. The Prince told Clarendon they never would again permit any nursery courtships, and they now are putting a veto on a similar project with regard to Princess Alice. The Queen of the Netherlands is dying to have her for her son, and entreated Clarendon the other day at Stuttgart to help to bring it about, but the Queen will not allow any steps to be taken for that purpose, though as the young man is about the best Protestant *parti* to be had, it will probably come to pass sooner or later.

July 15, 1857: . . . We are overrun with Royalties present and prospective. Besides our Princess Royal's bridegroom, there are here the King of the Belgians' son and daughter, Prince Napoleon, the Queen of the Netherlands, and the Montpensiers *as Spanish Princes*, in which capacity Persigny has had to pay his court to them, and they have had to receive the Ambassador of Louis Napoleon. The Emperor and Empress come next week to pass a week at Osborne.

January 26, 1858: The Princess Royal's wedding went off yesterday with amazing *éclat*, and it is rather ludicrous to contrast the vehement articles with which the Press teemed (the *Times* in particular) against the alliance two years ago with the popularity of it and the enthusiasm displayed now. The whole thing seems to have been very successful. At the breakfast after the wedding to which none but the Royalties were invited, the French Princes were present, which was amiable and becoming on the part of the Queen.

Students of Queen Victoria's letters know that, on occasion, she could differ from her daughter, the future Empress Frederick of Germany:

December 12, 1859: . . . When Clarendon was at Berlin, Stockmar came to him and said:

"I want to talk to you on a very important matter, and to invoke your aid. It relates to 'this poor child' here. Her mother is behaving abominably to her, and unless a stop can be put to her conduct I know not what may be the consequences, for she is not in good health, and she is worried and frightened to death. The Queen wishes to exercise the same authority and control over her that she did before her marriage and she writes her constant letters full of anger and reproaches, desiring all sorts of things to be done that it is neither right nor desirable that she should do and complaining of her remissness in writing to her sisters or to Miss Hillyard, and of her forgetting what is due to her own family and country, till the poor child (as Stockmar called her) is made seriously ill, and put in a state dangerous to her in her actual condition."

Stockmar entered into various details as to the Queen's exigencies and said he was going to write to her Majesty and tell her the whole truth in a style to which she was little accustomed and such a letter as she probably had never had in her life before, but that a *viva voce* communication would do more than any letter, and he wanted Clarendon to go to the Prince as soon as he got home and speak to him on the subject and if he consented to this Stockmar would tell the Queen that he had imparted everything to Clarendon, who would be ready to communicate with her Majesty upon it. Clarendon said he might make any use he pleased of him, but asked what the Prince had been doing all this time and why he had allowed such a state of things to go on. Stockmar replied that the Prince could do nothing, that he was completely cowed and the Queen is so excitable that the Prince lived in perpetual terror of bringing on the hereditary malady and dreaded saying or doing anything which might have a tendency to produce this effect.

Clarendon did not arrive in England till some weeks after this conversation, but in the meantime Stockmar's letter had been received, and immediately after Clarendon's arrival he was sent for to Windsor. The Prince saw him first, told him the

Queen would not allude to the subject but that he wished to go into it thoroughly with Clarendon and to speak with perfect openness upon it. . . .

In the suppressed passages of Greville's Diary, there is an allusion (January 21, 1859) to the accouchement of the Princess Royal which "was near turning out fatally, though nobody knows it." Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, told Greville that "he believes the Queen herself has never been apprised of the danger her daughter was in." The child began life with a physique that was "twisted."

L'ENVOI

March 12, 1848: . . . Thus occur historical perplexities and the errors and untruths which crowd all history. I have always said that it is nothing but a series of conventional facts. There is no *absolute* truth in history; mankind arrives at probable results and conclusions in the best way it can, and by collecting and comparing evidence it settles down its ideas and its beliefs to a certain chain and course of events which it accepts as certain, and deals with as if it were, because it must settle somewhere and on something, and because a tolerable *prima facie* and probable case is presented.

THE END

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